

Letters from
Theodore Roosevelt
to
Anna Roosevelt Cowles
1870-1918

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1924

Manuscript
from Mother.

E757 .R796 1924
Roosevelt, Theodore,
1858-1919.
Letters from Theodore
Roosevelt to Anna Roosevelt
Cowles, 1870-1918.



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Letters from
Theodore Roosevelt
1870-1918



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THEODORE ROOSEVELT
AND
ANNA ROOSEVELT COWLES

From a snap-shot taken as they left the station at Hartford,
Connecticut, on the occasion of the last visit of Colonel
Roosevelt to Mrs. Cowles at her home in Farmington

June 17, 1918

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Letters from
Theodore Roosevelt

to

Anna Roosevelt Cowles

1870-1918



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TO MY SON
WILLIAM SHEFFIELD COWLES

FOREWORD

The letters in this volume have been chosen from a large number written by the late Theodore Roosevelt to his older sister, commencing in 1870 when he was a boy, eleven years of age, and ending with a short note only a few days before his death; they represent about one-fourth of the number of those that were kept, whole years evidently having been destroyed or lost. During the years that he and his sister lived in the same places the correspondence was very slight. Included among the letters are several to his mother and father, merely to show his gradual development during boyhood and early young manhood; also one or two to his brother-in-law, Admiral Cowles, which exemplify his accurate knowledge of the condition and needs of our Navy long before he became Assistant Secretary of the Navy.

My thanks are due to friends who have kindly made suggestions as to the publishing of these letters, and especially to my daughter-in-law, who has supervised the work of editing for me. Also to Miss Elizabeth McCarthy, the only person to whom I was willing to entrust the entire correspondence, knowing that she would never misuse

my confidence, and who practically gave all her leisure time for a year to typewriting it most beautifully, as a token of her respect for Theodore Roosevelt. To Mr. Owen Wister, Mr. Hermann Hagedorn and Mr. Robert Bridges I owe special thanks for their understanding assistance in the matter.

ANNA ROOSEVELT COWLES.

OLDGATE, FARMINGTON,
SEPTEMBER, 1924.

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Facsimile letter opposite page 264

I
YOUTH AND COLLEGE
1870-1880

My dear Bamie *Richfield, August 14th, 1870, Sunday.*

I am here at Richfield now. Of course I came here because I was sick, and it is only ten hours in the cars and two in the boat from Oyster Bay, where I was. My Aunts Lucy, Susy and Mary, with Uncle Hill, Johney, Frank and Maud are up here also. I have been several times sick since I came home and the result was that I visited Philadelphia, New York, Oyster Bay, Saratoga and Richfield. I can swim now. Yesterday we went over to the Lake and back on foot, and had a very nice time, but it rained in the afternoon, which as I had no book to read, I have a headache to-day.

I am writing on a chair whose seat is almost on a level with the table. Excuse hand writing.
Love to all. Ever yours, T. ROOSEVELT.

P. S.—I can not think of anything more to say.

Dresden, June 22d, 1873.

My dear Father:

Did you receive my German letter? I wrote it all by myself and it was sent without any corrections. I have also composed and sent another and much harder letter; viz. that one to agent of the Austrian Loyd Co. I did not get this finished and directed to my satisfaction until I had invoked the aid of all the gods and several of the Minkvitz. Now that Corinne has come here she is as happy as the day is long, and so are Ellie and J (I mean "I," but it comes natural to write German letters) for the matter of that. We have made the acquaintance of another boy, a friend of Johnie's, named Edward Jacobs (spelled that way?) who is a month younger than me, but much taller and stronger. He is a very nice boy, never swears or uses language that could not be uttered in ladies' drawing room, and yet is always ready to box or swim or do any other thing we propose. Yesterday he and Johnie came here in the afternoon. First of all, we had some boxing rounds, in most of which I took a part, and in the only one I had with Ellie received a bloody nose and got and gave a number of hard other blows, but he got rather the best of it. I then had several rounds with Johnie and Edward, in which I kept my own, as Johnie is smaller, though more used to fighting, and Edward, although much

larger, does not know so much about boxing. We then went swimming in the Elbe, which was perfectly magnificent fun, and I have not forgotten how to swim a bit. This afternoon we will go to Aunt Lucy's, for the club, as usual. In the last letter from Carlsbad, Mother and Anna were very well and getting on very happily. Miss Vandervoort sends love. Ask Aunt Annie and Aunt Lizzie if they have received my letters and give my love to Emlen and tell him that if he does not get fifteen hundred birds and insects this summer, Jimmie and I will get two warrented hatchets and annihilate him.

Your affectionate son,

THEODORE THE YOUNGER.

"Emlen" and "Jimmie" refer to his cousins W. Emlen Roosevelt and J. West Roosevelt.

"Ellie" was his brother Elliott Roosevelt.

New York, Wednesday, April 15th 1874.

My own darling little Mother,

I went to Miss Nelly Dean's wedding yesterday, and made myself so agreable that one old Lady paid me a compliment. She evidently had a great deal of discrimination. I made one blunder however, for some sandwiches dropped into the Charlotte russe and I innocently helped cousin Leila to a fair share of both. When she got down

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to the sandwiches her horror was only equaled by my consternation.

Your own little son

TEDIE.

P. S.—Excuse your bad little son,

ELLIE.

Dear Little Motherling, *New York March 14th 1875.*

I hope that you have enjoyed yourself as much during the past week as I have. We have had a good deal of rain, but this has not given me a cold, although I have been walking a great deal. Spring has come! I just begin to realize it; the birds, even, are commencing to come back. While in the Park the other day I saw great numbers of robins, uttering their cheery notes from almost every grove. That winter had only just departed was evident from the numbers of little snow birds (clad in black with white waistcoats) which were about.

Our little party of last night was a great success. There were six guests, and I think they all enjoyed themselves. Bamie has been an excellent housekeeper,—while I have fulfilled my arduous duties (viz. have wound up the clock) in the most commendable manner.

Your loving son

THEE JR.

*Oyster Bay, L. I.**June 20th/75.*

Dear Bamie,

At present I am writing in a rather smelly room, as the fresh skins of six night herons are reposing on the table beside me; the said night herons being the product of yesterday's expedition to Ly Lloyd's (how do you spell the name?) neck. Elliott and I rowed over there in his little rowboat, although it was pretty rough. We found my old boat that we lost last year,—which alone would have amply repayed repaid (!) us for our row.

My wretched horse has not yet recovered, but in two or three days I hope to be able to ride him. Elliott's and Father's saddle horses are also a little knocked up, but the rest are in fine condition.

Dr. Swan gave us a very good, but rather high-flown, sermon today. Cousin Corneil was in the quire choir (I don't know what has got into me; I can't spell the simplest word) and fell sound asleep, with his head on the railing.

Your Aff. Brother

THEE, JR.

*Burlington, Vt.**July 25th/75.*

Dear Bamie,

I was so sorry to miss you on Thursday. Is it not splendid about my examinations? I passed well on all the eight subjects I tried.

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Besides us Harry's brother-in-law, and his married sister (Harry's sister, the brother-in-law's wife) are staying here. I believe they are Mr. and Mrs. Brooks, or some such name.

It is a beautiful place but very small; the farm being seven miles distant. The view is perfectly lovely. Oh, what can I write more? News? I don't know any. Poetry? I haven't the wit. Then why not ask your pardon and say goodbye?

Your loving brother
THEE JR.

*Upper Falls Bay Pond River
(Adirondacks) Aug. 5th/75.*

Dear Bamie,

I am writing this letter at an improvised table in a very comfortable little camp (barring the mosquitoes, may Nickey Kaiser, polite name for a juvenile d-v-l, take them!). The spot we had chosen is as pretty as it can well be, being by a cascade and in an open forest. Within all is not so romantic. Looking around I see, guns; oil; bacon; Elliott engaged in an affair of honour with a mosquito; more guns; a "smudge"; Mr. Cutler sitting in the said smudge; (En passant, what a very pleasant travelling companion he is); boots; and various articles of clothing drying before the fire.

We have had a very pleasant trip so far, although the rain kept us three days at Bay Pond.

Our second guide, Jerry, has proved a great acquisition, being a jolly, unsophisticated youth who is equally good at a chorus, a deer hunt or a game of euchre. By the way, we have Moses' wife, a strapping woman with gold spectacles, and I guess she is "just the tick" for our friend of the bul-rushes.

Mr. Cutler wishes to be remembered to you and the rest of the family.

With much love,

Your Brother

THEE JR.

P. S. (Note on this letter). Decidedly scrappy; but what can you expect of a fellow who at present never changes his clothes except when he falls into some mud hole?

Mr. Arthur H. Cutler eventually became the head of a large school in New York, but originally began his work in teaching as tutor to Theodore and Elliott Roosevelt, later including J. West Roosevelt and the sons of Mr. George Pellew.

Darling Bysie,

4 West 57th Street

I am writing on the last sheet of Emlen's paper; with my usual watchful providence I neglected to bring any of my own. I have enjoyed myself very much so far; I have just come back from an

8 LETTERS FROM THEODORE ROOSEVELT

eight days trip up Mt. Katahdin with Arthur and Emlen. Rather to my surprise I found I could carry heavier loads and travel farther and faster than either of them; and could stand rough work better. Black flies were very plentiful, but they did not bother me much; Cutler was exceedingly annoyed, his face gradually getting to look like a roughly executed map of the Rocky Mts. Forging a stream I lost one of my shoes, and so I had to do the whole distance in moccasins; which protect the feet just about as effectually as kid gloves would. So I got pretty foot-sore while climbing the mountains; but nevertheless I was the only one of the three that reached the summit. Tomorrow I start for three weeks to the Munsungun, going alone with Bill Seawell in a canoe.

Your Loving Brother

Best love to old Nell.

THEE

“Nell” refers to his brother Elliott.

Darling Motherling,

March 4th/76.

My mission class today went off very well. En passant, the boys have christened me “Teacher Four Eyes,” in playful allusion to my eyeglasses.

Your Aff. Son

THEE JR.

*6 W 57th St.**Sunday May 14th 1876.*

Darling Bamie,

We have all missed the "moving spirit" (moving to be taken both in a literal and a figurative (?) sense) very much. Still the household has managed to drag along pretty well. Sophie continues a little eccentric; this morning her eccentricity took the rather painful form of giving me all Father's stockings and Elliott's shirts. I really don't know what the unprincipled wretch would do to me if I did not have a guardian angel in the shape of Mary Ann. Kate also flourishes, although we are occasionally reduced to a frugal diet of raw beef and soggy muffins—for which freaks she always expresses stolid regret, which soothes our feelings, although not our digestions.

Friday night I went to the Bowdoins, dancing the german with Annie Murray; who gave a picnic on Saturday which I also attended. I enjoyed both intensely—and Annie Murray is a very nice girl, besides being very pretty. Ahem!

To-night Hilly and Mr. Bostwick (?) (I don't know how to spell it; it's a fiendish name.) were up here, and we had some beautiful singing in which I did not join, remembering the remark of a friend, that I resembled a cormorant in one other particular beside my appetite; viz, my voice.

Your Loving Brother

THEE, JR.

*Oyster Bay, L. I.**July 25th/76.**Sunday.*

Dear Bamie,

In the afternoon Lightfoot and I went out for a ride. All went well until he lost his presence of mind on suddenly seeing a hay cart, and went through a series of complicated evolutions which materially affected my happiness. He tied his legs into a knot and then untied them again with great dexterity, and afterwards wasted his strength in unsuccessful efforts to stand on one leg. He always was an excentric horse. Your horse, by the way, is in excellent health.

Mr. and Mrs. Dodge are now staying with us. They are very pleasant indeed, and Father especially enjoys their visit. He will be with us now for three days, and has started about enjoying his holiday with a vim. I wish he would not sit down on something black whenever he has on white trowsers. At the close of day he always has a curiously mottled aspect. Seriously it is a perfect pleasure to see him, he is so happy and in such good health and spirits. We become quite stagnant when he is away.

Your Loving Brother,

THEE JR.

The Mr. and Mrs. Dodge referred to were Mr. and Mrs. William E. Dodge.

Oyster Bay, L. I.

Aug. 6th, 1876.

Darling Bamie,

I spent the early part of this week at the Osbornes, and had a lovely time, the days being full of "ornithological enjoyment and reptilian rapture." I came home with a jar of pickled toads and salamanders. To offset this acquisition I left my gun case in a barn where we had hitched our horses. Not wishing to make an animated arsenal of myself, I put the gun stock in my trunk, and made the barrels do duty as a fishing rod, in a case rightfully belonging to that article. It is a curious fact that while the ownership of a fishing rod tends to produce a feeling of respectability no such effect is brought about by a gun, especially if said gun be rusty.

Sophie has (to use a Sanscrit word) bust up. She left yesterday. I think Father has a vivid sympathy with the feelings of St. "Mike" when he at last conquered the arch-enemy. As for me ecstatic visions float across my sight of untorn gloves and shirts with not more than two buttons missing.

Your Aff. Brother
THEE JR.

*16 Winthrop St.**Cambridge**Sept 30th 1876*

My Darling Sister,

I have just received your sweet letter. Darling Bamie, you will not miss me more than I miss you. Ever since I came here I have been wondering what I should have done if you had not fitted up my room for me. The curtains, carpet, furniture, in short everything is really beautiful; I have never seen prettier or more tasteful wall paper. When I get my pictures and books, I do not think there will be a room in College more handsome or comfortable. The fellows at my table seem to be very pleasant, especially Minot Weld, who, poor fellow, is lame in one leg. I am becoming acquainted quite rapidly with the members of my class, although of course I can never get to know the entire two hundred and fifty. Johny Lamson (who, by the way, is *very* handsome) asked me to join his table which of course I was unable to do.

Your Aff. Brother THEE JR.

The rooms at 16 Winthrop Street were taken because on account of his asthma it was considered unwise for him to live in ground-floor rooms, which were the only kind to be had in the college buildings.

*16 Winthrop St. Cambridge**Oct 22d 1876*

Dearest Father

Your letter with the slip of paper containing an account of your speech has only just come to hand. Was not Mr Cutler's letter ever so kind? I have also received a letter from Uncle Jimmie Bulloch, which was so sweet and touching that it really almost made me feel like crying. I enclose it to you. I have appreciated greatly the numbers of letters I have received from home and have appreciated still more their contents. I do not think there is a fellow in College who has a family that love him as much as you all do me, and I am *sure* that there is no one who has a Father who is also his best and most intimate friend, as you are mine. I have kept the first letter you wrote me and shall do my best to deserve your trust. I do not find it nearly so hard as I expected not to drink and smoke, many of the fellows backing me up. For example, out of the eleven other boys at the table where I am, no less than seven do not smoke and four drink nothing stronger than beer.

I wish you would send in a petition for me to attend the Congregational church here. I do not intend to wait until Christmas before taking a mission class, but shall go into some such work as soon as I get settled at the church.

My expenses have been very heavy hitherto, with paying my room rent in advance, buying my

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clothing, etc., but at the worst I will not have to draw upon you till about Christmas time, and I may not have to do it then.

With best love to all I am

Your Loving Son THEE JR.

P. S.

Send back Uncle Jimmie's letter when you have finished.

"Uncle Jimmie" refers to his mother's half-brother, Captain James D. Bulloch.

*16 Winthrop St.
Cambridge
Oct 29th 1876*

Beloved Motherling

The clock and bag are just what I wanted. The spring of the latter at first proved a sort of Chinese Puzzle to me, but after a day or two I managed to get it open, and it came into use almost immediately, as I spent last Sunday with Mr. Minot. "Dat highly respectable Babbit" sent me a beautiful Testament.

Your letter and one that I have just received from Father have been put away in my private drawer. It seems perfectly wonderful, in looking back over my eighteen years of existence, to see how I have literally never spent an unhappy day, unless by my own fault! When I think of this and also of my intimacy with you all (for I hardly

know a boy who is on as intimate and affectionate terms with his family as I am) I feel that I have an immense amount to be thankful for. With many thanks for my birthday gifts, I am

Your Loving Son THEE JR.

16 Winthrop St. Cambridge

Nov 1st 1876

Darling Bamie,

I am ever so much obliged to you for your letter. I do hope you will all keep on writing as much as you have done, for I enjoy most thoroughly every scrap of news from home.

I spent last Sunday with Mr. Minot, and had a very pleasant homelike time. In the morning I went to church with the Episcopalian members of the family. In the afternoon I was driven back to Cambridge by Mr. George Jr. who sent his love to all of you.

As Father wishes to have a short account of how I spend my days, I will describe Monday and Saturdays, my two extremes, as regards work. Monday: rise 7:15, prayers 7:45, breakfast 8:00, 8:30 to 9:00 study. Then three hours of recitation "solid" until 12. Then study till 1, when lunch occurs, study till 2:30, recite for one hour. The remainder of the afternoon is free. Dinner comes at six. I study from 7 to 8:30, and then spend the next couple of hours in visiting my various friends or receiving their visits, and go to bed

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at eleven. On Saturday I study six hours, dividing it up as I choose. My exercise consists chiefly of walking, boxing, vaulting and gymnasium work. I have organized a Whist Club which promises to be a great success.

Your Loving Brother

THEE JR.

16 Winthrop St., Cambridge

Dec 11th 1876

Darling Bamie

My short visit made me quite homesick. I enjoy myself ever so much here, and the fellows are very pleasant, but I thoroughly realize that there's no place like home. I have to work harder than I expected; which is the ordinary complaint among the boys. Poor Johny —— (who is by no means well up in his studies) remarked to me that he came to college to enjoy himself instead of which he had to study all the time. It is astonishing how few fellows have come here with any idea of getting an education.

Your Loving Brother

THEE JR.

16 Winthrop St.

Jan. 13th-'77

Darling Bamie,

I suppose it is needless to ask if you are busy; I never knew the time yet when you were not working with about fourteen business-man power.

Really last week I began to have some idea of your ordinary feelings, as I had two themes to write and three examinations to pass. Besides, on Saturday I had to pay three party calls—one of them on a Mrs. Lothrop, who said she knew Father in Washington, and most anxiously inquired after his health. I saw Jack Munroe in the streets the other day; he has grown very stout.

Miss Jennie Hooper sends her *very* best love.

Your aff. Brother, THEE, JR.

16 Winthrop St.

Jan. 14th, '77

Darling Bamie,

Many thanks for your interesting letter. I felt rather homesick for about a day and then began to enjoy myself as usual; although at first it was pretty hard to study. I did not have time to make any calls, but shall probably make several, inclusive of one on the Lambs, next week.

Yesterday I went out in the 2.40 train to the Minots, and on arriving I spent the afternoon in coasting with the boys—Frank, Jim, George, Bob, Harry, and a few others. Harry and I intend to make a collecting trip next year to the White Mountains or Adirondacks. I should like to have him spend a week with us next summer. Miss Nellie Upton was staying with the Minots and sent her love to you—as did the rest.

This morning we went to hear Phillips Brooks (who gave us a really remarkable sermon), and then I came home to my Sunday school class, after, of course, having had a lovely visit.

Give my best love to all the family and to Miss Jennie T. Your loving Brother, THEE, JR.

Harry Minot was a friend for whom he cared greatly and who shared his love of natural history.

16 Winthrop St., Camb.

Feb. 5th '77.

Darling Bamie,

I have had a lovely time this week, and have been quite gay as you may see by Corinne's letter. Last Friday evening I went with Harry Shaw to see some Tableaux, which were very good indeed. Both of the Coolidge girls took part; Miss Sally, in character of Winter, was the prettiest one of all. Afterwards I stopped in at the Theatre, where thirty-five of our boys had taken seats in a row, and made most awful fools of themselves.

I have just returned from a visit to the Welds. They all spoke so highly of you. I don't generally approve of compliments, but I must tell you that it has really made me feel proud to hear the way you are spoken of by your friends. Darling old Bye! How I long to see you.

The food at our new boarding house is very good

indeed, including game, such as venison and grouse; and a *variety* of meats for each meal. The price is the same as before. It is now pretty certain that we shall have some vacation, probably only a short one at Easter. If it is for any considerable time I shall probably bring some of the fellows home with me.

Your Loving Brother THEE JR.

16 Wintthrop St., Camb.

Feb. 11th, 1877

Dear Father and Mother,

I am going to write such a long, chatty letter that I think it shall be to both of you together. But first a word to Father; not only am I not subsisting on husks, but, to carry out the simile, I still have a good deal of (potted) veal left from the calves so liberally killed for my benefit at Christmas. On the first of next month, however, I shall get you to send me on a hundred dollars, as I told you.

Perhaps you would like me to describe completely one day of college life; so I shall take last Monday. At half past seven my scout, having made the fire and blacked the boots, calls me, and I get round to breakfast at eight. Only a few of the boys are at breakfast, most having spent the night in Boston. Our quarters now are nice and sunny, and the room is prettily papered and orna-

mented. For breakfast we have tea or coffee, hot biscuits, toast, chops or beefsteak, and buckwheat cakes. After breakfast I study till ten, when the mail arrives and is eagerly inspected. From eleven to twelve there is a Latin recitation with a meek-eyed Professor, who calls me Mr. Ruseé-felt (hardly any one can get my name correctly, except as Rosy). Then I go over to the gymnasium, where I have a set-to with the gloves with "General" Lister, the boxing master—for I am training to box among the lightweights in the approaching match for the championship of Harvard. Then comes lunch, at which all the boys are assembled in an obstreperously joyful condition; a state of mind which brings on a free fight, to the detriment of Harry Jackson, who, with a Dutch cheese and some coffee cups, is put under the table; which proceeding calls forth dire threats from Mrs. Morgan. Afterwards studying and recitations took up the time till half past four; as I was then going home, suddenly I heard "Hi, Ted! Catch!" and a base ball whizzed by me. Our two "babies," Bob Bacon and Arthur Hooper, were playing ball behind one of the buildings. So I stayed and watched them, until the ball went through a window and a proctor started out to inquire—when we abruptly separated. That evening I took dinner with Mr. and Mrs. Tudor, and had a very pleasant home-like time. I like both of them very much. Ask

Bamie why she never thanked her for the handkerchiefs. When I returned I studied for an hour, and then, it being half past ten, put on my slippers, which are as comfortable as they are pretty, drew the rocking chair up to the fire, and spent the next half hour in toasting my feet and reading Lamb.

Usually there is more study and less play than this, but I generally manage to have my evenings free, except for perhaps an hour's work, and there is always something to do; if we don't go in to Boston there may be a whist club or coffee party going on. I do not go often to the Theatre, as I don't care for it, and it might hurt my eyes. On Friday evening I usually go to the dancing class. Yesterday (Saturday) I went in town in the afternoon to pay several party calls—among them one on Miss Madeleine Mixter, who unfortunately was out. I dined with one of my friends, and in the evening went round to the Andrews, where there was quite a little party, and where I had a very pleasant time. I have lately met a very sweet girl, Miss Elsie Burnett, whose brother owns the Deerfoot Farm. I think you know him. I have been going out a good deal lately, but in two or three weeks we will have a spell of examinations, so we will now have to begin to grind again. I have had two examinations since Christmas, and I passed one fairly (over 50 per cent.) and one very well. I

have so much to do that I am not at all homesick. I have been very much astonished at this, and also at my good health. Excepting a little asthma in November, I have not been sick at all. During the Spring I expect to do a good deal of collecting work with Harry Minot and Fred Gardiner, both of whom have similar tastes to mine. By the way, as the time when birds come back is approaching, I wish you would send on my gun, with all the cartridges you can find and my various apparatus for cleaning, loading it, etc. Also send on a dozen glass jars, with their rubbers and stoppers (which you will find in my museum) and a German dictionary, if you have one. Our lessons will be over by the twentieth of June, and then Harry Minot and I intend leaving immediately for the Adirondacs, so as to get the birds in as good plumage as possible, and in two or three weeks we will get down to Oyster Bay, where I should like to have him spend a few days with us. He is a very quiet fellow, and would not be the least trouble, for you can put him anywhere.

I am having a very nice time with my Sunday-school class, and like my scholars very much, although I do not at all approve of the plan the school is conducted on, which makes the poor little children stay all through the afternoon service, so that they have to remain for an hour and a half, which is of course an awful trial to them. My

library has been the greatest possible pleasure to me, as whenever I have any spare time I can immediately take up a book. Aunt Annie's present, the "History of the Civil War," is extremely interesting.

Lately I have been around at the boys' houses quite often, and have seen a good deal of their home life; they have all been so kind that it makes it very pleasant for me. I can't help being more and more struck by the fact that if the parents are good and *wise*, the son generally does pretty fairly too, although of course this does not always hold.

With best love to Bamie, Pussie, Aunt Annie and Uncle Jimmie, I am

Your loving Son, THEE, JR.

"Aunt Annie and Uncle Jimmie" were Mr. and Mrs. James K. Gracie.

16 Winthrop St.

Apr 1st 1877

Darling Bamie,

I am so sorry that you have been sick. Of course you got out of bed too soon. Oh, Energy! Thy name is Bamie! I always feel like a positive slug-gard when I think of your ordinary programme for the day, which runs somewhat like this:

A.M. 7:45 Prayers 8:00 Breakfast 8:30 Write between two and three hundred invitations 10:00 Visit patients at St. Luke's 11:30 Sewing Class.

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P. M. 1:00 Lunch (from seven to ten minutes)
 1:30 Mrs. Alexanders prayer meeting 3:00 Call
 on sixteen intimate friends 5:00 Drive with
 Father 6:00 Dress for swell dinner 7:30 S. D.
 (Swell Dinner) 11:00 Ball ?? Bedtime.

I spent last night and to day with the Hoopers and had a very pleasant time. Miss Jenny is awfully sorry she did not stay another week in New York. This morning I went to Trinity, but the church was simply jammed with people and it took me a quarter of an hour to get into the gallery, where I was shoved into a corner from which the only thing I could see was a small portion of the ceiling. Here I was anchored by a fat boy standing on one of my feet and an old woman on the other, and remained there for three quarters of an hour, when, as I was utterly unable to hear anything, bar an occasional howl from the organ, I by frantic exertion reached the door and left.

The jars and carpet and money arrived in safety.

Love to all.

Your Aff. Brother

TED

16 Winthrop St

Apr 22d 1877

Darling Bamie,

This evening Harry Jackson and I took Miss Bigelow and Miss Andrews to see the Loan Art Collection, which is really quite pretty; so were our companions. This has been my first gaiety for quite a time.

Fred Gardiner has come back to College (he has also had the measles), and I am helping him work up his mathematics and mechanics.

Give my best love to all the family.

Your Aff. Brother THEE JR.

16 Wintbrop St
Nov 9th/77

Darling Bamie,

Let me thank you once again for the "Scotch Naturalist"; it was just like my own, thoughtful Bye to send it to me. As I told Father last time, it really makes me feel like a sneak when I think how little I do for any of you. I had Harry Chapin in here the other day to look at the new bookcase (which makes the room just perfection) and after he had examined it he exclaimed "Jove! Your family *do* act squarely by you!" And I most heartily agree with him.

At present it looks as if Father would not get the collectorship; I am glad on his account, but sorry for New York.

Your Loving Brother THEE JR.

This refers to the collectorship for the port of New York.

16 Wintbrop St
Dec 16th/77

Darling Bamie,

I am very uneasy about Father. Does the Doctor think it anything serious? I think that a trav-

elling trip would be the best thing for him; he always has too much work on hand. Thank fortune, my own health is excellent, and so, when I get home, I can with a clear conscience give him a rowing up for not taking better care of himself. The trouble is the dear old fellow never does think of himself in anything. We have been very fortunate, Bamie, in having a father whom we can love and respect more than any other man in the world.

I got 90 in two other examinations recently—Rhetoric and History. I shall probably reach New York Friday morning. Remember me to Miss Jennie Hooper.

Your Loving Brother

THEE JR.

16 Winthrop St

Feb 8th/78

Darling Blue-eyes,

I went in town yesterday to pay some calls, and wound up at the Hoopers where I took dinner and finally spent the night. In the evening Miss Jennie and Arthur and I read aloud and played billiards, and had a very pleasant, homelike time. They wanted me to come in and spend next Sunday with them, but I refused, for I think even their hospitality might finally tire of me. I called on George Minot while I was in town, but unfortunately he was out.

All this morning I have been studying in the

Zoological laboratory, in preparation for the examinations. Give my best love to all, especially to the dear patient, patient in more senses than one.

Your Loving Brother THEE JR.

After his father's death, on February 9, his letters cease to seem those of a boy.

16 Winthrop St
Mar 3d 1878

My Beloved Sister

I have put your dear letter up with some of Father's, among my greatest treasures; my own, sweet sister, you will have to give me a great deal of advice and assistance, now that our dear Father is gone, for in many ways you are more like him than any of the rest of the family. I really feel badly when I think how *much* you over rate my abilities; but I shall try my best to reflect credit on Father's name. I am so glad you are keeping up your knowledge of all the charities he was especially interested in; do write me about them from time to time. I often wish I were at home, so as not to let so much of the burden fall to your share, dear sister; but I know that you, like him, are never so happy as when you are employed. Give my best love to old Nell.

Goodbye, sweetest sister.

Your Loving Brother THEODORE.

16 Winthrop St
Mar 17th/78

Darling Bye,

I so long to be with you, my own precious sister, to try to comfort you; I know only too well the dull, heavy pain you suffer, and I know too that it is even harder for you than for the rest of us. It has been easier for me to bear than for the rest of you, for here I live in a different world, and a world where I am occupied busily all the time. There is much I wish to talk to you about, dearest, for now that Father is gone you will have to advise me in many things. Oh, what lovely memories he has left behind! Sometimes it seems as though it *can* not be possible he has passed away; and indeed out of our lives he never will pass.

F—— E——'s brother has asked me to dinner and I suppose I shall have to go, but it will be very disagreeable.

Goodbye, my own sweet sister,

Your Loving Brother THEE

16 Winthrop St
Mar 24th/78

Darling Motherling,

I have just been looking over a letter of my dear Father's in which he wrote me, "Take care of your morals first, your health next and finally your studies." I do not think I ever *could* do any-

thing wrong while I have his letters; but it seems very sad never to write to him.

I had a three hour examination yesterday; of course I do not yet know what mark I got in it. I shall be home two weeks from next Friday. Give my best love to Bamie and Pussie.

Your Loving Son

THEODORE ROOSEVELT

16 Winthrop St

Apr 7th/78

My Darling Hoosier Sister,

I suppose that when you come home you and Mrs. A. will be able to give us the latest style of Western slang, and otherwise deport yourselves as belles of the per-airies. My life during the past week has been cheerful but monotonous and I have not even fulfilled my customary vocation of tutor, A—— having decided that, as there is no possible chance of his getting through, there is no especial use of his trying; and when an idea once gets into A——'s head it fills it about up, so that it is perfectly useless to argue with him.

I return to New York next Tuesday in the night boat, and shall stay there two weeks, so you must prolong your trip just as much as possible; but you must come back in time to let "pretty Teddy" have one or two days with his sister Bye, whom he loves so dearly. After I have been away

30 LETTERS FROM THEODORE ROOSEVELT

from home about a month I always begin to long for the petting and spoiling I always get when I am with the family.

Give my best love to Mrs. Alexander.

Your Loving Brother THEE

16 Wintbrop St
Oct 13th/78

Darling Bysie,

It seems funny to think that now over half my college career is done; I have enjoyed it extremely so far, although not quite as much as I do home. I must try and see Mr. Choate this year; it is time for me to think what I shall do when I leave college.

Your Loving Brother THEE

Jamaica Plains
Nov 10th 1878

Darling Bysie,

I am spending Sunday with Minot Weld, and, it is needless to say, am having a capital time. You do not know how highly they all think of you; Mr. Weld, who is generally rather an impassive old gentleman, said to-day that he had never met anyone whom he liked so much on so short an acquaintance. You dear, sweet sister, I really owe very much of my pleasure in college to you, for had it not been for your knowing so many Bostonians I should not have had any of the "social life" (ahem!) that I have so much enjoyed.

I was dumbfounded at the news of Jack's engagement; the dear old boy wrote me a letter of incoherent ecstasy the other day, threw which I could only dimly discern the outlines of two figures—Miss —— and yourself, each portrayed as a rather superior sort of angel, not a mere common angel, but a regular first-class one. Seriously, the old fellow was most touching and has evidently been most deeply affected by your kindness. He seems head over ears in love; and at any rate it is much better than it might have been.

As I suppose Nell and Mother told you, I went into the Porcellian Club formally; Nell can describe what it looks like to you. Of course, I am delighted to be in, and have great fun up there; there is a billiard table, magnificent library, punch-room, etc., and my best friends are in it.

Give my best love to Muffie and Nell, and tell them I did enjoy their visit so much.

Your Loving Brother
THEE

Darling Muffie,

Porcellian Club Mar 16th 1879

I got home this morning at 11 o'clock, too late for church, the cars being delayed six hours; and have just returned from Sunday School. How did darling Bysie enjoy her trip to Boston? The only thing I minded was missing her. I never have passed a pleasanter two weeks than those just

gone by; I enjoyed every moment. The first two or three days I had asthma, but, funnily enough, this left me entirely as soon as I went into camp. The thermometer was below zero pretty often, but I was not bothered by the cold at all, except one night when I camped out on the trail of a caribou (which we followed two days without getting more than a glimpse of the animal). Out in the opens when there was any wind it was very disagreeable, but in the woods the wind never blows and as long as we were moving about it made little difference how low the temperature was, but sitting still for lunch we felt it immediately. I learned how to manage snowshoes very quickly, and enjoyed going on them greatly.

I have never seen a grander or more beautiful sight than the northern woods in winter. The evergreens laden with snow make the most beautiful contrast of green and white, and when it freezes after a rain all the trees look as though they were made of crystal. The snow under foot being about three feet deep, and drifting to twice that depth in places, completely changes the aspect of things. I visited two lumber camps, staying at one four days; it was great fun to see such a perfectly unique type of life. I shot a buck, a coon and some rabbits and partridges and trapped a lynx and a fox, so my trip was a success in every way.

There seems to be a general feeling among the

family that I have not done my duty in writing of late, which makes me think you did not get some I sent. Did Elliott get the three sheet letter I sent him about six weeks ago? It was the longest letter I ever wrote.

Love to the trio, and especially to my own sweet Motherling herself.

Your Loving Son
THEE

Island Falls
Sept 14th 1879

Darling Bysie,

Thanks for your sweet letter. I have just returned from my Munsungun trip, coming back a week earlier than I expected, as I found absolutely no large game. I enjoyed the trip exceedingly, but I think it was the roughest work I have yet had in the way of camping out; our trip to Katahdin was absolute luxury compared to it. "Bill" and I went alone in a pirogue or dugout, in which we spent six days; but besides this we spent four days walking to and from the Aroostook River, where we embarked. Of the six days we spent on the river, three were entirely occupied with wading; the river was too shoal to carry the boat, and we had to wade up stream all day long, the foaming water (for it was a regular mountain torrent) now up to our waists, now only reaching our ankles: and when night came we would lie down, drenched

through, too tired to care much one way or the other. Moreover it rained steadily most of the time; and altogether I doubt if I have ever had much harder work. You can have no idea what severe labour dragging a boat up a swift mountain stream is: to be in the water up to your hips ten hours at a stretch is in itself hard enough, and this only represents the least part of it. At seven we would start, one holding the bow of the canoe and the other the stern, and would plod on, stumbling on the smooth, slippery stones, over which the water ran like a mill race, cutting our shoes and feet on the sharp edges of the rocks; now by main strength dragging the heavy dugout up rapids or over shoals, now being forced to unload and carry everything round some waterfall up which it was impossible to wade: at one time having to cut our way through a beaver dam with our axes, and again spending half an hour in hewing out a passage for our boat through a great jam of drift logs. But, oh how we slept at night! And how we enjoyed the salt pork, hardtack and tea which constituted our food!

Your Loving Brother

THEE

“Bill” Sewall frequently acted as his guide in Maine and afterwards took charge for him of the Elkhorn ranch in conjunction with Dow.

16 Wintthrop St
Oct 13th 1879

Darling Bysie,

I am very curious to see how the cup I am having made for the Porc. will turn out; if it is half as great a success as my other extravagance for this year, my cart, I shall be more than contented.

My studies have so far been tolerably difficult, but interesting. The other day I found out my average for the three years, 82%. I stand 19th in the class, which began with 230 fellows.

Goodbye, Your Loving THEE

16 Wintthrop St
Oct 20th 1879

Darling Motherling,

I have just returned from spending Sunday with the Guilds, cousins of Harry Shaw, who live out at Forrest Hill near the Minots. I drove over there in my cart, and the ride home this morning was delicious. Yesterday (Sunday) Harry Guild and I drove over to the Whitneys to take tea.

Last Monday I drove Jack Tebbetts over to call on the Miss Bacons, who are very nice girls. Wednesday I dined at the Lees, and spent the loveliest kind of an evening with Rosy, Alice and Rose. The two girls must come on to Boston next month if only to see Chestnut Hill, and, by Jove, I shall be awfully disappointed if they don't like it. Mamie Saltonstall's birthday was on Friday; I

gave her a small silver fan-chain. Saturday I spent all the morning playing tennis with the two Miss Lanes; I forgot to say that on Thursday they took Dick and myself to call on the Chinese professor. We had a most absurd visit.

This afternoon I am going to drive Van Rennsaeler over to Chesnut Hill; tomorrow he and I take tea and spend the evening at the Lanes. Wednesday Harry Shaw and I give a small opera party to Mr. and Mrs. Saltonstall, Rose and Alice. Thursday six of us, Harry Shaw, Jack Tebbets, Minot Weld, Dick Saltonstall, Harry Chapin and myself are going to take a four in hand and drive up to Frank Codman's farm, where we will spend the day, shooting glass balls, etc. Friday evening I start for New York.

So you see I have a good deal on hand, and when you add on my studying and my society work you can very well imagine that I do not have much spare time. I only hope I shall enjoy myself the rest of the year as much as I have so far.

Best love to all,

Your loving Son THEE

Darling Muffie,

Porcellian Club Jan 11th, 80

Please send my silk hat on *at once*; why has it not come before? Also send my rubbers on.

I have fairly started work again (getting "very

good" in another hour examination); and I have been going out a good deal too, in fact to four parties last week. Today I am going to drive over to Chestnut Hill to see the girls and talk over the New York trip.

A good deal to my amusement and rather to my disgust I have been requested to resign my Sunday School Class unless I would join the Episcopalian Church! This I refused to do, and so had to leave. I told the clergyman I thought him rather narrow minded; especially as I had had my class for three years and a half, and as even he said it was the only boy's class in the school where the attendance was at all regular. So now I have my afternoons to myself.

Best love to all. Your Loving Son THEE

Darling Bysie,

Porcellian Club Jan 18th 1880

As I wrote mother I was turned out of my Sunday School, for the heinous crime of being a Presbyterian! The Clergyman said he would be delighted to have me remain, if I would "join the Church"—but I declined.

Corinne seems to have been going out a great deal, so have I; and as I have also been studying pretty hard, I feel that I shall find my Maine trip in March do me a great deal of good.

Last week we had some sleighing, and I tried my horse in the cutter; he went beautifully from the very first, even better than in the cart. I have not had any skating; but have been exercising pretty regularly in the gymnasium.

Your Loving Brother THEE

Cambridge
May 19th '80

Darling Bysie,

I sent you a "Rollo" from the Harvard Lampoon; of course the hits and most of the fun are chiefly local, but I thought you might find some of it amusing.

Four weeks from today comes my last examination; to think of my being so near the end of my four years' course? And I doubt if ever a boy had as happy a course as I have had, and it is ending happier than ever.

Love to all.

Your Loving Brother THEE

Wilcoxes Farm
Aug 22d 1880

Darling Bysie,

After spending a day in Chicago we decided to come out here to a farm house and stay ten days and then to make a four weeks trip through Iowa and Minnesota, not getting back to New York till about Oct. 1st, when I shall go straight on to Chestnut Hill.

For the present send any letters to Dr. R. N. Isham, 47 Clark St., Chicago. If any letters come to me from Cambridge open them, as I have written about my missing clock and pictures.

We have had three days good shooting, and I feel twice the man for it already. As today is Sunday we are lying off, and, there not being any church near us, have been writing letters, reading, etc. The farm people are pretty rough, but I like them very much; like all rural Americans they are intensely independent; and indeed I don't wonder at their thinking us their equals, for we are dressed about as badly as mortals could be, with our cropped heads, unshaven faces, dirty gray shirts, still dirtier yellow trousers and cowhide boots; moreover we can shoot as well as they can (or at least Elliott can) and can stand as much fatigue. I enjoy being with the old boy very much; we care to do exactly the same things. The flies here are a perfect plague of Egypt; and things are not very clean, in fact the reverse; but we are having a lovely time.

Your Loving Brother THEE

II

TRAVEL, AND THE NEW YORK LEGISLATURE

1880-1884

On his 22nd birthday, October 28th, he was married to Alice Hathaway Lee, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George C. Lee of Boston and Chestnut Hill, Massachusetts. After their marriage they came to his mother's home in New York, where they spent the winter. During this winter of 1880-'81 he began his active interest in politics, attending the Republican district meetings one evening a week with the greatest regularity. It was also during this winter that he wrote or at all events began to write his book on the War of 1812. The following summer was passed traveling in Europe, and in November, 1881, he was elected to the State legislature. The greater number of his relations, aside from his immediate family, considered his entering on a political career as being more or less of a disgrace to his name. Such was the peculiar attitude of the greater number of the people we knew in regard to public life at that time.

*Killarney**May 24th 1881*

Darling Motherling,

After breakfast today, Alice and I started off on a jaunting car together with a very nice old Irishman for guide, and drove through beautiful lanes, bounded by white hawthorn hedges, and passing by more than one stately manor house, among them those of Lord Headly and the Earl of Kenmare; then we got into the Kerry mountains, and the country became wild, rugged and barren, the yellow gorse surrounding the peat bogs, and in some of the glens or perched right on the mountain side, could be seen the small cabins, built of turf or stone, often without windows or chimney: adjoining each was a small potato field, a larger one of oats, and two or three lean cows, or else a few goats feeding on the mountain side. The Gap of Dunlo is a narrow pass, with a mountain torrent, occasionally widening out into black tarns, at the bottom, the path frequently crossing it; on each side the mountains rose great masses of bare, precipitous rocks, with heather-capped peaks; the pass was utterly destitute of trees, and is a famous resort of the red deer. At its head we saw stretching off to our right, the Cum-e-dhuv or Black Valley; it is perpetually shrouded in a pall of black mist, rising from the peat bogs at its bottom, and is walled in with the desolate looking mountains; it is as dreary a place as I ever saw. Then we

turned and struck towards the head of the Upper or Ronaynes Lake, where we took our lunch and afterwards went by boat; we had two oarsmen, stout, merry, regularly Irish, fellows. The scenery was lovely beyond description, densely wooded to the water's edge, the steep mountains surrounding us. Some of the fantastically shaped cliffs almost overhung the edge, and gave beautiful echoes; our guide had a bugle on which he played very well, and the rocks would repeat the tune again and again, with a clear, musical ring that was very eery and pleasing. We reached home in time for dinner, and have been sitting out under the trees, looking at the sunset; the clear, calm lake, dotted with green islands lies just before us, and beyond rise the many colored mountains, their sharp and varied outlines standing out in bold relief against the soft red sky.

A beautiful country; but with a terrible understratum of wretchedness, with an example of which I was today brought face to face. I passed a man lying on the road, insensible from sheer hunger! He was trying to get to Cork; I, or rather some peasants under my directions, revived him after a while; and I had him fed and sent to Cork and gave him ten shillings.

Your Loving Son THEE

Darling Bysie,

Milan, June 23rd, 1881.

Yesterday we left Venice, with great regret; the pigeons all came to breakfast with us, and had gentlemanly quarrels over the bread crumbs, and cooed good bye. Our gondolier was a strong, sun-burnt good-natured man, who rejoiced in the name of Guiseppo Beppo; I felt rather sorry for him, as I had practised my Italian on him for three days. I think that one reason we have such a good time is that we really enjoy things that most travellers consider nuisances. Alice, as she expresses it "does like to pack up"; and it is very interesting to me to see how I get along with my Italian at the station, in checking baggage, changing cars, etc. I generally do pretty well if I have time enough, for I know more Italian than I thought; I can read a newspaper very easily. Curiously enough, the newspapers interest me much more than the Parisian ones; the latter are so provincial.

We have spent the morning at the Cathedral. It is too lovely for anything just to wander about through the immense, cool, vaulted archways. It is certainly very beautiful.

This afternoon we are going up to Como, as the heat here is very great, though we have not, as in Venice, dampness added to it. True to our principles of not trying to do too much, I doubt if we go to Maggiore.

Good-bye, darling,

Your Loving Brother, THEE

*Samadan,
July 3d, 1881.*

Darling Bysie,

Last Monday we steamed up Lake Como, and at its head took the comfortable mountain carriage we had engaged for a fortnight; the three horses were driven by a very picturesque looking Italian, Lombardino Francesco by name. That night we stopped at Chiavenna, and the next day passed over the Splugen. We enjoyed our first taste of Alpine travelling greatly (except the *very* dirty Italian inn where we lunched). I was delighted to be able to do some walking so early in the season; the snow is not yet off the road in all places, and the bare ground up to the limit of vegetation is fairly carpeted with beautiful flowers of every kind. And then the herds of dear little Swiss cows (each herd having what Alice calls "a bell-weather cow"), and mountain sheep, were great fun; we made friends with all we could. Really, we have enjoyed Switzerland more than any other place so far; even more than Venice. Next day we passed through the Via Mala; I remembered so well our last journey through it. We lunched at Thusis where I walked up and down a mountain. On Thursday we crossed the bleak Julier pass, into the Upper Engadine, and drove to here, the mere sight of the place was suggestive of sunburned nether limbs attended to by Bysie—a kind of little feminine Atlas with a small world on her shoul-

ders; and such a squably, irritating small world at times too! At least, that component part of it formed by the present somewhat scatterbrained writer.

Your Loving Brother, THEE

P. S.—You don't know how glad I am I haven't got a courier.

Darling Bysie,

Lucerne, July 19th, 1881.

When we reached Munich we were perfectly delighted to receive our letters—two from Oyster Bay and nine from Chestnut Hill. Munich was very hot and we came right on here. The day after we came, I walked up and down Mount Pilatus. I took a guide but I tired him out and left him half way. Then I fell in with two German students and, being for the nonce a bachelor, I fraternized with them and we spent several hours together. It was great fun, and my German held out beautifully until the end, when I was utterly unable to reply to the elder who assured me that meeting me had been to him “an altogether excessive and especially peculiar in no other manner hitherto to be obtained pleasure.”

Some how or other we lost a day, and both of us waked up on Saturday firmly believing it to be Sunday. We nearly drove the waiter wild asking him where church was held, until he hit on the happy idea that we were Jews. Then, as it was

frightfully hot, we decided to stay at home, and so did not find out our mistake until the evening. We both felt it was rather a judgment on us for not going to church, so next day we went, very dutifully.

Today we came back from the Rigi Kulm, where we saw a superb sunset and sunrise. You don't know how well I take care of trunks, even when we change cars. I have not had any difficulty yet; though the other day I *did* mistake a Bavarian cavalry officer for a railway porter, and asked him to wheel my baggage round. The Gorgon's head wasn't a circumstance to the look he gave me.

Your Loving Brother, THEE

Darling Bysie,

Zermatt, Aug. 5th, 1881.

Day before yesterday, at nine in the morning, I started off, accompanied by two guides, to make the ascent of the Matterhorn. I was anxious to go up it because it is reputed very difficult, and a man who has been up it can fairly claim to have taken his degree as, at any rate, a subordinate kind of mountaineer. At 6 o'clock in the evening we reached the small hut, half a cavern, where we spent the night; it was on the face of a cliff, up which we climbed by a rope forty feet long, and the floor was covered with ice a foot deep. The mountain is so steep that snow will not remain on

the crumbling, jagged rocks, and possesses a certain sombre interest from the number of people that have lost their lives on it. Accidents, however, are generally due either to rashness, or else to a combination of timidity and fatigue; a fairly hardy man, cautious but not cowardly, with good guides, has little to fear. Still there is enough peril to make it exciting, and the work is very laborious, being as much with the hands as the feet, and (very unlike the Jungfrau) as hard coming down as going up. We left the hut at three-forty and, after seeing a most glorious sunrise which crowned the countless snow peaks and billowy, white clouds with a crimson iridescence, reached the summit at seven, and were down at the foot of the Matterhorn proper by one. It was like going up and down enormous stairs on your hands and knees for nine hours. We then literally *ran* down the foot hills to Zermatt, reaching it at half past three. It had been excessively laborious, and during the journey I was nearer giving out than on the Jungfrau, but I was not nearly so tired afterwards, and in fact felt as fresh as ever after a cup of tea and a warm bath; went to table d'hôte as usual, and afterwards over to see the Gardiners, and coming back we spent the rest of the evening with Mrs. Baylies, Miss Cornelia and Edmund.

Your Loving Brother, THEE

Darling Bysie,

The Hague, Aug. 21st, 1881.

We came down the Rhine in a steamboat. The scenery was lovely, but no more so than the Hudson except for the castles. These "robber knight" castles are so close together that I always wonder where there was room for the other people whom the Robber Knights robbed. The Age of Chivalry was lovely for the knights; but it must have at times been inexpressibly gloomy for the gentlemen who had to occasionally act in the capacity of daily bread for their betters. It is like the purely traditional "Merry England" of the Stuarts, where the merriment existed only for the Stuarts, who were about the worst dynasty that ever sat on a throne.

At Cologne we met General and Mrs. ——. The latter was cordial and jocose, if you can imagine her being so undignified, and I really like her; but I think that her much-battered old spouse is rather a bore. But he introduced me to a pleasant Commodore Baldwin; and they offered to make me a member of the International Law Congress—for five dollars. I hadn't a dress coat, and refused; I was rather sorry, for they were going to a dinner to meet a Prince Karl of Prussia. However, I think the Commodore may do me a good turn at the Navy Department, in getting me access to records for that favourite "château-en-Espagne"

of mine, the Naval History. You would be amused to see me writing it here. I have plenty of information now, but I can't get it into words; I am afraid it is too big a task for me. I wonder if I won't find everything in life too big for my abilities. Well, time will tell.

Your Loving and Shady BROTHER.

Darling Bysie,

London, Sept. 5th, 1881.

Our stay in Paris was mainly devoted to the intricacies of buying; but we did manage to stow in a visit to the famous Cluny (see Personal Charades) and, what I enjoyed even more, to the tomb of Napoleon. I do not think there is a more impressive sepulchre on earth than that tomb; it is grandly simple. I am not very easily awe-struck, but it certainly gave me a solemn feeling to look at the plain, red stone bier which contained what had once been the mightiest conqueror the world ever saw. He was a great fighter, at least, though otherwise I suppose an almost un-mixed evil. Hannibal alone is his equal in military genius; and Cæsar in cruel power and ambition. What a child such a mere butcher as Tamerlane, Genghis Khan or Attila would have been in his hands!

Best love to all, and much from

Your Devoted Brother, THEE

Darling Motherling,

Liverpool, Sept. 14th, '81.

While in London I went to see the Doré Gallery again, and was frightfully disappointed. I don't like his pictures at all now. Here we are of course having a most splendid time. Uncle Irvine is the jolliest, kindest host imaginable, and both Alice and I are just as fond of him as we can possibly be. Jessie is staying with us, and she and Alice have taken a great fancy to one another. Dearest Aunt Hattie is just too sweet to us for anything, and as motherly as ever. As for me, I spend almost the entire time with the blessed old sea captain, talking over naval history, and helping him arrange his papers, of which he has literally thousands. I have persuaded him to publish a work, which only he possesses the materials to write, about the naval operations abroad during the last war, which were conducted and managed by him—including the cruise in the *Fingal*. I enjoy talking to the dear old soul more than I can tell; he is such a modest, high-souled old fellow that I just love and respect him. And I think he enjoys having some one to talk to who really enjoys listening. Of course, had I been old enough, I would have served on the Northern side; but I am none the less interested in his history on account of that, as I do not think partisanship should ever obscure the truth.

Ever lovingly yours,

THEE ROOSEVELT

Uncle Irvine Bulloch was a younger brother of Theodore's mother and was on the *Alabama* when she was sunk by the *Kearsarge* in the English Channel, and Irvine Bulloch was saved by the *Deerhound*. "The old sea-captain" refers to Captain James D. Bulloch.

Dear Sir,

New York, November 1st 1881.

Having been nominated as a candidate for member of Assembly for this District, I would esteem it a compliment if you honor me with your vote and personal influence on Election day.

Very respectfully,

THEODORE ROOSEVELT

He ran for the legislature and was elected. After casting his own vote early in the morning, he remained at home in 57th Street until at about nine o'clock in the evening Mr. Joseph Murray came in and told him of his election and asked if he did not intend to come around to the District Headquarters.

15 Washington Avenue, Albany

Monday evening

January, '82.

P. S.—The Bostonians were awfully kind to us. I was put up at the Somerset; Percy Lowell gave me a dinner there, and Harry Burnett a lunch;

and Bob Grant also had me to dine and took me round afterwards to the St. Botolph's club, a kind of Boston "Century," where I was introduced to James, the novelist, and had a most pleasant time, meeting Cabot Lodge, General Wilson, General MacDowell, Edward Everett Hale, and several others.

The postscript is longer than I intended.

THEE

He spent the remainder of that winter in Albany, coming to New York for week-ends.

STATE OF NEW YORK
ASSEMBLY CHAMBER

Darling Motherling,

Albany, Feb 20th 1883

My speech went off very well; I did not forget a word, nor was I at all embarrassed. But I doubt if it really pays to learn a speech by heart; for I felt just like a schoolboy reciting his piece. Besides I do not speak enough from the chest, so my voice is not as powerful as it ought to be.

Good bye, my own dearest little Mother.

Ever Your Fond Son THEE

The winter of '82 and '83 he had a house in New York, 55 West 45th Street, and had a room in Albany, returning to New York for all the week-

ends. The following winter was spent at his mother's, 6 West 57th Street, he again having a room in Albany and coming down for the week-ends. On February 12, 1884, his daughter Alice was born and on the 14th her mother died. His own mother died on February 14, and the double funeral took place at Dr. Hall's church, Fifth Avenue and 55th Street, on Saturday, February 16th.

III

RANCH LIFE AND HUNTING

1884-1886

St. Paul
June 8th 1884

Darling Bysie,

Many thanks for your sweet note. Can you tell Douglas to get me files of the "Times" and "Sun" for the week ending June 7th? Also of the "Post." I would like to see them. I am now on my way to the Little Missouri; I shall probably be back about July 10th, but will write or telegraph to you before; perhaps I shall be back much earlier, as I intend to take quite a long hunting trip this fall, there being now no necessity of my taking part in the political campaign.

Well, the fight has been fought and lost, and moreover our defeat is an overwhelming rout.

It may be that "the voice of the people is the voice of God" in fifty-one cases out of a hundred; but in the remaining forty-nine it is quite as likely to be the voice of the devil, or what is still worse, the voice of a fool.

I am glad to have been present at the convention, and to have taken part in its proceedings; it was a historic scene, and one of great, even if of somewhat sad, interest. Speaking roughly, the

forces were divided as follows: Blaine 340, Arthur 280, Edmunds 95, Logan 60, Sherman 30, Hawley 15. But the second choice of all of the Logan and Sherman and of nearly half the Arthur men, was Blaine, which made it absolutely impossible to form a combination against him. Arthur's vote was almost entirely from office holders, coming mainly from the south, and from the great cities of the north. Except among a few of the conservative business men he had absolutely no strength at all with the people. The votes for Logan, Sherman and Hawley represented nothing but the fact that Illinois, Ohio and Connecticut each had a "favorite son."

The Edmunds vote represented the majority of the Republicans of New England, and a very respectable minority in New York, New Jersey and the three States of Wisconsin, Michigan and Minnesota. It included all the men of the broadest culture and highest character that there were in the convention; all those who were prominent in the professions or eminent as private citizens; and it included almost all the "plain people," the farmers and others, who were above the average, who were possessed of a keen sense of personal and official honesty, and who were accustomed to think for themselves. . . .

I also made a short speech, which was listened to very attentively and was very well received by

the delegates, as well as the outsiders; it was the first time I had ever had the chance of speaking to ten thousand people assembled together.

Some of the nominating speeches were very fine, notably that of Governor Long of Massachusetts, which was the most masterly and scholarly effort I have ever listened to. Blaine was nominated by Judge West, the blind orator of Ohio. It was a most impressive scene. The speaker, a feeble old man of shrunk but gigantic frame, stood looking with his sightless eyes towards the vast throng that filled the huge hall. As he became excited his voice rang like a trumpet, and the audience became worked up to a condition of absolutely uncontrollable excitement and enthusiasm. For a quarter of an hour at a time they cheered and shouted so that the brass bands could not be heard at all, and we were nearly deafened by the noise.

Tell Uncle Jimmie that I may write to him to send me out money for my cattle ranche to the German American Bank, St. Paul; and if Chas. P. Miller wishes two thousand dollars he is to have it.

Yours always

THEODORE ROOSEVELT

A large part of this letter has had to be omitted, but it marked his entrance into national public life.

Little Missouri
June 17th/84

Darling Bysie,

I hope you got my letter about the convention; it was a long one for me. Here my opportunities for writing are limited; so show this to Elliott and Douglas, both of whom have written me. I was very glad to get your letters. The "interview" in the St. Paul's Despatch was made up out of the whole cloth; it was very annoying; I had not spoken a dozen words to any reporter.

Well, I have been having a glorious time here, and am well hardened now. I have just come in from spending *thirteen* hours in the saddle. For every day I have been here I have had my hands full. First and foremost, the cattle have done well, and I regard the outlook for making the business a success as being very hopeful. This winter I lost about 25 head from wolves, cold, etc., the others are in admirable shape, and I have about a hundred and fifty-five calves. I shall put on a thousand more cattle and shall make it my regular business. In the autumn I shall bring out Sewell and Dow and put them on a ranche with very few cattle to start with, and in the course of a couple of years give them quite a little herd also.

I have never been in better health than on this trip. I am in the saddle all day long either taking part in the round-up of the cattle, or else hunting antelope. I got one the other day; another good

head for our famous hall at Leeholm. I am really attached to my two "factors," Ferris and Merri-field; they are very fine men.

The country is growing on me, more and more; it has a curious, fantastic beauty of its own; and as I own six or eight horses I have a fresh one every day, and ride on a lope all day long. How sound I do sleep at night now! There is not much game however; the cattle men have crowded it out and only a few antelope and deer remain. I have shot a few jackrabbits and curlews, with the rifle; and I also killed eight rattlesnakes.

Tomorrow my two men go East for the cattle; and I will start out alone to try my hand at finding my way over the prairie by myself. I intend to take a two months trip in the Fall, for hunting, and may, as politics look now, stay away over Election day; so I shall return now very soon, probably leaving here in a week.

Give my best love to all, especially to your own dear self.

Your loving brother THEE

P. S.

Tell Nell I am delighted to hear that he has settled so well in business.

Darling Bysie,

Little Missouri
June 23d/84

You have been a perfect trump to have written me so much, and so has dear old Douglas.

For the last week I have been fulfilling a boyish ambition of mine—that is, I have been playing at frontier hunter in good earnest, having been off entirely alone, with my horse and rifle on the prairie. I wanted to see if I could not do perfectly well without a guide, and I succeeded beyond my expectations. I shot a couple of antelope and a deer, and missed a great many more. I felt as absolutely free as a man could feel; as you know I do not mind loneliness; and I enjoyed the trip to the utmost. The only disagreeable incident was one day when it rained. Otherwise the weather was lovely, and every night I would lie wrapped up in my blanket looking at the stars till I fell asleep, in the cool air. The country has widely different aspects in different places; one day I would canter hour after hour over the level green grass, or through miles of wild rose thickets, all in bloom; on the next I would be amidst the savage desolation of the Bad Lands, with their dreary plateaus, fantastically shaped buttes and deep, winding canyons. I enjoyed the trip greatly and have never been in better health.

I shall be back about July 1st or 3d, and will go at once out to Orange, and thence to Chestnut Hill. I will telegraph you.

Your loving brother

THEE

*Chimney Butte Ranche**Aug 12th/84*

Darling Bysie,

I have just received your dear letter; I am so glad you are enjoying yourself.

Everything so far has gone along beautifully. I had great fun in bringing my two backwoods babies out here. Their absolute astonishment and delight at every thing they saw, and their really very shrewd, and yet wonderfully simple remarks were a perfect delight to me. At Harrisburg I was joined by the Englishman, Messiter, who proved to be a most pleasant travelling companion. He is a thorough gentleman, and a most good natured, open handed, plucky fellow; though I doubt if he is what would be termed an intellectual heavy weight. We must have him to stay with us when he comes East.

I found the cattle all here and looking well; I have now got some sixteen hundred head on the river. I mounted Sewall and Dow on a couple of ponies (where they looked the pictures of dreary discomfort, Sewall remarking that his only previous experience in the equestrian line was when he "rode logs") and started them at once off down the river with a hundred head of cattle, under the lead of one of my friends out here, a grumpy old sea captain, who has had a rather diversified life, trying his hand as sailor, buffalo hunter, butcher, *apothecary* (mirabile dictu) and cow boy. Sewall

tried to spur his horse which began kicking and rolled over with him into a wash-out.

I took Messiter up the river to Langs, riding out over the prairie, and stayed there a day or two. Mrs. Lang is a sweet, good woman; Miss Lang is a "nice" girl. I then returned and went down to where I had stationed my Maine friends who were getting on finely, but were at daggers drawn with the captain. I think they will do well. Next year they will bring out their wives.

In two or three days I start across country for the Bighorn Mountains, and then you will probably not hear from me for a couple of months. I take a wagon and six ponies, riding one of the latter. I now look like a regular cowboy dandy, with all my equipments finished in the most expensive style; I shall show you them when I get back.

The St. Paul's interview was pretty correct; only I gave the Post a dressing down, which they did not quote. I think it will be a good many years before I get back into politics.

Give my best love to all and especially to your self. Stir Rich and Lorenzo up every now and then, just to keep your hand in. Ahem!

Your Loving Brother THEE

Rich and Lorenzo were the architects of the house at Sagamore Hill.

*Chimney Butte Ranche,
Aug 17th 1884*

Darling Bysie,

We have been delayed nearly a week by being forced to get some extra ponies; however I was rather glad of it, as I wished to look thoroughly through the cattle before going. To-morrow morning early we start out. Merrifield and I go on horseback, each taking a spare pony, which will be led behind the wagon, a light "prairie schooner" drawn by two stout horses, and driven by an old French halfbreed. I wear a sombrero, silk neckerchief, fringed buckskin shirt, sealskin chaparajos or riding trowsers; alligator hide boots; and with my pearl hilted revolver and beautifully finished Winchester rifle, I shall feel able to face anything. How long I will be gone I can not say; we will go in all nearly a thousand miles. If game is plenty and my success is good, I may return in six weeks; more probably I shall be out a couple of months; and if game is so scarce that we have to travel very far to get to it, or if our horses give out or run away, or we get caught by the snow, we may be out very much longer—till towards Xmas; though I will try to be back to vote.

Yesterday I rode 72 miles between dawn and darkness; I have a superb roan pony, or rather horse; he looks well, with his beautifully carved saddle, plaited bridle, and silver inlaid bit, and seems to be absolutely tireless.

I grow very fond of this place, and it certainly has a desolate, grim beauty of its own, that has a curious fascination for me. The grassy, scantily wooded bottoms through which the winding river flows are bounded by bare, jagged buttes; their fantastic shapes and sharp, steep edges throw the most curious shadows, under the cloudless, glaring sky; and at evening I love to sit out in front of the hut and see their hard, gray outlines gradually grow soft and purple as the flaming sunset by degrees softens and dies away; while my days I spend generally alone, riding through the lonely rolling prairie and broken lands.

I am afraid that it may not be possible for me to get where I can write again till I return from my trip.

Your Loving Brother THEE

Upper Waters of Powder River, Montana

Aug 24th 1884

Darling Bysie,

I am writing this on an upturned water keg, by our canvas covered wagon, while the men are making tea, and the solemn old ponies are grazing round about me; I am going to trust it to the tender mercies of a stray cowboy whom we have just met, and who may not post it when he gets to Powderville, a delectable log hamlet some seventy miles north of us.

We left the Little Missouri a week ago, and have

been travelling steadily some twenty or thirty miles a day ever since, through a desolate, barren looking and yet picturesque country, part of the time rolling prairie and part of the time broken, jagged Bad Lands. We have fared sumptuously as I have shot a number of prairie chickens, sage hens and ducks, and a couple of fine bucks, besides missing several of the latter that I ought to have killed. Every morning we get up at dawn, and start off by six o'clock or thereabouts, Merri-field and I riding over many hills or ravines after game, while the battered "prairie schooner" with the two spare ponies led behind is driven slowly along by old Lebo, who is a perfect character. He is a weazened, wiry old fellow, very garrulous, brought up on the frontier, and a man who is never put out or disconcerted by any possible combination of accidents. Of course we have had the usual incidents of prairie travel happen to us. One day we rode through a driving rain storm, at one time developing into a regular hurricane of hail and wind, which nearly upset the wagon, drove the ponies almost frantic and forced us to huddle into a gully for protection. The rain lasted all night and we slept in the wagon, pretty wet and not very comfortable. Another time a sharp gale of wind and rain struck us in the middle of the night, as we were lying out in the open (we have no tent) and we shivered under our wet

blankets till morning. We go into camp a little before sunset, tethering two or three of the horses, and letting the others range. I enjoy the life greatly. One night we camped in a most beautiful natural park; it was a large, grassy hill, studded thickly with small, pine crowned chalk buttes, with very steep sides, worn into the most outlandish and fantastic shapes. All that night the wolves kept up a weird concert round our camp; they are most harmless beasts.

Ever Your Devoted Brother

THEE

*Fort McKinney
Wyoming Territory
Sept 20th 1884*

Darling Bysie,

For once I have made a very successful hunting trip; I have just come out of the mountains and will start at once for the Little Missouri, which I expect to reach in a fortnight, and a week afterwards will be on my way home. I hope to hear from you there.

It took sixteen days travelling (during which I only killed a few bucks) before I reached the foot of the snow-capped Bighorn range; we then left our wagon and went into the mountains with pack ponies, and as I soon shot all the kinds of game the mountains afforded, I came out after two

weeks, during which time I killed three grizzly bear, six elk (three of them have magnificent heads and will look well in the "house on the hill") and as many deer, grouse and trout as we needed for the table; after the first day I did not shoot any cow or calf elk, or any deer at all, except one buck that had unusual antlers, for I was more anxious for the quality than for the quantity of my bag. I have now a dozen good heads for the hall. Merrifield killed two bears and three elk; he has been an invaluable guide for game, and of course the real credit for the bag rests with him, for he found most of the animals. But I really shot well this time.

We met or heard of a dozen parties either of English or Eastern amateurs or of professional hunters, who were on the mountain at the same time we were; but not one of them had half the success I had. This was mainly because they hunted on horseback, much the easiest and least laborious way, while Merrifield and I, in our moccasins and buckskin suits hunted almost every day on foot, following the game into the deepest and most inaccessible ravines. Then again, most of them would only venture to attack the grizzly bears if they found them in the open, or if there were several men together, while we followed them into their own chosen haunts, and never but one of us shot at a bear. Merrifield, indeed, who

is a perfectly fearless and reckless man, has no more regard for a grizzly than he has for a jack-rabbit; the last one we killed he wished to merely break his leg with the first shot "so as to see what he'd do." I had not at all this feeling, and fully realized that we were hunting dangerous game; still I never made steadier shooting than at the grizzlies. I shall not soon forget the first one I killed. We had found where he had been feeding on the carcass of an elk; and followed his trail into a dense pine forest, fairly choked with fallen timber. While noiselessly and slowly threading our way through the thickest part of it I saw Merri-field, who was directly ahead of me, sink suddenly to his knees and turn half round, his face fairly ablaze with excitement. Cocking my rifle and stepping quickly forward, I found myself face to face with the great bear, who was less than twenty-five feet off, not eight steps. He had been roused from his sleep by our approach: he sat up in his lair, and turned his huge head slowly towards us. At that distance and in such a place it was very necessary to kill or disable him at the first fire; doubtless my face was pretty white, but the blue barrel was as steady as a rock as I glanced along it until I could see the top of the bead fairly between his two sinister looking eyes; as I pulled the trigger I jumped aside out of the smoke, to be ready if he charged; but it was needless, for the

great brute was struggling in the death agony, and, as you will see when I bring home his skin, the bullet hole in his skull was as exactly between his eyes as if I had measured the distance with a carpenter's rule. This bear was nearly nine feet long and weighed over a thousand pounds. Each of my other bears, which were smaller, needed two bullets apiece; Merrifield killed each of his with a single shot.

I had grand sport with the elk too, and the woods fairly rang with my shouting when I brought down my first lordly bull, with great branching antlers; but after I had begun bear killing other sport seemed tame.

So I have had good sport; and enough excitement and fatigue to prevent over much thought; and moreover I have at last been able to sleep well at night. But unless I was bear hunting all the time I am afraid I should soon get as restless with this life as with the life at home.

I shall be very, very glad to see you all again; I hope Mousiekins will be very cunning; I shall dearly love her.

I suppose all of our friends, the unco good, are as angry as ever with me; they had best not express their discontent to my face unless they wish to hear very plain English. I am sorry my political career should be over; but after all it makes very little difference.

If any Englishman named Tarqualn, Lee or Grenfell call, get Douglas or Elliott to do anything they can for them; I met them hunting. Tell Douglas to write me when the last day of registry comes.

Your Loving Brother
THEE

Chimney Butte Ranch

Nov 23d/84

Darling Bysie,

I reached here in safety, and was greeted with enthusiasm by Ferris and Merrifield. Next day I started off alone to ride down to the other ranch, forty-five miles off. I was delayed on the way, and darkness came so early that I had to stop on the way in an empty hut; it was bitterly cold, about zero, and I had no supper, but next morning at dawn I went out and shot some prairie chickens, and made a most hearty breakfast. I was very glad to see Sewall and Dow again: they are getting on very well, and have hewed out all the logs for the house. After spending a few days there I started back up the river with them, riding all day through a snow storm; it was late at night when we reached Merrifields and the thermometer was twenty degrees below zero. As you may imagine my fur coat and buffalo bag have come in very handily. I am now trying to get up a stockman's association and in a day or two, un-

less the weather is too bad I shall start up the river with Sewall to see about it.

Can you send me at once three or four blank checks from my check book? I need them immediately. Darling old Bysie, as usual I am bothering you with my affairs.

Give many kisses to wee baby, and with much love for yourself I am

Your aff brother THEE

Chimney Butte Ranche

Dec 14th/84

Darling Bysie,

I have just received your telegram. I suppose that now the article is too much a thing of the past to need an answer; but I am sorry I could not have countered on the hypocritical liars of the Post while the thing was fresh.

I have just returned from a three days trip in the Bad Lands after mountain sheep; and after tramping over the most awful country that can be imagined I finally shot a young ram with a fine head; I have now killed every kind of plains game. I have to stay here till after next Friday to attend a meeting of the Little Missouri stockmen; on Saturday the 20th I start home, and shall be in New York the evening of the 23d. I have just had 52 ponies brought in by Ferris, and Sewall and Dow started down the river with their

share yesterday. The latter have lost two horses; I am afraid they have been stolen.

Best love to Baby Lee.

Your Aff Brother **THEE**

P. S.

Will you get me some Xmas present for Pussie?
The others are all right.

*Elkborn Ranch,
Medora, Dakota
Mar 20th 1886*

Darling Bysie,

I got out here all right, and was met at the station by my men; I was really heartily glad to see the great, stalwart, bearded fellows again, and they were as honestly pleased to see me. Joe Ferris is married, and his wife made me most comfortable the night I spent in town. Next morning snow covered the ground; but we pushed down, in a rough four in hand, (how our rig would have made the estimable Mrs. B—— open her eyes!) to this ranch which we reached long after sunset, the full moon flooding the landscape with light. There has been an ice gorge right in front of the house, the swelling mass of broken fragments having been pushed almost up to our doorstep. The current then broke through the middle leaving on each side of the stream, for some miles, a bank of huge ice floes, tumbled over each other in the wildest confusion. No horse could by any chance get

across; we men have a boat, and even then it is most laborious carrying it out to the water; we work like Arctic explorers.

Things are looking better than I expected; the loss by death has been wholly trifling. Unless we have a big accident I shall get through this all right; if not I can get started square with no debt.

I suppose by this time you are in the full swing of your Mexican experience; I know you are having a lovely time.

Goodbye, dearest Bysie,

Your loving brother THEE

*Elkhorn Ranch
Medora, Dakota
Mar 28th/86*

Darling Bysie:

Since I wrote you life has settled down into its usual monotonous course here. It is not as rough as I had expected; I have clean sheets, the cooking is pretty good, and above all, I have a sitting room and a rocking chair, which I use as my study. The walking is horrible; all slippey ice or else deep, sticky mud; but as we are very short of meat, I generally spend three or four hours a day tramping round after prairie chickens, and one day last week I shot a deer. The rest of the time I read or else worked at Benton, which is making very slow progress; writing is to me intensely irksome work.

In a day or two when the weather gets a little milder, I expect to start down the river in a boat, to go to Mandan; the trip ought to take a week or ten days, more or less. It will be good fun. My life on the ranch this summer is not going to be an especially adventurous or exciting one; and my work will be mainly one of supervision, so that there will be no especial hardship or labour.

Your loving brother THEE

Dickenson, Dakota

April 12th/86

Darling Bysie:

My trip down the river after the three thieves was a grand success, as far as catching the men we were after goes. I took Sewall and Dow along (both of whom were as determined allies as any man could wish) as there was the chance of a fight. But there was no difficulty whatever. We came upon their camp by surprise and, covering them with our cocked rifles "held them up" and disarmed them in the most approved Western fashion. Then we got caught in an ice jam, however, and had the pleasure of their company for eight days, of course having to watch them like hawks all the time. Then my patience gave out and I sent Sewall and Dow on in the boats, while I took the three captives out on a two days' overland trip to here, where I gave them up to the

Sheriff, and was heartily glad to get rid of them, too.

This winter has certainly been a marvellously good one for cattle. My loss has been so trifling as hardly to be worth taking into account; although there may be a number strayed off. I think my own expenses out here this summer will be very light indeed, and then we will be able to start all square with the beginning of the new year.

I took "Anna Karenine" along on the thief catching trip and read it through with much more interest than I have any other novel for I do not know how long. Tolstoi is a great writer. His curious habit of never commenting on any of the actions or thoughts of his characters, whether in the way of praise or blame, gives his writings a singularly unmoral (not immoral) aspect. Anna had a character so contradictory, unbalanced, melancholy and fiercely passionate that she can hardly be received as being other than partially insane. Ubronsky's faithfulness to and love for her make one forget his wrong doings; Striva, Dolly's husband, is to me the most repulsive character in the book; he is to me a complete proof of my theory that it is criminal folly for a woman to forgive her husband's infidelity and go on living with him; it comes from weakness or wrongheadedness. I do not think it can possibly be other than harmful, certainly not beneficial, to the chil-

dren. Levine's and Kitty's story was very attractive.

I was struck by the way in which Russians evidently regard themselves out of the European world; perhaps this was the reason that the book seemed to me to show something curiously American in some of the sides of life it showed—much more than a German or French work would have.

To-morrow I shall get to Medora, where I hope to find a three weeks' mail. I hope you are having a pleasant time in Mexico.

Yours always THEE

*Elkborn Ranch
Medora, Dakota
April 15th/86*

Sweet Pussie,

It would be difficult to write briefly about Legitimate Campaign Expenses; and I have not the time to send a regular essay. If a campaign is honestly carried on the expenses, though heavy, are less than is commonly supposed. There is some indispensable work to be done which has to be paid for. Tens of thousands of ballots have to be printed, folded and sent out to every voter in the district; no light labour. At every polling place there ought to be at least one man especially charged with the interests of the candidate singly and provided with his ballots, so as to give members of the opposite party a chance, if they wish

it, to vote for him without the rest of the ticket. This man has to have a booth, ballots, posters, etc., which again costs money. Then there must be some advertisement in the papers, and some pasting of placards. If there are political processions a candidate will bear his share in defraying the expenses; also, if for an important position he must have rooms hired for headquarters, and if he speaks will have to pay for the hall, etc.

But whenever possible volunteers should be chosen instead of paid workers; they are much more effective. Any form of bribery is not only criminal but is also, unless done by an old hand, useless; what is known as a "bar room" canvass is, for a gentleman, especially ineffective; the loafers and vagabonds will take anyone's money, or drink with him, but will vote against him just the same. In my three campaigns I never paid for a drink or entered a saloon; and my whole expenditures were under the items enumerated above, together with a subscription to the local political association, to defray the printing and other general expenses of the party ticket on which I ran. Hiring wagons for voters, paying great numbers of men to work, etc., are generally, although not always, merely thinly disguised forms of bribery. In districts where crooked work is feared detectives must be hired. Some districts are so rotten that it is almost impossible to win without brib-

ery; in such cases a gentleman should go in simply with the expectation of defeat; no form of bribery is ever admissible.

Your T. R.

I enclose a card to send with the flowers to Edith when she starts off.

"Pussie" was his sister Corinne, now Mrs. Douglas Robinson.

Medora

Dakota

April 22d/86

Darling Bysie,

I got all of your letters in a bunch, and I need not say how glad I was to hear from you. Your Mexican trip must be pretty nearly ideal; from your description hardly any European trip would be as fascinating or through more curiously foreign and strange a land. The Janviers must be very pleasant and I hope they will turn out desirable additions to our limited list of "intellectual" acquaintances and further material for that far distant salon wherein we are to gather society men who take part in politics, literature and art and politicians, authors and artists whose bringing up and personal habits do not disqualify them for society; where the clever women will neither dress too prismatically nor yet have committed the still graver crime of marrying dull husbands and where the pretty women who know how to

dress and dance will not have brains of the type of —.

Why is it that even such of our friends as do things that sound interesting do them in a way that makes them very dull? The —s are two fine looking fellows of excellent family and faultless breeding, with a fine old country place, four in hands, tandems, a yacht and so on; but, oh, the decorous hopelessness of their lives! The —s could be very pleasantly portrayed; but in actual life they are as nearly impossible as any equal number of respectable civilized beings could be. — is a fine looking, stalwart man, a gentleman who is taking part in politics, has a good taste for poetry, much general information and a great interest in sport; but, heavens, what a nightmare his companionship is! What perverse Providence made each of the — boys with something indescribable but essential lacking in his mental outfit?

I have just returned from the Stockmen's Convention at Miles City, which thriving frontier town was for three days thronged with hundreds of rough looking, broad hatted men, numbering among them all the great cattle and horse raisers of the northwest. I took my position very well in the convention, and indeed these Westerners have now pretty well accepted me as one of themselves, and as a representative stockman. I am on the Executive Committee of the Association, am Presi-

dent of the Dakota Branch, etc., all of which directly helps me in my business relations here.

Have I not been quite a good correspondent so far? And before I received any letters, too.

Your loving brother THEE

Medora

Dakota

May 15th 1886

Darling Bysie,

The enclosed bills are correct: if you can I should greatly like to have them paid.

You were very sweet to send me the newspaper cutting. I was greatly amused to find I had unknowingly won a political victory; but I would much rather not have been made President of the Association. If I am going to do anything at all I like to give my time to it; and that I can not do in this instance. How did you like my Civil Service piece in the Princeton Review?

Mrs. Dodd's article was very bright and clever: I wish you would tell her how much I enjoyed it. Also I particularly ask to have my very warmest well wishes given to Miss Swan; I would write myself if I had decent paper. I have just ridden up to Medora, and may not get a chance to write again for some little time; until after the roundup you may not hear very much from me. Tell her it is a sincere pleasure to me to have two people happy for both of whom I genuinely care; they

will be another one of our few couples who are good on both sides.

Now, can you, without bother, do me a favor? The poor little mite of a —— girl, just baby Lee's age, has neither playmates nor play toys. I do'n't appreciate it as a table companion, especially when fed on, or rather feeding itself on, a mixture of syrup and strawberry jam (giving it the look of a dirty little yellow haired gnome in war paint); but I wish the poor forlorn little morsel had some play toys. If you go in town ever; or if you do not, could Uncle Jimmie or Aunt Annie get and send out to me a box with the following toys, all stout and cheap: a big colored ball, some picture blocks, some letter blocks, a little horse and wagon and a rag doll. Mrs. Sewall and Mrs. Dow are very nice; they will do all they can to make you comfortable next summer if we can arrange a visit; though I rather dread seeing you at table, for we have of course no social distinction, and the cow boys sit down in their shirt sleeves.

My men here are hard working, labouring men, who work longer hours for no greater wages than many of the strikers; but they are Americans through and through; I believe nothing would give them greater pleasure than a chance with their rifles at one of the mobs. When we get the papers, especially in relation to the dynamite

burners, they become more furiously angry and excited than I do. I wish I had them with me and a fair show at ten times our number of rioters; my men shoot well and fear very little.

I miss both you and darling Baby Lee dreadfully; kiss her many times for me; I am really hungry to see her. She must be just too cunning for anything. Yet I enjoy my life at present. I have my time fully occupied with work of which I am fond; and so have none of my usual restless, caged wolf feeling. I work two days out of three at my book or papers; and I hunt, ride and lead the wild, half adventurous life of a ranchman all through it.

Goodbye, dearest Bysie,

Your loving brother **THEE**

Elkborn Ranch,

Medora, Dakota

June 7th/86

Darling Bysie:

I will get a chance to send this note in tomorrow by an old teamster, who is going to town. I have been on the round up for a fortnight and really enjoy the work greatly; in fact I am passing a most pleasant summer, though I miss all of you very, very much. We breakfast at three every morning, and work from sixteen to eighteen hours a day, counting night guard; so I get pretty sleepy; but I feel as strong as a bear. I took along Tol-

stoi's *La Guerre et La Paix* which Madame de Mores had lent me, but I have had little chance to read it as yet. I am very fond of Tolstoi.

I forgot to tell you that in my ranch house, where the walls are mere partitions, I overheard Sewall the other day describing his visit to our house, and especially you. It was very funny; and yet quite touching. "They live in great state," he said, "but they treated me just as well as if I had been a Vanderbilt; his sister's a mighty fine woman; I tell you she has style; but she didn't treat me with the least bit of pomp—just as if I was an old friend. And, my, she's smart! When I came there she was standing with a pencil and a bit of paper, overseeing a lot of men; and made 'em tend straight up to business."

The idea of you not treating Sewall with "pomp" was exquisite.

I have neither time nor chance to write you anything but a scrawl. Do have all the friends you can out to Sagamore Hill; I love you to be hospitable, and I am spending literally no money myself. Write whom you have. Next Fall lets have Lizzie (it is soul harrowing to think my star has paled before Frank's—tell her so if you see her). Would —— and her husband be impossible or not?

Your aff brother

THEODORE ROOSEVELT

*Medora, Dakota**June 19th/86*

Darling Bysie:

The round up has stopped for a day or two, and on riding into town I was delighted to find your two letters; they told me just what I wanted to hear about the jolly parties at Sagamore, and all the rest of it. I have never considered myself a very social personage; but I do wish I could have been present at some of the sprees; and I simply can not say how much I wish to see you and to kiss and pet darling baby. Did you ever receive my letter in which I asked if you could conveniently send me some toys (blocks, a ball, a woolly dog and a rag doll, etc.,) for the forlorn little mite of a —— child? I shall probably be home about October 1st; perhaps a fortnight sooner, perhaps not until two or three weeks later; make all your plans without reference to me, and I will fit into them somehow.

I enclose a letter which I wish you would get Mrs. Butler to answer. I can't make out the signature, nor the sex of the writer nor whether a friend or a stranger.

La Guerre et La Paix, like all Tolstoi's work, is very strong and very interesting. The descriptions of the battles are excellent, but though with one or two good ideas underneath them, the criticisms of the commanders, especially of Napoleon, and of wars in general, are absurd. Moreover when he

criticises battles and the iniquity of war in his capacity of author, he deprives himself of all excuse for the failure to criticise the various other immoralities he portrays. In *Anna Karenine* he let each character, good or bad, speak for itself; and while he might better have shown some reprobation of evil, at least it could be alleged in answer that he simply narrated, putting the facts before us that we ourselves might judge them. But when he again and again spends pages in descanting on the wickedness and folly of war, and passes over other vices without a word of reproach he certainly in so far acts as the apologist for the latter, and the general tone of the book does not seem to me to be in the least conducive to morality. *Natacha* is a bundle of contradictions, and her fickleness is portrayed as truly marvellous; how *Pierre* could ever have ventured to leave her alone for six weeks after he was married I can not imagine. *Marie* as portrayed by him is a girl that we can hardly conceive of as fascinating *Rostow*. *Sonia* is another variety of the *Patient Griselda* type. The two men, *André* and *Pierre*, are wonderfully well drawn; and all through the book there are touches and descriptions that are simply masterpieces.

The round up has been great fun. If I did not miss all at home so much, and also my beautiful house, I should say that this free open air life,

without any worry, was perfection. I write steadily three or four days, and then hunt (I killed two elk and some antelope recently) or ride on the round up for many more.

I send the enclosed slip from a criticism of my book on account of the awful irony of the lines I have underscored; send it to Douglas when you write him.

Ever your loving brother
THEE

Medora
Dakota
June 28th/86

Darling Bysie,

The round-up is now over. I have been working like a beaver; it is now five weeks since I have had breakfast as late as four o'clock any morning. You would hardly know my sunburned and wind roughened face. But I have really enjoyed it and am as tough as a hickory knot.

I am delighted you enjoyed the Lodges so much; it is the only place outside of the family that I really care to visit, and I am looking forward greatly to going there. I have been in a good deal of a quandary over Mayor Grace's offer, which I suppose you know all about.

I shall not send in Benton until I have gone over it in the Astor Library or some such place. A week's work with authorities to consult would now let me finish it entirely. As both you and

Cabot advise so strongly against sending in the horse thief piece to the Century, I suppose I shall keep that too, though I do not quite see why it would be better to have it incorporated in anything else; of course I shall take good care that the pronoun "I" does not appear once in the whole piece, if it can be possibly avoided. One minor result of my not sending in these various pieces will be to prevent my going to the Rockies, as, on several accounts, I do not wish to draw any money from Douglas this summer if by any chance it can be helped.

By the way, a new career is open to me: dear old Cotty Peabody wrote me a long letter the other day in which he expressed a wish that things were so I could become a teacher in his school! He is a good old boy.

Your loving brother THEE

The Reverend Endicott Peabody is the head of Groton School, Massachusetts.

*Elkborn Ranch,
Medora, Dakota
Aug 7th 1886.*

Darling Bysie,

I felt more melancholy than you would give your cold blooded brother credit for feeling when I said goodbye to my dearest sister and cunning little yellow headed baby Lee. Do kiss the darling

for me and tell her her father thinks of her and of you very often.

"Three Englishmen and Three Americans" is a singularly charming book. I have rarely read one that taught me more and that at the same time gave me more pleasure. Of course there were two or three things with which I totally disagreed; his opinion of Poe and Byron for instance, and especially his really inept criticism on Cooper. He should read Lounsbury's life of the latter, and then humbly confess his own utter shortcoming. And curiously enough, the contrast between Emerson's "Rhodora" and Wordsworth's "Daffodils" is to me just the reverse of what he describes it. The simplicity in the former seems to me perfectly natural and in the latter artificially elaborated. But the whole book is well fitted to give one new ideas; and it is one of those books of which we were speaking to which it is good to refer.

"On Both Sides" was as amusing and clever as it could possibly be. I read it with the keenest enjoyment.

Merrifield and I are now busily planning our mountain trip.

Your loving brother
THEE

"Three Englishmen and Three Americans" is by Professor Johnson of Trinity College.

"On Both Sides" is by Miss Baylor.

*Mandan**Aug 11th/86*

Darling Bysie,

I had to come down here about the boat thieves. I think I should have had rather a rough time had I been obliged to put up with the hotel accommodation; for it was a vile building entered through an underground drinking saloon, and my room contained two beds, and two fellow boarders, one of them my old friend, the horse thief, Calamity Joe, now out on bail. But I fell on my feet, as usual. Do you remember "those two nice Kentucky girls"? Well, I met the husband of one of them, Selmes, by name, and he insisted upon my at once taking up my abode with them; for they have a little house on the outskirts of Mandan, as well as the ranche.

I have had a really charming time; they have driving teams, saddle horses (Kentucky thoroughbreds) and great grayhounds for chasing coyotes, hares and antelope. We ride, drive and everything, usually after supper as there is a most superb moon. Mrs. Selmes is really to my mind a singularly attractive woman. She is, I think, very handsome, though not with regular features; and, as Madame de Mores says, she is very "séduisante"—like most Kentucky girls. She is very well read, has a delicious sense of humor and is extremely fond of poetry—including that of my new favorite, Browning, as well as my old one Swin-

burne. Altogether I have enjoyed my three days here; tomorrow I go back to Medora, but return to the trial a week hence, when I will again stay with the Selmes. I had the thieves indicted today. Kiss baby many times for me.

Your aff brother THEE

IV

TRAVEL AND SAGAMORE HILL

1886-1889

In November, immediately after his defeat for the mayoralty by Mr. Hewitt, we sailed for England to meet Mrs. Carow and her daughters, and he was married to Miss Edith Kermit Carow at St. George's, Hanover Square, London. The late Sir Cecil Spring-Rice was his best man.

*Florence,
Jan. 6th-'87.*

Darling Bysie:

I have just sent off a letter to Douglas, anent Sagamore Hill. You best of all good sisters, I think—at least I hope—things will turn out all right. After Douglas's letter I really did not have the heart to cable him to sell Sagamore; but in every other way I do think expenses should be cut down to the lowest possible point. Would Seaman do as well with the garden as Davis? If so, would not he and a boy to take care of the road be sufficient for the place? You know, we *must* live; and so I don't much care whether I change my residence from New York or not. I have not the slightest

belief in my having any political future; and I can hardly reduce my personal tax in New York without perjury.

Would you mind seeing if my photographs from Anthonys (591 B'y) have come home? I mean the last batch, with pictures of an elk in a wagon, and of the white goats. And have my goat heads ever arrived from the West?

I do love Sagamore Hill, I will not give it up if I can help.

We left the Carows in Rome yesterday; it was very hard indeed for them. Edith and I have just come in from a long walk in the Boboli Garden.

Give many kisses to that sweetest baby; I just long to see you both.

Yours always,
THEO.

Remember me to "Sprice."

Milan,

Feb. 12th-'87.

Darling Bysie,

We ended up Venice by having a real snow storm, giving the place a very picturesque but wholly unlooked for aspect. Our stay there though short was very pleasant; there is no other Italian town that has such a charm for me—it gives me the feeling of being in the presence of vanished, old world splendour as neither Rome nor Florence does, and is tenfold as strange and romantic.

Here, also, I am very fond of the Cathedral at

any rate; I think it impresses me more than any other building I have ever seen, more even than St. Peters (I do'n't include the old Egyptian and Greek temples). The lofty aisle, with its rows of towering columns, white and shadowy, and the fretted, delicate work above, all seen in the dim half light that comes through the stained glass windows, really awes me; it gives me a feeling I have never had elsewhere except among very wild, charm-rent mountains, or in the vast pine forests where the trees are very tall and not too close together. I think I care more for breadth, vastness, grandeur, strength, than for technique, or mere grace or the qualities that need artistic sense or training to appreciate. Thus I honestly confess I don't care a rap for the preraphaelites except as curiosities; just as I care for the Egyptian tomb paintings; but I am very fond of the Sistine Chapel and of Raphael's great wallpaintings in the Vatican; still more of such statues as the Dying Gladiator; most of all of such very different buildings as Karnak, Baalbek, the Parthenon and this very Milan cathedral. But perhaps on the whole I will always come back to my beloved woods and mountains and great lonely plains.

We sail from Liverpool on March 19th; I suppose I shall be about three weeks in the west soon after I return. I won't buy any claret in Paris after all.

Can you find out, without too much trouble, what furs of mine Gunther has, and in especial if he has my mink skin overcoat?

I so long to see Sagamore Hill again, with my rifles, in your gun case, my heads and all. I shall fit up the top room as my study; the library is too disturbed; and so I shall have up there as my sanctum to which people are not to come—not even the guests, unless I specially invite them.

With many kisses for baby.

Your loving THEE

*Wroxton Abbey,
Banbury,
Mar. 12th, 1887.*

Darling Bysie,

We have been passing a most pleasant three days here; they are just too sweet to us for anything. Instead of going to the house of my friend, young North, we came here to his fathers, Lord North's. It is one of the show places of England; a huge Elizabethan house, battlemented and ivy grown, and inside a gigantic labyrinth of rooms and passages—enormous hall, chapel, ballroom, etc. All the old portraits of course, by Van Dyke, Gainsborough, and so on; in fact it might have come out of Scott. Lord North is a dear old gentleman, a regular old foxhunter, who wears a red dress coat; and Lady North is sweet, such a nice

old lady. Yesterday we went out with the hounds. I did not have a very good mount, my animal steadfastly refusing to jump anything big; but the day was great fun nevertheless. Lord North got the brush, which he presented to Edith. Young Mrs. North has her own steeplechaser, and goes as straight as an arrow.

Our room is the "Duke of Clarence" bed room, so called because that individual used to sleep in it; a gigantic carved oak bedstead. There are names to most of the rooms; King James, the Prince of Wales, etc. If you could see all the powdered servants! Today I lunched at the castle of Lord Saye and Seale, a great moated place, built in 1301, and looking as if it came out of an old world romance, the walls (as in this place) hung with old armour, battle flags, antlers, etc. They were most pleasant and hospitable. I do so wish you could be here with us! You would have enjoyed our stay in London this time to the full. But after all I shall be glad to get home; I am an American through to the backbone.

We have to go up to town tomorrow morning, Sunday, as we are to meet Browning in the afternoon.

An M. P., Hoare by name, took us round to the House of Commons the day before we came down here. — lunched with us one day; he is frightfully cut up, and wild to have some-

thing done about his excessively awkward scrape with ——

Altogether we have had great fun and met the very nicest people we could possibly meet.

Ever yours, T. R.

Sagamore Hill, Aug. 4th/87.

Small Strawcolored Parent (to blue eyed offspring): "Well, what do you want to say to Auntie Bye?"

Offspring (with seraphic smile): "A kiss!"

S. S. P.: "What else?"

Baby: "Today I am going riding with Mama and Papa and Polo Pony Caution!" (Pronunciation indescribable.)

S. S. P.: "Come, now, tell her how you're feeling."

Baby (Reluctantly): "I *think* I'm better, probably. (Brightening) And I eat, and I eat and I eat, chicken and egg and everything!" (This is true; the last two days her appetite has been excellent.)

Total halt ensues; volunteers to give her full name, which I tell her you know. A story is suggested; and instantly:

Baby: "Once there was a big lion and it went walking with its Auntie, and it saw two deers, and they wanted to fight it, and they ran away into

a house, and the lion went in, and then the two deers they just ate the lion, so they did!"

S. S. P.: "Capital, especially the climax; startling zoological verisimilitude. Now tell Auntie Bye what you do."

Offspring: "I'm Alice Lee Roosevelt; and I help dress Mama"; (when prompted) I went in swimming, and yesterday I went to Christine's party and *Jimmy* says I was very good. Good bye." (Final collapse of conversation.)

"*The Homestead,*"

Geneseo,
Livingston County,
N. Y.

July 8th-'88

Darling Bysie:

On Friday evening Edith and I came up here. It is the dearest old house—a regular old colonial mansion, with the most delightful suites of rambling rooms, and the greatest quantity of heirlooms in the way of furniture and pictures. Edith is enjoying it immensely; it is a great rest and change for her. The nominal cause of our coming was to see the sports yesterday. They were great fun—riding at the ring, tent pegging, high jump, etc.—and we ended up by a so-called "parade"; that is, all of us who were on horseback, some twenty or thirty in number, took an hour's gallop across country. I was on the same horse I went

fox-hunting with last year; a beautiful jumper. Then we all, farmers and everybody, came home to a supper at Wadsworth's. I really like the whole set of fellows immensely. Some of them live in the country round about, others come from Buffalo, and even Rochester; they are perfectly simple and natural, and splendid riders. This evening we all go over to dine at the Howlands'; to-morrow we will dine at the Herbert Wadsworths'. I think Austin and I will go down the river in the canoe, to the latter place; but as a rule here the horse is not only a beast of pleasure, but also the main means of locomotion. I like the whole tone of the place; it is wholesome and thoroughly American. Edith, as I said, enjoys it more than I had dared hope.

I am inclined to think that there is really some chance, after all, of the Republicans winning at this election; although I am by no means as hopeful as Cabot, for instance. We have a first-class ticket; Harrison is a clean, able man, with a good record as a soldier and a senator. I don't like some points of our platform altogether; but on civil service reform, and on the admission of the northwestern territories as states (both to my mind points of greater ultimate importance than even the tariff), it is sound, while the Democratic platform is not. I suppose I shall be on the stump a short while this fall; and so I do not know

whether I will get a real hunting trip in the west this season or not.

Your aff. brother,

THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

THE GRAND PACIFIC HOTEL

Darling Bysie:

Chicago, Aug. 22, 1888.

This will probably be the last letter you will get from me, unless I come out of the woods in time to send you one or two more on spec. However, when you take into account my limitations, I have been a pretty good correspondent, haven't I? I am to be back in October, so that the National committee can, if necessary, call on me for any speeches, etc. I went in to see them the other day. They are quietly confident; and evidently really think there is a first-class chance of our winning. Hill is a dreadful load for the Democrats to carry; yet they know very well they cannot do without his support. Harrison is a very good man, and there is no comparison between the parties, as regards their make-up. I think the mugwumps—it is a gross misnomer to call them Independents—occupy a very contemptible position. Yet I really take very little interest in what people regard as the main issue; our nation covers a continent, and there are fifty questions of more lasting importance to us than either free trade or

protection—questions such as the liquor laws, ballot reform, the civil service, etc.

West and I have started off in fine feather. We came on to Chicago by the vestibule train, which is certainly extraordinarily comfortable; there is even a barber on board! by whom, incidentally, I had my hair cut off short. We will stop a day at Medora, and then, with Merrifield and my “friend without a conscience,” go on to hunt in the Kootenai country; first we will take canoes, and then go in on foot, with Indians to pack our goods. My time has been so cut short that I do not expect to do very much in the big game line; it is rather an exploring expedition, to prepare for a hunting trip next year. By the way, when I come out, as I will have to, next spring, don’t you think you and Edith had best come along, and we’ll go to the Yellowstone Park? It must be superb.

Medora, Aug. 24th—I go up to the Chimney Butte ranch tomorrow morning, and come back to take the evening train on. We met *your* affectionate old friend, Mr. Rogers, Senior, on the train coming out here, also on a hunting trip. He is a gay old bird, but I quite like him. The boys were all here to meet me, and it was really very pleasant seeing them.

Good-bye, for a month.

Your loving Brother, T. R.

*Kootenai River, Idaho,
Aug. 27th-1888.*

Darling Bye:

Just a scrawl, but I have a chance to send this in to you by a freight outfit, and have to write in an awful hurry, in a room filled with miners, fur trappers and the like. West has proved himself a most pleasant travelling companion so far; he has been as good natured and patient as possible, and it has really been most pleasant having him.

We picked up Willis—that uncouth Donatello of the border—at Thompson’s Falls; went on to a heaven-forsaken series of shanties at Pend d’Oreille Lake, and thence drove hither through endless stretches of unbroken evergreen forest. Tomorrow we go down stream to Kootenai Lake, north of the Idaho line, in British Columbia.

It has taken us a long time to get to our hunting grounds; we will be on them in two or three days now; but I can not tell how much hunting we will be able to do, for our time is rather limited. However, it is interesting to see the country; and this is a good chance to explore it; besides, we may get game after all.

There! they are all going to bed, so I must too, as the lights will be put out, so good-bye, and excuse a scrawl merely meant to show you where I am.

Your devoted brother, T. R.

*Kootenai Lake,
Sept. 18th-1888.*

Darling Bysie:

I don't know whether this note will reach you or not, but I shall send it on the chance; albeit I have not the wherewithal to write a very long one. I have had a very rough and hard trip, which ended successfully, though it opened somewhat discouragingly. The first week was so hard that West became completely done out, and left the mountains, with Merrifield. Then Willis, an Indian, and myself took packs and went in on foot to the snow line. The climbing and walking were fatiguing beyond belief, and of course we had neither shelter, nor extra clothing, nor so much as a jacket among us, and but one blanket apiece; so we had to keep the fires blazing all night. But I was never in better health, nor so well able to walk; the scenery was magnificent, and I killed a bear, a bull caribou (reindeer, as you Norwegians call it), a deer, grouse, etc. I never enjoyed any dinner more than those I made on the caribou venison and bear meat. Altogether it was the best trip I have taken since the Bighorn days; and now I will go back and fall-to on my book with redoubled energy, at the same time holding myself in readiness to take a part in the political campaign if needful.

Do remember me most warmly to Mr. and Mrs. Lippincott; I think you have all had an ideal summer.

Your aff. brother, T. R.

*Oyster Bay,
Long Island, N. Y.,
Sagamore Hill,
Oct. 5th-'88.*

Darling Bysie:

After reaching my ranch I had so much to do—being there but five days—that I had no time to write so much as a line. I made pretty good sales of my cattle.

I have just come home and start again day after tomorrow, this time on a political trip, as I am to take the stump in Minnesota and Michigan. Edith is coming with me; it will be about a twelve day trip; and so at last she will see the wonderful Mrs. Selmes, for we will visit St. Paul, as well as Detroit and Chicago.

The house is looking too comfortable and home-like for anything. The children are just darlings. Blessed little Alice was really overjoyed to see me; she is sunny and merry the whole day long. Ted is the sweetest baby boy that can be imagined; he has now learned so many cunning tricks. It is very amusing to see him with Alice. Emily, by the way, is excellent with children; Eleanor insists on calling her Aunt Emily.

Freeman has asked me to do "New York" in his series of "Historic Towns"; I have accepted. Cabot will do "Boston."

Your aff. brother, T. R.

689 Madison Ave
Feb. 6th, 1889.

Darling Bye:

On Friday, Harrison, Jr., the son of the grandson, lunches with me at the Down Town Club; Wise, who is to be one of the guests, suggests that we get him very drunk and find out about the cabinet.

Last night at the Civil Service Reform Association Godkin and I, who do'n't speak in private, had a ceremonious but animated discussion, which ended by glancing rather widely to Dudley and Gorman. The L—— dinner was nice, but not exhilarating. Edie went to the Opera last night. I wonder why "Life" is so bitter against Minister Phelps.

Your aff. brother THEE R.

V

CIVIL SERVICE COMMISSIONER IN WASHINGTON

1889-1895

They spent part of the winter with Mrs. Cowles at 689 Madison Avenue, New York, prior to his taking the Civil Service Commission in Washington.

THE UNION LEAGUE CLUB

Darling Bysie,

June 2d 1889.

Here I am, after five lovely days at home, on my way back to Washington, where I expect to stay three weeks. I "went it strong" into the Custom House people, and did some pretty good work; I think it will have an excellent effect, and in addition there is some personal satisfaction to me in having shown that I did not intend to have the Commission remain a mere board of head clerks.

I am now looking forward with a good deal of interest to my book; it ought to be out in ten days or so, but I doubt if it will be. It is wholly impossible for me to say if I have or have not properly expressed all the ideas that seethed vaguely in my

soul as I wrote it. I know I have hold of some good strains of thought; but I can't tell whether I have expressed them properly or not.

I suppose you and the abandoned Miss Julia have been having a beautiful time. We have tried with indifferent success to make Ted say "dear Aunt Bye"; the little yellow headed scamp has been too darling for anything; I shall have just missed blessed little Alice by three days.

Your loving brother T. R.

Elkhorn Ranch,

Aug 10th/89.

Darling Bye:

If you had seen how delighted Mrs. Merrifield was with her present, and how much she appreciated it, you would have been well content, you dear, thoughtful Bysie. You and Edith *must* come out here next year, and then go to the Yellowstone Park; I do'n't believe I will be able to keep the ranch house open much longer, and you ought to see something of the life. I do'n't intend to say anything beforehand, but if we possibly can we must make the trip.

It would be pleasant from the very start. We should have to spend a day in Chicago, and another in St. Paul, for my friends in both places would be mortally offended if we slipped through without seeing them. I saw Bryan while I was in

Chicago this time, as well as his dear old father. I took lunch with a party of pleasant people; among them a pretty and very self-possessed, albeit decidedly Western, daughter of Senator ——. My host was a young fellow named T——, for whom I feel a good deal of pity, and a good deal of respect. He is very rich, drives a four-in-hand, etc., and feels a strong desire to play a manly part in American life, without knowing how; and he struggles resolutely, and with rather pathetic helplessness, to become a force for good. He is editing a newspaper, which is in the main healthy in its tendencies; but so violently extreme, and so foolish in some of its positions, that its power is practically nil.

At St. Paul I also passed a busy day. I had an extremely pleasant call on Governor Merriam, and lunched at the Club with Almeric Paget and Riddle. The latter was of course as nice as possible, and particularly anxious to learn of your doings. Paget was a dear boy, as usual; he had saved up a number of scraps of newspapers in which I was noticed, to show me.

I am now half pledged to spend a day in Helena, to see my numerous friends there, including the gentlemen who will probably be the future senators from Montana.

Your loving brother THEE

*Sagamore Hill,
Oct. 13th 1889.*

Darling, blessed Bysie,

I have laughed twenty times at the memory of the Bysie-like glimpse I had of you; of the abrupt speed with which I was waked up, told your plans, and told of my own (very patent) short-comings, in addition.

Edith can't say enough of what a comfort you were to her. Your coming right out to write the letters and do everything for her was exactly what she would have wished. Again and again she says, "Oh, that *dear* Bysie"; she would not have known what to have done without you. You were the very greatest comfort imaginable.

Edith just loved Pussie's letter. She so wants to see you both; I will write as soon as you can come out, then do try to.

Edith thinks she would like a nice China bedroom set for Xmas; I would like either Motley's "Letters" or Laing's "Heinskringla." Tell Douglas to send me out the bill for the grouse and grapes; and does he know how we can sell our pair of horses, a light, but *very* good pair? This Commissionership, which has prevented my writing, has in consequence cut down my income by seven or eight hundred dollars. Now all my money will be turned over to Edith, and I will draw from her what I need. By the way, get today's Sun; I execute a war dance on Edmund Kirke.

Ted calls Kermit "little brother in a blanket." Edith is really wonderfully well. I am writing under difficulties, though in Edie's room, for Ted is sitting on my knee, likewise busily writing to "Auntie Bye." I will be in town to see Douglas in ten days or so; and do bring Pussie out here to see Edith—then I will see her, too, and there will be no S—— C——. Ted says "send kiss to Auntie Bye."

Your loving brother
T. R.

UNITED STATES
CIVIL SERVICE COMMISSION
WASHINGTON, D. C.

Darling Bye:

April 10th/90.

Both Edie and I have missed you dreadfully. We have lapsed into a quiet, vegetative life in the evenings; and I am trying to hurry up my accursed history of New York City—how I regret ever having undertaken it! The Investigating Committee has still refrained from taking any decisive step; I hope it will do so soon, and let us argue the case, and then decide on it. It hampers us to have the case hanging on like this.

Lord Morpeth and Leif Jones turned up, and proved very inoffensive, pleasant, information-seeking youths; they are not exciting, but I rather liked them. Young —— took dinner with us, too. He is a good fresh young fellow, honest and manly

—but, oh how dreadfully common place and middle-class British dull! I hated myself for being so bored to extinction by him. But there are very many honest people whom one sincerely respects but cannot associate with. I never can like, and never will like, to be intimate with that enormous proportion of sentient beings who are respectable but dull. It is a waste of time. I will work with them, or for them; but for pleasure and instruction I go elsewhere. Your aff. brother T. R.

UNITED STATES
CIVIL SERVICE COMMISSION
WASHINGTON, D. C.

Darling Bye:

April 23d/90.

Ted is now very decidedly better. The little fellow was sitting up in bed when I left this morning, very bright and cunning, arranging some flowers that Springy, who has been very kind and thoughtful, had sent him; and though he has not eaten anything yet, last night for the first time slept well. I got Edie out for a half hour's walk today. Alice has been very good all through, and has revelled in the fact that she has come in for a certain number of toys when I brought home others to Ted to try to amuse him. It has been just heart breaking to have the darling little fellow sick; and the first forty-eight hours I really

look back to with a shudder. When he would rally at times and come out of his stupor, and begin to say the cunning things he always says, in his little changed, sick voice, it was about as much as Edith and I could stand. But the little fellow really seems to be on the road to recovery now.

Your aff. brother T. R.

*Elkborn Ranch,
Oct. 4th/90.*

Darling Bysie:

I was so glad to get your letter; and chuckled much over the account of Douglas's enforced sociability with the plaid lady and her canary. I read most of it aloud to Bob.

I sent a line to Douglas, just to tell you all how we were. Bob is now writing him; I hope our letters get to the Palace Hotel in time to catch you.

We did indeed have a lovely three weeks together; the Yellowstone Park trip was as nearly perfect as could well be, and I was particularly anxious to have you all at the ranch.

Here we have had very good fun indeed, but not much game. Bob and I generally hunt together, without outside help; we work with the utmost patience and industry, but our skill scarcely corresponds. Still, we have killed two or three deer. He has just shot one today—we having been out all yesterday and today in a cold rainstorm.

The other night we varied amusements by spending eleven hours of darkness in fighting a prairie fire. We killed a steer, split it lengthwise, and then Bob and I harnessed our exceedingly reluctant ponies to the fore and hind legs of a half ox, and trapsed along the line of fire with it. Oh, how singed and stiff we were next morning! Crossing washouts in the darkness with that blessed half carcass as a pendant was not all that fancy might paint it.

I think —— has improved a little; I really am quite fond of him, though he has dreadful faults; to my great amusement Bob has, very properly, but with unexpected suddenness, taken to disciplining him with much severity.

I expect the Selmes out here tomorrow; and in about a week we shall start for home. Best love to Pussie and Douglas.

Yours ever
T. R.

“Bob,” Robert H. Munro Ferguson, youngest brother of the present Viscount Novar, became a partner of Theodore Roosevelt in his ranch interests.

*1820 Jefferson Pl.
Washington, D. C.*

Dec. 26th/90.

Darling Bye:

A Merry Xmas to you, and may you spend the next with us, without fail! We all longed for

you; and we think that it will be very pleasant when we are having all our Xmas at Sagamore Hill.

But we had a lovely time here; and the children enjoyed it with the same wild rapture we ourselves felt twenty-five years ago; and I think I enjoyed it almost as much as the children. Even Kermit really liked his stocking and toys, though in abject terror of the menagerie of squeaking woolly animals which covered his table. Soon after seven Alice and Ted fairly galloped into our room to look for their stockings—such nice stockings, with such an entrancing way of revealing in their bulging outlines the promise of what was inside. They burrowed into them with their eager, chubby little hands, and hailed each new treasure with shouts of delight. Then after breakfast we all walked into the room where the big toys, so many of them! were, on the tables; and I suppose Alice and Ted came as near to realizing the feelings of those who enter Paradise as they ever will on this earth. They worshipped all the wonderful things, and soon the trains of cars were loaded with the luridly imaginative beasts of the Noah's Ark, while Buffalo Bill and his Indians walked in wonderful procession with soldiers and dolls, and my jaded mind had to find names for each of the new skin horses.

My silver shaving brush was exactly what I

wished; it was so good of you to give it to me, Bye. Give my love to Bob; I am going to write him at once.

Your aff. brother

T. R.

Feb. 1st, 1891.

Washington, D. C.

Darling Bye:

My pleasantest dinner was one in Baltimore at Charles Bonaparte's to meet Cardinal Gibbons. The latter was very entertaining; the cultivated Jesuit, with rather kindly emotions and a thorough knowledge of the fact that his Church must become both Republicanized and Americanized to retain its hold here.

I have been continuing my Civil Service fight, battling with everybody from Ingalls to Wanamaker and Porter; the little grey man in the White House looking on with cold and hesitating disapproval, but not seeing how he can interfere.

I am very glad to have been in this position; I think I have done good work, and a man ought to show that he can go out into the world and hold his own with other men; but I shall be glad when I get back to live at Sagamore and can devote myself to one definite piece of work. We Americans are prone to divide our efforts too much.

Yours ever,

THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

Darling Bye:

Washington, D. C., Feb. 8th, '91.

Last week was not very eventful. We had several invitations to dances, none of which we accepted, and confined our going out to one evening at the theatre and another at a dinner. At the dinner I met dear, good Sir Julian Pauncefote, who had just been victimized by a shrewd rascal of a reporter, thanks to his own slow wittedness. It was not a serious "break" however, and has not created more than a ripple here, although apparently taken much more seriously in London.

The fight in Congress is now chiefly over free silver, and is being waged mainly on party lines, the Republicans standing up stoutly for honest money. The situation gives the Mugwumps pain, even the most besotted of them. I am not as easily roused to wrath as I used to be; but I still retain a feeling of profound anger for the malicious impracticable visionaries of the N. Y. Nation type on the one hand, and for the vicious and cynical professional politicians of the Ingalls, Hill and Gorman stamp on the other.

There will soon be another battle over Civil Service Reform in the House.

The children are sweeter than ever; Alice and Ted talk of you all the time.

Your loving brother,

THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

*Washington, D. C.
March 9th, '91.*

Darling Bye:

After the adjournment of Congress last week Edith and I with Cabot, Nannie and Tom Reed, went on to New York, leaving here on Thursday afternoon, and getting back on Sunday evening. Cabot and Nannie stayed at Corinne's, Edith at Aunt Annie's, Reed and I at 689. On Friday evening Reed, Cabot and I made speeches at the Federal Club dinner, which was a very successful affair. We then adjourned to Chase's Studio to see Carmencita dance. There we met Edith and Nannie, and about half the four hundred, who were unintelligently interested in Reed and confusedly anxious to know *first* him, and then what he was. We got home after three a. m. Carmencita's dancing was really very good.

Next day we all three lunched with Douglas and met Choate, Cornelius Bliss, etc., and in the evening dined with Mrs. Jones, the other guests being Gilder, Matthews and Sturgis. On Sunday we closed with a lunch at Corinne's, Gen. Francis Walker being another guest.

Yours devotedly,

THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

*Washington, D. C.,
March 21st, '91.*

Darling Bye:

My work continues moderately light, but the irritating thing about it is that there is just enough

to prevent my taking up my "Winning of the West," which I am very anxious to continue, as being of all my axes the one best worth grinding.

Monday we dined at the Camerons; various Dago diplomats were present, all much wrought up by the lynching of the Italians in New Orleans. Personally, I think it rather a good thing, and said so.

Your aff. brother,

THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

Washington,

April 26th, '91.

Darling Bye:

The last week has been one of beautiful weather; clear as a bell, and not too warm; and Washington, with the flowers in bloom, and the trees a fresh and feathery green, has been at its best. It is certainly a beautiful city. I take fast walks or runs up Rock Creek, which flows through a winding and beautiful gorge, sometimes alone, sometimes with Cabot Lodge or nice little Von Sternberg.

One evening we all drove out to the country club, by moonlight, to a dinner given by Springy to Hay, on the eve of the latter's departure. Mrs. Cameron, Bob, the Lodges, and a pleasant Englishman named Farrar, were there. We also went to two or three dinners—I have just come from a pleasant one at the Pauncefotes, to meet ex-Mayor Cooper and his wife. Good, gentle Bob has been

in several times to dinner or lunch; and we have dined once at the Cameron's—Madame was as attractive as possible.

In fact I have been going out too much. I wish I had more chance to work at my books. Here I am occupied, but never busy, all day; and go out in the evening; so I do'n't feel as if I were really working to lasting effect.

Edith has been including Ted in Alice's bible lessons; and he has been pondering over what he has heard. The other evening when I went to kiss him in his crib, he suddenly asked, "Papa, is God a fairy?" I said, "No," to which he responded, "Then fy does he live in Heaven?" And after a pause, "Well, can God fight?" Give my best love to Elliott and Anna.

Your aff. brother,

THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

Washington

May 24th/91.

Darling Bye:

I have just come home from my trip to St. Louis and Indianapolis; I had a most enjoyable time; was treated with the most cordial hospitality, and made a success of my speeches. I was a good deal impressed with the sincerity and ability of many of the men I met.

My two colleagues are now away and I have all

the work of the Civil Service Commission to myself. I like it; it is more satisfactory than having a divided responsibility; and it enables me to take more decided steps.

Springy and I are having great fun living together; he is so gentle and pallid and polite. We have dined out several times—at Mrs. Hays, the Whartons and the British Legation; and we entertain in a mild way. Tonight an English friend of Springy's dined here; and tomorrow the excellent Speck comes to dinner. I really like Speck; he is such an honest, manly, gentlemanly little fellow. Millie, the colored one, cooks very well; and we have California claret for the guests—25 cents a bottle. None of the guests have died yet.

Give my best love to Anna.

Your loving brother

THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

UNITED STATES
CIVIL SERVICE COMMISSION
WASHINGTON, D. C.

Darling Bye:

June 20th/91.

Springy and I have been having very pleasant times together. He is a good fellow; and really cultivated; in the evenings he reads Homer and Dante in the originals! I wish I could. At times he has a most querulous feeling towards America; he oughtn't to be a diplomat; he is too serious.

It is very hot here; but in a week or more I shall have finished my hard work for the summer, and after that I shall only have to be here ten or fifteen days at a time. Of course I miss Edith and the children frightfully. But it is pleasant to be engaged in a work which I know to be useful and in which I believe with all my heart.

In the afternoons I go up to the British Legation to play tennis with the younger "dips" or else I row on the river.

Last week Springy and I gave two dinners which I think would have amused you. At one our guests were Secretary Proctor and Sir Julian; and at the other Secretary Tracy and Sir Julian; colored Millie who really cooks very well presided over each, and we had soft shell crabs, chicken and rice and cherries as dessert, and claret and afterwards tea! I'll bet that in all his previous diplomatic career nice old Sir Julian never saw similar entertainments. But I believe he enjoyed them; and I know the two Secretaries did. I like them both very much; they are fine types of American public men, each in his way.

Tom Reed has written me a most amusing letter; and another to Cabot; he evidently most heartily enjoyed seeing you.

Your devoted brother

THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

Remember after July 1st I am no longer at 1820.

Sir Julian Pauncefote was the British Ambassador. The "Springy" constantly referred to was Sir Cecil Spring-Rice.

Tom Reed referred to was of course the Speaker of the House, an intimate friend of mine, who happened to be in Paris, where I was staying with my brother Elliott Roosevelt.

1215 19th

Sunday a. m.

Nov. 1891.

Darling Bye:

It was so sweet and Bye-like of you to enclose the letter with the special delivery stamp! I should much like to see Carmencita. I should like to dine with Corinne Tuesday, if not her, then any one of the family. I shall come on by the 9:00 and so shall be at your house about 5; and I should love to see the Greens and Mrs. Jones at tea.

Then, for luncheon on the 10th, make any arrangement you please; family, or friends or what not. How about Mrs. Chanler? Can't Anna come up to breakfast some time?

Then, for Thursday morning could I have Chas. Dudley Warner, Howells, Gilder, Matthews and Green to breakfast, at say, ten? Cabot will be there.

I wonder if Winty Chanler would not be a good man for dinner on the 9th? Would you mind writing to see if he can come?

Goodbye,

Your loving T. R.

This letter is characteristic of many that are omitted and shows the variety of people whom he wished to see during his short visits to New York.

1215 19th St.
Washington
Wednesday

Darling Bye,

I had a very good letter from Elliott in answer to one of mine; it will be out of the question for me to get down to see him, I regret to say, for I am in the final stages of my fight with Wanamaker, having just sent him my ultimatum, and a copy to the worried, halting president. I am very confident I shall down him, but precisely what effect it will have on my own standing in the administration it is impossible to foresee.

Yours ever T. R.

John Wanamaker was postmaster-general.

UNITED STATES
CIVIL SERVICE COMMISSION
WASHINGTON, D. C.

Darling Bye, May 27th, '92.

It was dear of you to write me; and I appreciated your note so much. I showed all the forbearance I could; and finally when I had to strike I made up my mind to strike hard. I do'n't know whether Wanamaker will try conclusion again or not; and I do'n't much care.

Yours T. R.

*Deadwood, S. D.,
Aug. 26th- '92.*

Darling Bye:

It has been so good of you to write me. Of course as soon as I found out that Edith did not want to go (I didn't myself), I telegraphed her. I shall just love a holiday at home.

I had a very pleasant trip down; killed some prong-bucks, prairie fowl, etc. Twice the mosquitoes kept us awake at night; but most of the days were lovely, cool and cloudy, yet with no rain. These days Hector would have liked; but I was glad he was not along; for I doubt if he would have much enjoyed the trip, and though very good tempered and willing, he is not really suited to this kind of life.

Here, arriving sunburnt and in rough garb, I suddenly found myself a lion; the "leading citizens" all called on me instantly, in this rotten, shaky hotel, and I was forced to open the campaign here, by a speech last evening at a large and enthusiastic mass meeting, whither I was escorted by a noisy band. Afterwards I was taken up to the Deadwood Club, where I met the (roughly) gilded youth of this golden town; I liked them, and they gave me a breakfast this morning.

With best love to Corinne and Douglas (tell the latter I never saw finer two-year old steers than those Sylvane put on for us), I am

Your loving brother, T. R.

*Washington.**Oct. 20th-'92.***Darling Bye:**

I was very glad to hear from you. Your trip, with such a party, must have been most interesting; I wish I could have been along. But I have been, and am, up to my ears in work here. I dine out quite often; at Henry Adams', generally.

I am so glad you saw the Island and Camp. Of course there are all kinds of improvements to be made; and I'll talk it all over with you when I am on. I must have a B and C dinner when I am with you at the end of November; just Rogers, Chanler, Grinnell, etc., to talk it all over. You see I have had to do the whole thing myself so far, in order to get it started at all, and having many other irons in the fire, have only just been able to see that this one got hot. Any improvements I shall eagerly welcome; I have had no word of advice from or consultation with any one so far.

Tell Bob he is right about the heads. We must have some heads, surely. We three will discuss it all at length when I get on.

Your loving brother, T. R.

The trip referred to was one to the dedication of the Chicago Exposition, which was not to be opened until the following spring. The party were all guests of Mr. Charles F. McKim and included the distinguished architects, sculptors, and artists con-

nected with the Exposition and a few of Mr. McKim's personal friends and representatives of the New York committees. The island referred to was the one on which the Boone and Crockett Club gave their exhibit of the Western hunting trophies, etc., under the care of William Hofer, a well-known guide.

UNITED STATES
CIVIL SERVICE COMMISSION
WASHINGTON, D. C.

Darling Bye:

Jan. 9th, '93.

Cabot is back, a little unstrung by the struggle through which he has been, but properly exultant in his triumph; and having greatly enjoyed his glimpse of you. The Boone and Crockett dinner bids fair to be a decided success.

Yesterday I took the three elder children for a halcyon afternoon with the one shaky sled which they adore; Kermit solemnly dragged it "by his own self" from one slide to another, and at the slides the other two took turns in coasting. Ted really learned well, considering the little fellow's age, and coasted down hills fifty or sixty feet long with much success, usually in company with other small boys, most of them colored. They all climbed up various banks, got up to their waists in snow drifts, and were thoroughly happy.

Will you or Bob, whichever of you visits the

Remington Gallery, price for me the "Lull in the Fight" and the "Last Stand" and let me know? Of course I can't buy either; but I'd like to know about them. Can you find out from him if he is going to have prints of them made?

Cabot has just come in from a walk; and sends his love.

Yours always,
T. R.

*Washington, D. C.,
Feb. 12th, '93.*

Darling Bye:

We have had a rather vivid week with our measles patients, they being numerous, and the rooms of this house rather less so. Edith has been the best of nurses, but really too conscientious! though I have succeeded in luring her out to one or two dinners and lunches, where, being in congenial company, she has looked as pretty as possible in spite of her work in the sick room. Cabot has been a real comfort to her; he is one of the few men I know who is as well read as she is in English literature, and she delights to talk with him. This evening we have just returned from a very amusing dinner at the Cochrane's; yesterday she lunched with the Storers and Stoddard, the "South Sea Idyls" man, and went to the theatre; the night before I dined at Secretary Tracey's. Cabot and I ride a good deal; and now and then I take a solitary trot on foot.

Ted is as bright as a button; Alice is much better and has enjoyed her birthday, being quite able to play; Kermit's health and temper are both at a low ebb, but he is very cunning and pathetic. Ethel is secluded from all the rest of us; Edith and I sleep partly in my dressing room, partly on sofas; we are comfortable, but not too infernally comfortable. Love to Bob.

Yours,
T. R.

P. S.

If Cabot and I arrive for Friday night can we have rooms?

*Washington, D. C.,
April 26th, '93.*

Darling Bye:

Austin Wadsworth has just been at the Fair, together with two others of our Club and he has seen to everything about the cabin; so you need not bother; there has been of course endless trouble about our getting our freight there.

We will be with you on Sunday the 7th; on the evening of the 8th I have a political dinner; otherwise I am free. I suppose we leave New York on the 11th.

I saw Cleveland the other day and he asked me to stay for a year or two longer; I shall therefore probably stay at least a year.

I have been having fearful times with my two colleagues; it is not only in the World's Fair that

we have to do our work imperfectly because of imperfect tools and hindering associates.

Your loving brother, T. R.

TIME: *The mirk midnight.*

April, 1893.

SCENE: *A rainy street; complete darkness; all the lights out in the houses; messenger boy with telegram. Within, the household sunk in profound slumber.*

Vigorous ringing at bell; repeated; head of house aroused by wife; parley in rain out of window; telegram; what disaster can it mean; hasty descent, *not* in purple and fine linen, to front door; head of house receipts for telegram and tears it open; finds that it contains assurance that his solvent sister intends to treat the World's Fair trip as a dutch treat, which he did not in the least doubt; intense, but subdued, joy and gratitude of head of house; the incident fervidly discussed by himself and wife; return to slumber.

Some days ago I wrote on to the Raymond Whitcomb people asking them where I could get the tickets for our party of seven; and if I could get them at the N. Y. office next Monday. Now, will you ask Bob to stop there, 31 East 14th St., and ask the same question (there is no office here in Washington); they can telegraph to the home office; we have 7 tickets, 2 drawing rooms and 3

sections on the train leaving Boston, May 11th; we join it at Rotterdam; get information about tickets and when and by what train, on what day, we leave N. Y.

THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

The reference to the Raymond Whitcomb people was in connection with our trip to the Chicago Exposition. The party included Senator and Mrs. Lodge and ourselves.

Darling Bye: *1215 19th St.,
Washington, D. C., June 27th, '93.*

On Monday I went out to Groton to speak at Cotty's school. I was delighted with it; the tone seems to me first-rate; but I'll have to have Ted and Kermit well trained first, or they will never get in. There were a number of people present, among them the Nat. Thayers and Bayard Cuttings; and *your* friend Bishop Lawrence was the other speaker.

Is it too much trouble for you to see if my rifle and cartridges are at 689, and if so to send them out to O. B.?

Best love to Bob.

Yours,

T. R.

Darling Bye: *Washington, D. C.,
June 30th, '93.*

Since I came back here I have been literally steeped to the eyes in work, and have complicated

matters this week by a lively tussle with the entire Cabinet—from that cool, able, rather timid old copperhead Carlisle to boisterous, strong, shifty Hoke Smith, with his twinkling little green eyes. I think I held my own pretty well with them; but of course there is a by no means pleasant side to my position here. However, I have straightened matters out for the present, at least to the extent of giving me a clear field for a week, and I hope, two, at Sagamore; and thither I go tomorrow, very anxious to see Edith and the blessed bunnies.

Yours, T. R.

John G. Carlisle of Kentucky had been Speaker of the House, and had first been elected to the Senate. He left the Senate to take the position of Secretary of the Treasury.

*Sagamore Hill,
July 5th, '93.*

Darling Bye:

Poor Uncle Jimmie is of course terribly sad and lonely; he dreads being alone at night; we have just dined with him. It has been of course very sad here. The children loved the fireworks—silly Kermit remarking, with an eye to edibles, that perhaps he might “eat the firecrackers!” The name struck him as suggestive. Alice, envying Ted’s appearance, announced a strong desire that she too might have her hair cut and wear trousers;

also, that she no longer desired twins (an unholy aspiration of hers, usually confided to a mixed company in Edith's presence), but a monkey! Ted went for an hour's ride on pony Grant today. He is so fat the side saddle will not stay on him.

Your, T. R.

UNITED STATES
CIVIL SERVICE COMMISSION
WASHINGTON, D. C.

Darling Bye:

Aug. 16th, '93.

You dear Bye, I am *very* much flattered that you should have had nice things said about me to you; for I love to stand well in your eyes. But unfortunately what I am doing leads "no forrader" and I do not see any element of permanence or chance of permanent work for me in the kind of life where I really think I could do most. But I shall speedily turn back to my books and do my best with them; though I fear that only a very mild and moderate success awaits me.

Cabot has done *well* in the Senate.

Yours, T. R.

689 Madison Avenue,

Darling Bye:

Dec. 10th, '93.

Your dinner in the evening was one of the greatest successes I have seen. The guests came at 7:30 and went at one. It was very useful, too, and the

reform will benefit by it. Bissell was delighted with it; he and Carl Schurz and Dana made speech after speech, and became tolerably angry with one another, for their words were of the frankest, and then Seth Low, looking very good, and sleek and able, got up and poured oil on the troubled waters. They all said they had never enjoyed a dinner more.

I was resplendent in a cast-off vest and cut-down trousers of Bob's, and looked so burstingly slim that I was much like these German officers in very tight coatees. Chamberlain handled the dinner to perfection.

Your loving brother, T. R.

*Washington, D. C.,
Dec. 17th, '93.*

Darling Bye:

Edith cut out the enclosed for Rosy; I was pleased with it; it does pay, after all, to be a courteous gentleman and to appreciate that a representative of our Government has a duty to *all* travellers of his own nationality, whether they are of importance or not.

Even my Micawber-like temperament has been unable to withstand a shock it received this week. Douglas blandly wrote me that there had been a mistake as to my income and expenditure, and that I was \$2500 behind! We are going to do everything possible to cut down expenses this year;

if we again run behind I see nothing to do save to leave Sagamore; and I think we will have to do this anyhow in a few years when we begin to educate the children. The trouble is that my career has been a very pleasant, honorable and useful career for a man of means; but not the right career for a man without the means. If I can I shall hold this position another winter; about that time I shall publish my next two volumes of the *Winning of the West*; I am all at sea as to what I shall do afterwards.

Your aff. brother,
T. R.

*1219 15th St.
Washington, D. C.
Dec. 24th/93.*

Darling Bye:

Last week we went to one or two pleasant dinners; one to meet the Secretary of the Navy, who is a nice healthy-minded, well-meaning old barbarian; and another at Cabot's, where Tom Reed and I were the only guests, to meet Governor-elect Greenhalge of Massachusetts. He had come all the way on especially to meet us three, and get our criticisms on his forthcoming message. I was really touched by his including me. His message was admirable; and on the three or four points we criticised he adopted our suggestions. By the way, Reed's minority report on the Wilson Bill is the ablest tariff document I have ever read.

Have you seen a clever little book by Henley called "Views and Reviews"?

Last Sunday I started out with Alice, Ted and Kermit for a walk. We met dear Professor Langley who stopped his carriage, took us all in and drove us to the Suspension Bridge. Thence we all scrambled up Rock Creek (Ted and Alice doing rather better than the Professor) to the Zoo, where he took us into the beaver's pound, had the kangaroo's box and the lion's stirred up for us, and gave the children a halcyon time. Then we left him and marched home through the woods, I carrying Kermit piggy-back most of the way.

Love to Rosy.

Your aff. brother
T. R.

*Washington, D. C.,
Dec. 31st, '93*

Darling Bye:

The enclosed note from Alice seems good to the eye of an indulgent parent; the name "Mr. Laggle" represents a shot at Professor Langley; the other words I think you can puzzle out.

My new colleague, Proctor, is a first-rate man; he is congenial in work and play; and I feel we are accomplishing something on the Commission. I wish I could say as much for the third volume of my "Winning of the West," which hangs fire badly.

For exercise I occasionally put on my knicker-

bockers and take a scramble up Rock Creek, or else go out for a more solemn walk with Cabot; and I am just taking the three elder children out for their Sunday morning climb. I wish you could see Ethel; she is such a real little Auntie Bye!

Your aff. brother, T. R.

*Washington, D. C.,
Jan. 7th-'94.*

Darling Bye:

I continue to get on beautifully with the President, who is really very cordial with me; but I think he has made a fearful mess of the Hawaiian affair; and his party bids fair to have open civil war over the tariff and the income tax combined. My new colleague Proctor is a trump. In the evenings I work hard, to little purpose, over my 3d vol. of the "Winning of the West."

On Monday I rather enjoyed my White House and cabinet calls, meeting all my dearest foes. In the evening I went to my annual dance at the Pauncefote's; the only place in Washington where I *can* dance, or enjoy a party, as the rooms are so large, and the floor good. Tuesday we had a very pleasant dinner at Henry Adams', to bid him good bye, and on Thursday the Reeds and Storers dined with us to meet Judge Taft, of whom we are really fond.

Love to Rosy.

Your aff. brother, T. R.

Washington, D. C.,

Feb. 11th-1894.

Darling Bye:

I am so glad you are having this winter in London; it is everything for Rosy in the first place, and in the next I am glad for your own sake.

London is such a world in itself (do you realize that it is far more populous than the entire empire of Queen Elizabeth and Shakespeare?) that I suppose you get your own little set, besides a general knowledge of all sets, and no human being counts for enough to be of real importance in the maelstrom. I wish that I could be over with you for a fortnight; I would enjoy it so much; and there are a number of people whom I would greatly like to see.

Washington is just a big village, but it is a very pleasant big village. Edith and I meet just the people we like to see. This winter we have had a most pleasant time, socially and officially. All I have minded is that, though my work is pleasant, I have had to keep at it so closely that I never get any exercise save an occasional ride with Cabot. We dine out three or four times a week, and have people to dinner once or twice; so that we hail the two or three evenings when we are alone at home, and can talk and read, or Edith sews while I make ineffective bolts at my third volume. The people we meet are mostly those who stand high in the political world and who are therefore interested

in the same subjects that interest us; while there are enough also who are men of letters or of science to give a pleasant and needed variety. Then besides our formal dinners, we are on terms of informal intimacy in houses like Cabot's, the Storer's, the Wolcott's and Henry Adams'. It is pleasant to meet people from whom one really gets something; people from all over the Union, with different pasts and varying interests, trained, able, powerful men, though often narrow minded enough.

This is like a spring day, and Cabot and I have just returned from a three hours' ride over the fields and beside the Potomac. I am writing in great difficulties, for Ted is lying on my back, having climbed upon the chair behind me; he says (at the top of his voice in my ear, his paddy-pans round my neck) "Give Auntie Bye a hundred bear-waves, first; we wish she was here; I know I love her very much."

Your loving brother, T. R.

*Washington, D. C.,
Feb. 18th, '94.*

Darling Bye:

This week has gone by much as usual. The most entertaining dinner from a spectacular standpoint to which we went was one at Senator ——'s—he looks like Judas, but unlike that gentleman has no capacity for remorse. There were thirty guests,

the table was very handsome, and the people ranged from Kate Field to Blair, with divers Senators, including Cabot and Nannie, between. I took in Mrs. —, who told me she thought the Washington monument "common"; I told her that an Indiana lady of my acquaintance thought the same of the Pantheon, but, being tactful, she was careful to avoid saying so. This opening seemed unpromising; however we got on famously afterwards, and she promptly asked us to dinner, which we even more promptly declined.

Then the Storer asked us to dinner, and at it we found a couple of Jesuit priests; Mrs. Storer *would* start the parochial school question, and insisted on my discussing it with them; and of course when I was finally forced into it, I trampled and danced on all their tenderest feelings.

The delightful Wintys are staying with the Lodges, and they all dine with us to-night. Imperiali was here, with some other people, the other night and was very pleasant. Friday we dined with the nice Alan Johnstones. — and — were there; their manners and I suppose their morals are good, but looking at them from the standpoint of pure intellect I should never be surprised to see them develop tails and swing from a bough.

I have just finished reading aloud to Ted and Alice; they went out walking today for the first

time; poor Kermit now has the chickenpox. I took a three hours' scramble this morning myself.

Your loving brother, T. R.

*1215-19th St.,
Washington—
Feb. 25th-1894*

Darling Bye:

On Monday we dined at the Lodges' to meet the nice Winty Chanlers. He is very bright and amusing, and she has done a great deal of reading of a rather serious kind, and I like them both. Harry Davis, in his best Assyrian mood, and a musical gentleman named Johns, were there too; and also Bay, steeped in knowledge of and admiration for, Carlyle, all the German philosophers, and the least comprehensible portions of Browning.

Next evening I had half a dozen Congressmen and Senators, who thought aright on the questions of civil service reform and Hawaii, to dinner. Among them was Senator Davis of Minnesota, a regular westerner, who looks like Ben Butler, still keeps up his reading of the Latin classics in the original, and has devoted himself in his lesiure moments to an exhaustive study of Napoleon as a civil and military leader, knowing more about him than any other man in America, except John Ropes.

On Friday we went to a really pleasant little dinner at Miss Gwynn's; Tom Reed was there in

his very best form. I have never seen him pleasanter or more entertaining than this winter, and he has won great triumphs in the House; in fact, the methods of legislation this winter have completely vindicated his methods as speaker, and shown in striking manner the wisdom of his course.

I have had the usual difficulties in my civil service work this week; our great enemy is that suave, able, timid and quite-lacking-in-principle —. In the evenings, when we are home alone, I work at my book, in a rather disconnected way.

Love to Rosy. Your loving brother, T. R.

Darling Bye:

*1215-19th St.,
April 1st-'94.*

The enclosed sketches represent the efforts of various friends to put on paper their ideas of your presentation at court. Poor Ted wished to put in a fairy, with the Queen and Prince—they all seem to him similarly gorgeous but unsubstantial beings.

Scene:

House of a Civil Service Commissioner. Father and mother within; girl of ten, small and active boy with spectacles, and still smaller boy with the hair of a yellow Feegee, all gleefully shouting "There's Billy!" (their generic name for postmen).

Postman in hall, "Twenty cents to pay!"

Father and Mother, simultaneously, with con-

viction born of unvarying experience, "There's a letter from Bye!"

Father, soliloquizing, "We'd gladly pay five dollars for that letter; but I guess I'll tell her, if she is going to write to an outsider, to send out the Ambassador or Rosey, or some one, for a pair of scales and a copy of the postage regulations."

When we get through with your letters we generally take them over to Cabot and Nannie, who also read them through with great interest. Your last was especially interesting. I should much like to see Lord Roberts; the only time I ever dined with Sheridan he discussed Roberts' campaigns at some length. I should like to see Ripon, too, for different reasons. Do you meet Morley? Rosebery has had an interesting career.

Your aff. brother, T. R.

The "Rosey" referred to in all the letters was J. R. Roosevelt, the first secretary of the American Embassy in London.

Washington, D. C.,
April 15th, '94.

Darling Bye,

Archie is a cunning little polyp, and the children adore him, except Kermit, who looks on him with some suspicion and yesterday announced that he cared less for his brother than for his "dusht pan"—this dust pan being his favorite toy, which his

mother gave him at Christmas. Ted worships the baby, and dances about him as if performing an incantation, taking every aimless movement of wee Archie as a return sign of recognition. He expressed an earnest desire to give, "not lend," his silver cup to Archie—a great proof of generosity, as his silver cup is a prized treasure. Even Ethel loves "that Archibald baby" as she calls him, and has been allowed to hold him on her lap. Alice is as good as gold, with all the other children; she has improved so much, and has such a humorous way of looking as she speaks of the small boy. Altogether we're a very happy household; and we do wish we could see you.

After this week I shall go out in the evenings to dinner now and then; but I enjoy my evenings at home, for I am hard at work at my third volume, and wish to get through the draft by July 1st.

Love to Rosy. Your loving brother, T. R.

Washington
May 6th, '94.

Darling Bye,

How did you like Augustine Birrell? He is a man I should really enjoy meeting.

Cabot is a very strong international bimetalist, as Francis Walker, Henry Adams and most of our "economic thinkers" are; and England is the great obstacle in the way of an international agreement

to restore silver to its place in currency. I know nothing of currency myself; but the bimetalists here feel that England must be forced out of its present attitude before the finances of the world can stand on a sound or stable basis.

The Democrats here are in a hopeless snarl over the Tariff; the bill they finally pass will merely be a modified McKinley act, with one or two very noxious provisions attached; their failure has been of the most humiliating kind. It seems *probable* that, unless there is a great change in public sentiment, the Republicans will carry the house next fall. This will make Tom Reed speaker again, and give him a fighting chance for the Presidential nomination.

Yours ever, T. R.

Washington, D. C.,
May 20th, '94.

Darling Bye,

Last evening at dinner I met among others the new senators from California and Michigan, Perkins and Patton. The latter is a Yale man, the former self-made, but very shrewd, honest and kindly. Tom Reed was there in his best form. I am on the brink of another row with certain members of the cabinet over the Civil Service law; but I really do'n't think much of such rows now, as they have become fairly chronic. Fortunately, since Edith and the children went, I have had to

work very hard on my third volume, which the Putnams want by July 1st, to publish in the fall. It has been very harassing to do it here, with all my other work upon me, with the temptation of social matters around me, and with the still greater temptation of Edith and the children whenever I sat down to work.

I hope there is no truth in the rumor that Gresham and Bayard have considered the wisdom of abandoning Samoa. It is a great mistake that we have not annexed Hawaii, gone on with our Navy, and started an interoceanic canal at Nicaragua. The Democrats are in a horrible mess over the tariff.

Lovingly yours, T. R.

*Washington, D. C.,
May 27th, '94.*

Darling Bye,

Washington is too beautiful for anything now, with all the trees out and the tulip-trees in particular all in bloom.

I like much Senator Davis of Minnesota. He is an odd-looking man who worked his way up from the ranks; he served in the Civil War, and in the Senate made a great record by his bold assault on —. He is extremely well read in English, Greek and Latin, except John Ropes, he is the best authority I know on Napoleonic matters. The other day, he remarked, anent an investigating com-

mittee on which he and Cabot were both serving, that it reminded him of Byron's description of Mitford: "He had every qualification of a historian; extreme partiality and abundant wrath."

The other night I dined with Mrs. Hobson to meet "Zum" Cushing. He can talk of nothing but the Pueblo Indians, and that strange southwest; but on both these subjects he was really most interesting. That is a singular country; you saw something of it. New Mexico and Arizona will ultimately have a dense population in their belts on the irrigated lands; and the basic element of this population will be Indian, though English will be the language, and there will be a large admixture of white blood.

We have had a fierce brush in the House over C. S. reform, but won. We'll win right along, I think; but I am personally in such a tangle of animosity with Carlisle and Hoke Smith, that I may have to go at any moment.

Yours, T. R.

Washington, D. C.

June 3d, '94.

Darling Bye,

Mahan has had a great vogue in London, apparently; he has had fuller recognition there than here. I am very glad I was able to give him a helping hand at the beginning. I have had to interfere at the Navy Department this winter in a

row between him and Admiral Erben, who is a fine old sea-dog with an unaffected contempt for books and their makers.

Your loving brother, T. R.

In the spring of 1894 Captain Mahan had made his first visit to England since the publication of "The Influence of Sea Power on History," and though only the captain of the admiral's flagship he had an overwhelmingly flattering reception in England, which made John Hay say at the time to me he was so glad Mahan had been publicly recognized, as Theodore would now no longer feel obliged to make them all go to Annapolis to hear his lectures.

*Sagamore Hill,
June 10th, 1894.*

Darling Bye:

On Wednesday I came on to New York, was well-cared for over night by Chamberlain, and came out to lovely Sagamore on Thursday afternoon. All the blessed bunnies were too cunning for anything, Edith looked too well and pretty. The guinea pig is living happily in the cage with the white rabbit. Pony Nellie is very cunning; I led her round with Ted on her back yesterday. She jumped about a little, but I think she'll sober down about the time he and she both get old enough for real riding, a year or so hence. I am

trying to arrange a "swap" of Pickle for a black pony like Diamond. The country is so green and beautiful.

The other day Kermit asked Edith why I had sold the field to Uncle Jim. She answered, to get bread and butter for the bunnies. He was much impressed, and after much thought said, "If we had'n't *any* bread and butter I know Auntie Bye would sell *her* field, for she loves us *berry* much"! They talk a great deal about you. I am glad you are coming back next fall, so as to see them. You must'n't be away too long! Though it may be worth your while to stay a season or two more with Rosy in London. You are having your London experience just in the right way; there is an object in your being there, and no reason why you should not have a year or two more; for to stay in a really official position is just the thing to do, while to take a house in a non-official position would be to become part of that least admirable of all classes, the American Colony abroad.

Your aff. brother, T. R.

Darling Bye,

Sagamore Hill,
July 22nd, '94.

You really can't think how interesting your letters are—even *I* read them with the utmost avidity. The last two, containing an account of the court ball, we have read and re-read, the last time

aloud to Corinne. You have enjoyed exceptional opportunities, and you have taken advantage of them to the utmost. I am very glad you are coming back, not only for our sakes (and I would hate to have you away long enough to let the children's memory of you grow at all dim) but because I think you ought to; but after being here a couple of months or so, I should think it would be worth your while to again return to Rosy's; worth while for his sake, and for your own too. We shall probably be in Washington next winter, and Corinne very possibly at Orange.

I returned this morning from three days lecturing at Chautauqua; I rather enjoyed it, as I was paid well, and the simple, earnest, healthy, narrow life was interesting to see for a short time.

Politically we are here all at sea; the split in the Democratic ranks over the tariff seems wider than ever. By the way, Tom Reed has just delivered a most flaming eulogium of me in the House, in response to an attack by one of the Democrats. Of course this is a country of political cataclysms; but at present everything looks like a Republican victory next fall.

We have come out of the strike very well; Cleveland did excellently, so did Olney, and my friend Senator Davis of Minnesota best of all.

Your loving brother, T. R.

Washington, D. C.,
Aug. 12th, '94.

Darling Bye,

Another week has passed, and the tariff wrangle in the Democratic party still continues; but I think the end *must* come soon. Well, it has been to my advantage, at any rate, for it has kept Cabot here, and I have been virtually living at his house.

Every afternoon I have been playing tennis with funny, gruff old Olney. Cabot and I breakfast together, and dine together, alone, or with some Congressman; Tom Reed, or Dolliver of Iowa, who has suddenly developed a distinct literary sense, or Quigg, who always shakes his head mournfully over the fact that, together with my many admirable qualities I also possess such a variety of indiscretions, fads and animosities that it is impossible to run me for Mayor. To which I answer him that I have run once.!

Your loving brother, T. R.

Washington, D. C.,
Dec. 26th, '94.

Darling Bye,

I have not written you before because I have been dreadfully harassed over this offer of Strong's. Finally I refused, after much hesitation. I should much have liked to help him, and to find myself again in close touch with my New York friends;

but I was not willing to leave this time, just when the ends are loose, with a clear conscience; but now, after six years work, I can not go when another year would put the capstone on my work.

Ever yours, T. R.

This refers to Mayor Strong's offer of the Street Cleaning Commission, which some of his family and friends greatly urged his taking, but which, fortunately, he refused, feeling that the Civil Service work was more important than the work he could do as Street Cleaning Commissioner. This enabled him later to accept the Police Commissionership, which he knew was the kind of position he could fill.

*Washington, D. C.,
Dec. 30th, '94.*

Darling Bye,

The last four days have been bitterly cold, so that this house (which is an admirable conductor of every kind of temperature) has contained a somewhat frigid family; but Edith is now quite well—the darling girl—and the bunnies too, except that Alice's feet hurt her. Cabot has felt that I was a brand snatched from the burning, in the street cleaning matter, and has kept a close eye on all my movements. In spite of the cold we have had delightful rides every day, over the snow-covered country. On Xmas just before the snow

fell we took the horses across a line of fences; they are very good and willing jumpers, and thoroughly enjoyable horses to ride.

I am now striving to begin my fourth volume of the Winning of the West; for I have leisure here, and I would like to have it finished before I go actively into the Presidential campaign. But I make little or no headway as yet.

*1215 19th St
April 7th '95.*

Darling Bye,

The cold weather lasted until the end of this week, but now it really seems that spring has come. Cabot and Nannie have been in New York; and we have missed them much. The Brooks Adams have been here, both very pleasant; we dined with them last evening.

On Friday, Dan Wister was in town, and I gave him a dinner; the other guests were Kipling, Tom Page, John Hay, Austin Wadsworth, Merriam, Rockhill and Procter. It was the pleasantest dinner of the winter, if I was the host, and they stayed until one. All got on beautifully, and the stories, discussions and all were as entertaining as possible. Wister and Kipling were at their best. Kipling in particular, who is certainly a genius, and who has been exceptionally well behaved ever since our rough-and-tumble the first night.

This afternoon we are going to take the children

for their weekly scramble up Rock Creek, which has become quite a feature, as divers other children usually turn up to take part in it. I'll drag Kermit and Ethel on the buck-board, and leave them to pick flowers with Edie, while I clamber over the rocks with the others; I have a rope for the steeper cliffs.

I have been working like a beaver in my office and at my books; my work is very attractive, but it does not keep me busy.

Your own brother, T. R.

*Washington,
April 14th, '95.*

Darling Bye,

Your letter with the clipping came at a very appropriate moment. Strong first offered me the position of Police Commissioner through a third party, and I refused. He then offered it to me again, directly. By this time I had received numerous requests to accept; Cabot and Douglas both most willing I should, and I have accepted, subject to getting decent colleagues; but it is not yet final, for I have not heard in response from the Mayor.

I hated to leave Washington, for I love the life; and I shall have, if I go, much hard work, and I will hardly be able to keep on with my literary matters. Moreover, it is a position in which it is

absolutely impossible to do what will be expected of me; the conditions will not admit it. I must make up my mind to much criticism and disappointment.

But, on the other hand, I am nearly through what I can do here; and this is a good way of leaving a position which I greatly like but which I do not wish permanently to retain; and I think it a good thing to be definitely identified with my city once more. I would like to do my share in governing the city after our great victory; and so far as may be I would like once more to have my voice in political matters. It was a rather close decision; but on the whole I felt I ought to go, though it is "taking chances."

We have just returned from our usual Sunday afternoon scramble, taken with a large assortment of friends.

Your loving brother,
T. R.

Darling Bye,

*Washington,
April 21st, '95.*

We really enjoyed the John Stewards' visit to Washington.

I have seen the President and resigned; and unless something unforeseen happens I shall go on to New York to take office in a week or two. We feel very melancholy at leaving here, where we have passed six such very happy years; but I feel

very sure I am right in going back to my own city to stay among my own people; and I shall not be disappointed, whatever the outcome, for I fully realize the dangers and the disagreeable features of the work and the life. Corinne and Douglas are here and it is so lovely to see them.

Your own brother, T. R.

VI
POLICE COMMISSIONER IN NEW YORK
1895-1897

689 Madison Ave., (New York.)

Darling Bye,

May 13th, '95.

Here we are, and just as comfortable as possible, for Chamberlain takes the best possible care of us; and we are so very much obliged to you, dearest Bye.

I have never worked harder than in these last six days; and it is very worrying and harassing, for I have to deal with three colleagues, solve terribly difficult problems and do my work under hampering laws. If the Legislature will only give us power to remove our subordinates without appeal to the courts I *know* we can make a thorough and radical reform; without such power we can improve matters a good deal, but we can not do what we ought to. But I am absorbed in the work and am very glad I came on. It is well worth doing. So far I get on well with my three colleagues. I have rarely left the office until six in the evening.

Yours always, T. R.

Darling Bye,

*689 Madison Ave.,
New York, May 19th, '95.*

I have never worked harder than during the last two weeks; I am down town at nine and leave the office at six, once at eight. The actual work is hard; but far harder is the intense strain. I have the most important and the most corrupt department in New York on my hands. I shall speedily assail some of the ablest, shrewdest men in this city, who will be fighting for their lives, and I know well how hard the task ahead of me is. Yet, in spite of the nervous strain and worry, I am glad I undertook it; for it is a man's work. But I have had to stop my fourth volume for the time.

Love to Rosy and Helen.

Yours, T. R.

Darling Bye,

*689 Madison Ave.,
June 2nd, '95.*

I spent Decoration Day in the country with the family; Sagamore was beautiful, and all the blessed children were just sweet. The evenings are melancholy here alone. But in the past week I have been to a number of very interesting political dinners, to meet Harrison, McKinley, Mayor Strong, etc.

I am getting the Police Department under control; I forced Byrnes and Williams out, and now

hold undisputed sway. It is absorbingly interesting; but I have never worked harder than in the last four weeks.

Your loving brother, T. R.

*Sagamore Hill,
June 8th, '95.*

Darling Bye,

I am out for Sunday, and *very* glad to get the rest. I only spent one night in town since Monday; and that night I passed in tramping the streets, finding out by personal inspection how the police were doing their duty. A good many were not doing their duty; and I had a line of huge frightened guardians of the peace down for reprimand or fine, as a sequel to my all-night walk.

At present I am in high favor with both the Republicans and the Good Government Club people; and I certainly have hold of the reins in the police department. Although the work has been hard I have really enjoyed it much; and I have accomplished a good deal.

Unless it rains I go to and from the station on a bicycle, so as to get a little exercise.

Your loving brother, T. R.

*Sagamore Hill,
June 16th, '95.*

Darling Bye,

Twice I have spent the night in patrolling New York on my own account, to see exactly what the men were doing. My experiences were interesting,

and the trips did good, though each meant my going forty hours at a stretch without any sleep. But in spite of my work I really doubt whether I have often been in better health. It is very interesting; and I feel as though it was so eminently practical; it has not a touch of the academic. Indeed anything more practical it would be hard to imagine. I am dealing with the most important, and yet most elementary, problems of our municipal life. The work has absorbed me. I have not tried to write a line of my book since I took the office; and a rather melancholy feature of it is that I do'n't see very much of the children. In the morning I get little more than a glimpse of them. In the evening I always take a romp with Archie, who loves me with all his small silly heart; the two little boys usually look over what they call my "jewel box" while I am dressing; I then play with cunning Ethel in her crib; and Alice takes dinner with us.

Emily's visit has made a very great difference to Edith.

Lovingly yours, T. R.

*Sagamore Hill,
June 23rd, '95.*

Darling Bye,

Have you read Kidd's Social Evolution? If so, look into the July North American where I have a review of him.

I am immensely amused and interested in my work. It keeps me so busy I can hardly think. . . . We are gradually having the laws better and better observed, and getting more and more thorough control over the force. Twice this week I had to spend the night in town. The first time Parker and I dined together, for we always have much to talk over; the second time we dined with the Mayor. After dinner I got my patrolman and spent three or four hours investigating the conduct of the police in a couple of precincts where I considered the captains to be shady. I make some rather startling discoveries at times. These midnight rambles are great fun. My whole work brings me in contact with every class of people in New York, as no other work possibly could; and I get a glimpse of the real life of the swarming millions. Finally, I do really feel that I am accomplishing a good deal.

On Sundays I revel in the bunnies. Archie loves me better than anything in the world. Ted is so sweet; indeed they all are dear.

Give my love to Rosy, and to little Helen.

Your loving brother, T. R.

Darling Bye,

*Sagamore Hill,
June 30th, '95.*

On Tuesday I went on to Harvard, to my class dinner—the only one I have ever been to; and it

was the 15th anniversary, and the fellows all urged me to come in a way I could not well resist. I was very glad I went. Not only all my class, but all the Alumni and undergraduates gave me a royal reception. They elected me overseer at the top of the poll, two hundred votes ahead of the next man, who was Charles Francis Adams. Willie Chanler was given his degree, because of his African explorations! Mahan, Joe Jefferson and Sir Frederick Pollock were also given degrees.

I am working as I never worked before; and I have now run up against an ugly snag, the Sunday Excise Law. It is altogether too strict; but I have no honorable alternative save to enforce it, and I *am* enforcing it, to the furious rage of the saloon keepers and of many good people, too; for which I am sorry. I have a difficult task, but in spite of the work and worry I really enjoy it.

Your loving brother, T. R.

*Sagamore Hill,
July 7th, '95.*

Darling Bye,

Of course the chief thing we talk about and think about is your engagement. Captain Cowles has written me a very sweet note; and I have just sent him a letter direct to the Embassy. I can not say how I chafe at the idea of being away from you just now. Nothing but the absolute impossibility of my leaving here at this time could pre-

vent me. But it is the crisis of our work in the Police Department; we may not succeed if I stay, but we would certainly fail if I went. We have been drawn into an ugly fight against the saloon keepers, the lawless elements generally, and the Germans, who are as a rule by no means lawless, because we are enforcing the law against the Sunday sale of liquor. The law must be enforced impartially; but the difficulties in the way are immense, and I can not, and ought not to leave any one else to carry on the fight I have begun.

Darling, do tell me everything and especially your plans as soon as they are definite. It almost seems to me that it would be well for you two to spend next winter in London; and I know you would have a delightful time. I am already really fond of the Captain!

Kermit is just going to row with me. He has been inspecting a cupid, who is wearing a fillet to sustain his quiver, and wishes to know, "why that little boy has nothing on but a tape measure?" Ethel is going to row also; she has been clamoring to be allowed to go down to "pick strawberries from the cherry tree." She seems pretty healthy considering the fact that she recently drank most of a bottle of nitre and ate a toadstool.

With my best love to the Captain, I am

Yours always,

THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

*Sagamore Hill,
Sept. 29th, '95.*

Darling Bye,

Affairs look rather black here politically; the machine Democrats are openly against us, the machine Republicans are half secretly so; and I doubt if we can do much without any aid from either. But we are in the fight to a finish.

The other day there was a great parade of the liquor men here; they asked me to review it, in a spirit of irony; but I accepted, and rather non-plussed them by doing so.

Your loving brother, T. R.

*Sagamore Hill
Oct. 13th, '95.*

Darling Bye,

I have just come out here this (Sunday) morning; I was all the week in town, and I shall only be out here for part of each Sunday, and on no week day until after election. Up to seven or eight I work at the office; and every evening I speak. The party leaders, great and small, have come as near casting me off as they dared; I only speak at outside meetings; but I attract huge audiences, and have a very good popular following. It is an entire mistake however to think that I have gained any strength politically; I have none whatever.

Always your loving brother, T. R.

*Sagamore Hill,
Nov. 10th, '95.*

Darling Bye,

The cable from Paris, signed "Nannyby" I suppose came from you and Nannie; it was sweet of you to think of me, in the midst of your own absorbing preparations. You need have no care as to how I shall take the overturn. I have said nothing, and shall continue to enforce the law as I have enforced it. I had discounted in advance the fact that I should, as a matter of course, be held responsible for the defeat; and the comments of all the papers, every single one has attacked me, do not affect me in the least. I have taken three days off here, and have enjoyed riding, chopping, walking with Edith and the children, to the full.

We'll send you a cable on the day of the marriage.

Your own brother, T. R.

*Sagamore Hill,
Nov. 16th, '95.*

Darling Bye,

I have received Will's letter, and the fourth Hakluyt, which was very interesting; I shall write him next week.

I work hard at my book when out here, and shall finish it by January 1st. The political outlook is rather discouraging. It is entirely on the cards that I shall be legislated out of existence in

a couple of months. I really have no efficient friends; the Democrats are absolutely under Tammany, and the majority of the Republicans is largely controlled by Platt.

Your loving brother, T. R.

Archie is the sweetest thing you ever saw; I enjoy him more than I enjoyed any other baby except Ted.

*Sagamore Hill,
Nov. 18th, '95.*

My darling Bye,

To think that when this reaches you, you will be married! I can not realize it; but, oh, my darling sister, I think of you and hope and trust in your happiness every moment.

The children were immensely interested in the news, and all were delighted except Ted, who felt a little jealous, and said, "Auntie Bye won't love us as much now."

I am spending Saturday, Sunday and Monday here; it is lovely; but it is only a change of work, as I am driving through the last chapters of my fourth volume; and I am uneasy at being away from the office. I doubt if any man now has a much harder task than I have, with the police, taking everything into account. The grinding labor, and the worry, have been very great; and they

must be my apologies for not writing more interesting letters.

With best love to you both.

Your loving brother, T. R.

689 Madison Avenue

Nov. 19th, '95.

Darling Bye,

Here I find your sweet letter from Paris, after the election; and it goes to my heart that amid all your own absorbing occupations you should have thought so much of me. Don't mind about me! Just at present I am a special object of censure on every side; but there will be a reaction; and if not, why then it is all right anyhow; and I have so much work on hand now that I have no time to repine, even if I felt inclined to, which I don't. I did what I am sure was right, and that's all there is to it.

I can't get quite used to addressing my letters the new way, but I suppose I shall in time.

My darling sister, you are never an hour out of our thoughts now. I would give very much to be with you; and to see you both.

Your loving brother, T. R.

Sagamore Hill,

Dec. 1st, '95.

Darling Bye,

We have loved you so, and thought of you so tenderly, all this week. The children, too, have

talked about you all the time. Ted suddenly remarked: "I won't call her Aunt Cowles; she's my Auntie Bye!" And they are all prepared to love their new uncle very much: in fact, I think he'll be rather startled by the effusiveness of their intentions.

There is really very little to write as to what I have done. I am still working up to my limit: for on the days I spend out here I am busy with the closing chapters of my book: and when in town I spend ten to twelve hours each day at the office, and frequently have my stenographer in the evenings. But I think that the chief labor, though not the worry, will be over by the new year.

With love to Will, and from Edith, I am

Your aff. brother, T. R.

Your cable came and we'll ship the silver forthwith.

*Sagamore Hill,
Dec. 22d, '95.*

Dear Will,

Your letter to Ted was awfully nice; you were a trump to think of writing it. I have really enjoyed all four of the Hakluyt volumes.

We are much interested in the outcome of the Venezuelan matter. I earnestly hope our government don't back down. If there is a muss I shall try to have a hand in it myself! They'll have to

employ a lot of men just as green as I am even for the conquest of Canada; our regular army isn't big enough.

It seems to me that if England were wise she would fight now; we couldn't get at Canada until May, and meanwhile she could play havoc with our coast cities and shipping.

Always yours,

THEODORE ROOSEVELT

*Sagamore Hill,
Dec. 22d, '95.*

Darling Bye,

Your cable arrived; it was so like you to send it. I went straightway to Schwarz' (without Edie, who I knew would show a tendency to spend the money on something "useful" for the children) and bought:

1. A most animated fight between Greeks and Persians, with elephants for Ted.

2. A most animated fight between Japs and Chinese, with ships, for Kermit.

3. A variegated farm yard for Ethel.

4. A tambourine and a pewter tea set for Archie. And then to Howard's, where I got a silver nail scissors and nail polisher for Alice. I have left nearly twenty dollars, and good, unselfish Edie has persuaded me to be selfish and put this in with her present to get me something which I

much wish, and which will be utterly useless to me, a new, small-calibre sporting rifle.

I am going to stay out here over Xmas now.

In the New York political world just at present every man's hand is against me; every politician and every editor; and I live in a welter of small intrigue. The Mayor has behaved very badly; and Morton is hostile to me because of my friendship for Reed. I rather think that in one way or another I shall be put out of office before many months go by. But, as I don't see what else I could have done, I take things with much philosophy, and will abide the event unmoved. I have made my blows felt, at any rate!

Lovingly yours, T. R.

P. S. Do give my love to Helen and tell her we all look forward to the day we shall see her at Sagamore Hill.

*Sagamore Hill,
Dec. 29th, '95.*

Darling Bye,

We are having a good deal of anxiety with our detective bureau. Under the old system certain classes of criminals were protected, partly for blackmail, partly on condition that they should betray and spy on certain other classes. Now we have stopped blackmail and protect no criminal; and in consequence, the war we wage is very hard

indeed. Thank Heaven, I have now finished my book, and can devote my whole time to the commission with nothing else to worry me. They will make a resolute effort to legislate us out of office this year: I rather doubt whether they will succeed.

We are now passing our last days here; the children are so redcheeked and healthy and happy!

Give my love to Will.

Ever your brother, T. R.

*689 Madison Avenue,
Jan. 5th, '96.*

Darling Bye,

I think that ——'s misunderstanding of British diplomacy is largely responsible for the necessity which obliged Cleveland and Olney to speak plainly. They have done well; Cabot has delivered a capital speech in support of their position.

Yours ever, T. R.

*689 Madison Avenue,
Jan. 19th, '96.*

Darling Bye;

My work is as hard as ever; for it now seems likely that in a couple of months we shall be legislated out of office, and I wish to leave the force with our work of re-organization practically done, so as to make it as difficult to undo as possible. Some of it never can be undone; much of it no

doubt will be. In any event, I am more than glad that I went into it; and it will be a year that I shall always consider as perhaps the best spent of my life, in point of actual, hard, useful, disagreeable and yet intensely interesting and exciting labor.

I usually get home in the evening between six and seven.

If it wasn't wrong I should say that personally I would rather welcome a foreign war!

Love to Will.

Yours always, T. R.

U. S. SENATE CHAMBER

WASHINGTON, D. C.

Darling Bye,

Jan. 26th, '96.

On Friday Edith and I came on here to stop with dear Cabot and Nannie, and we are having just the loveliest time imaginable. Every one is doing everything possible for us; and we are fairly revelling in the congenial surroundings, so much more congenial than New York or its social side! I can never be sufficiently thankful that I took this police commissionership; on the whole, I am rather prouder of it than of any other work I ever did. I do not mind the abuse; I look beyond the moment's weariness and soreness; now even if they legislate me out of office, my main work will have been done. But there is no society in New York

which makes up in any way for the circle of friends whom I found so congenial here.

I have seen a good deal of Reed; the weight of the struggle is very evident in his face and I can see how hard it is. The Presidency is a great prize, and there is a bitter fight for it.

Wolcott has just made a very foolish pro-English and anti-American speech, delighting the fashionable world of New York and Boston, who are savage in their Tory spirit and servile in their dread of war. But the mass of the people are sound. I saw Olney, who is a delightful contrast to Gresham. Between ourselves, he does not overmuch admire —. He is far more of a man than the President, and is the mainspring of the Administration in the Venezuela matter. We dine with him tonight. Smalley has been here for a week; worshipped by —, of course. He is more English than the English, and has not the faintest idea how the people of the United States really feel. Cabot has made a tremendous hit with his big speech on the Venezuela matter; he is bitterly denounced by the whole pro-English press of the Northeast; but he stands better with the Country than ever before.

The bunnies are all well at home, and we have an undercurrent of homesickness whenever we think of them, which is often; though we shall be back in a couple of days. Edith has done too

much ever since she left the country; the life in New York is hard for her, now that the children are so young.

Love to Will.

Yours always,

THEODORE ROOSEVELT

689 Madison Avenue,

Feb. 2d, '96.

Darling Bye,

Your letters are so interesting that I feel ashamed of mine. I am literally so driven that I shrink from the slightest extra task; and my interests, though intense, are so parochial that no one not on the ground would think them of much moment. I work and fight from dawn until dark, almost; and the difficulties, the opposition, the lukewarm support, I encounter give me hours of profound depression; but at bottom I know the work has been well worth doing, and that I have done it as well as it could be done. And what I most care for is its intensely practical work-a-day character; it is a grimy struggle, but a vital one.

I keep up a rather abstract interest in foreign affairs. My own opinion is just yours; to back up Olney, and act exactly on the line of Cabot's speech, but not to take any further steps at present. If Salisbury obstinately refuses to yield, I see no alternative but to fight.

I am disgusted with the greed and timidity shown by our men of means; and the utter Colo-

nialism of the educated class. I earnestly hope England will agree to some form of arbitration.

We are both so hard worked that we do not try to do anything in the "social line."

Love to Will. Yours always,

THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

*689 Madison Avenue,
Feb. 16th, '96.*

Darling Bye,

I suppose that when a man is absorbed in a work which, though of intense interest to him, is in detail monotonous to an outsider, his letters must be dull. I get down to my office as soon after nine as possible; I rarely leave much before six, and sometimes not until eight; and I often have proof or mss. to correct in the evening. All day I strive to push matters along; to keep on good terms with the Mayor, while rejecting his advice and refusing to obey his orders; not to be drawn into a personal quarrel with Platt; not to let my colleagues split either among themselves or with me; to work with reformers like Dr. Parkhurst, and yet not let them run away with the Department; to keep weeding out the bad men; to attend to the thousand complaints, well and ill-founded, of citizens; to try to improve discipline, and to build up the detective bureau, and develop leaders; and so on and so on. By evening I am pretty well tired. Meanwhile

Edith finds that the mere conscientious care, of the kind she always gives in the matter of the children's dancing classes, doctors, studies, etc., etc., takes up almost all her time; indeed she does too much, and is beginning to look pulled down. Mame has been very sick, and this has told on her.

In consequence, it has been rather a good thing that she has not been able to go out, as she is in mourning; for, as a matter of fact, it would be a sheer impossibility for us to go out even to dinners, this year; two or three times a week we might dine out, but this is certainly all. Edith does not get very much enjoyment out of the life here, compared to Washington; but I do enjoy my work to the full.

Thank Heaven, you have begun sending the children moderate birthday presents.

Love to Will.

Yours always, T. R.

POLICE DEPARTMENT OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK
300 MULBERRY STREET
NEW YORK

Darling Bye,

Feb. 25, 1896.

I have just come home from a tumultuous whirl at Chicago. I have recently been steadfastly refusing to make any speeches, but on Washington's birthday I did consent to make the great Chicago speech under the auspices of the Union League

Club at the Auditorium. McKinley addressed the meeting last year and Tom Reed the year before. I was received with the utmost enthusiasm, and indeed was made the lion of the hour in Chicago; and during the thirty-six hours that I was there I had to make not less than seven speeches. Chicago looks at me through the perspective of space which is almost as satisfactory as looking through the perspective of time; and, as she does not feel my rule, was loud in her denunciation of New York for not being grateful to me.

I have had my hands full as usual with both my regular police work and with politics since I last wrote you. Gradually and in spite of great difficulties with two of my colleagues I am getting this force into good shape; but I am quite sincere when I say that I do not believe that any other man in the United States, not even the President, has had as heavy a task as I have had during the past ten months. In itself the work was herculean, even had I been assisted by an honest and active public sentiment and had I received help from the Press and the politicians. As a matter of fact, public sentiment is apathetic and likes to talk about virtue in the abstract, but it does not want to obtain the virtue if there is any trouble about it. The papers of the widest circulation have been virulent against me. The Democrats of course oppose me to a man, so far as their public repre-

sentatives are concerned, and the Republican machine is almost as bitterly hostile. Governor Morton in a feeble way would like to stand by me, but he does not dare to antagonize Platt; he is now so miserable over having to decide whether or not he will veto the bill putting me out that he is almost sick. As yet they are not sure of his consent. They have not yet brought the bill in, but I think that in the end they will bring it in. However, I can afford to look at the result with a good deal of equanimity; they can't put me out much before I have finished my year's term of service; I will then have practically done the great bulk of our work, that is the re-organizing of the Department; we will leave the Force immeasurably improved, compared to the Force we found; and with all the worry and hard work, I have heartily enjoyed it. It has been emphatically a man's work, worth doing from every aspect. I feel I have been a useful citizen, and, though this is a point of very much less importance, I think that in the end decent people will realize that I have done a good deal. I am writing to you with frank egoism. My excuse must be that I have not worked in any way egotistically, for I can conscientiously say that not one single step I have taken has been influenced by any considerations save by those which I have deemed for the public good. Politically, I have been rather unhappy because I have of course to

support Morton and I want to support Reed. I think, however, that Reed thoroughly understands the case, as I have taken no steps without his sanction.

The children are all getting along well, and Edith is utilizing all the advantages of New York to the full for them in the way of dancing schools and the like. Archie is as pretty as a picture and a darling. I only wish that the future was a little more certain as far as they are concerned, for while Edith is as much convinced as I am that we should live in the country as long as we can't both live in town and the country there are serious disadvantages connected with the children's education, when we have to be in the country during winter.

Give my love to Will.

Yours always,

THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

POLICE DEPARTMENT OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK
300 MULBERRY STREET
NEW YORK

Darling Bye, .

March 9th, 1896.

Things are beginning to look a little brighter for me. The screeching mendacity of the Herald and World and the other newspapers is beginning to wear through in places, and the fact that our Police Department is far more efficient than ever before is gradually growing evident even to the dull public mind. Platt and his people remain resolute

to try to turn us out of office, but affairs in Albany are shaping themselves so that it seems on the whole most probable that we shall stay in. There is nothing certain about it, and it may be that we shall be turned out, but I think now that the odds are at least slightly in our favor.

I am busy correcting the proof of the fourth volume of *The Winning of The West*, and by the middle of May or June I shall be through the hardest part of my work both literary and official; I shall then have finished a year of as hard work and of as much worry and responsibility as a man could well have; yet, I have enjoyed it extremely, and am in excellent health. I don't mind work; the only thing I am afraid of is that by and by I will have nothing to do; and I should hate to have the children grow up and see me having nothing to do. If I am turned out it can hardly be until some time in May, so I will have had my year here, and I will have earned six months' rest. If I am not turned out I will have finished my most wearing and disagreeable work and will have a much easier time in the future.

Tell Will that it is very difficult for me not to wish for a war with Spain, for such a war would result at once in getting us a proper Navy and a good system of coast defence.

Your loving brother,

THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

*689 Madison Avenue.**March 21st, '96.*

Darling Bye,

It now begins to look as if we should be left in our positions for another year at any rate; I am very glad, for I see no immediate, or even remote, prospect, of other work, and I am glad to keep doing anything; though the best part of our work is done. We are beginning to be very seriously hampered by the utterly improper character of the law under which we are working; and Parker, a very able and resolute man, is so treacherous and untrustworthy that it is exceedingly difficult to get good results by working with him.

In the larger field of politics there seems to be a great wave for McKinley sweeping over the country; and he certainly at present stands a very good chance for the nomination. Between ourselves I have been, as I wrote you, greatly disappointed in Reed. If he only had shown more nerve on the finance issue, and more far sightedness about the need for a navy and coast defences, he would probably have won.

Love to Will.

Yours, T. R.

*689 Madison Avenue,**March 30th, '96.*

Darling Bye,

I wish our people would really interfere in Cuba; but the President (who by the way has just writ-

ten me a rather long letter, for no particular reason) shies off from anything except Venezuela. We ought to drive the Spaniards out of Cuba; and it would be a good thing, in more ways than one, to do it. Congress ought to take more decisive action; I always hate words unless they mean blows. But Cabot and his followers *do* mean blows; though I doubt if anything comes of it.

Ted, the other day was walking back from dancing school alone, practicing his steps on the pavement, according to his custom; passing by two ladies, one in mourning, he overheard them discussing how to raise mushrooms in a greenhouse; whereupon he beamed on them through his spectacles, and joined affably in the conversation, remarking that where *he* lived the mushrooms grew in Smith's field! After which they walked on together in conversation until he got home. From Grant LaFarge we found afterwards that they were Emily Ladenburg and a Miss Benedict.

Yours, T. R.

689 Madison Avenue,
April 5th, '96.

Dear Will,

Your note came, and Anna's, from Liverpool. Tell Anna that I am really pleased Bryce took my "Bachelor of Arts" piece so nicely; it was not

aimed at England at all, but at our wretched fellow countrymen who lack patriotism. Though I feel very strongly indeed on such questions as municipal reform and civil service reform, I feel even more strongly on the questions of our attitude towards the outside world, with all that it implies, from seacoast defence and a first-class navy, to a properly vigorous foreign policy. I think we ought to interfere in Cuba; and indeed I believe it would be well were we sufficiently farsighted steadily to shape our policy with the view to the ultimate removal of all European powers from the colonies they hold in the western hemisphere.

It must have been very interesting to see the launching of the big battle ships. Why, on our new battle ships, are we putting 4 and 5 inch quick firers, instead of 6 inch? Is not the 6 inch quick firer a common gun on the British battle ships? In the secondary batteries, why do we seem to prefer the rapid fire 6 pounder and even 1 pounder to the Gatling and Hotchkiss? Is this also true of the European navies?

In a month the legislature will have adjourned, thank goodness, and I shall know "where I am at." The "greater New York" bill does not legislate me out, and it seems improbable that, as late in the session as this, they can pass supplementary bills for that purpose. But a recent decision of the Corporation Counsel gives the Chief, backed by

one commissioner, almost all the power over our force; and by an intrigue one of my colleagues, Parker, has got a hold over the Chief; so that unless we get a bill through, which we are trying to get, to restore the power to a majority of the Board, I shall be shorn of most of my former influence, and though I can still do something, it will not be anything like as much as formerly.

Tell Anna I dined at Lizzie's last night, going to the Century afterwards. I have a busy time ahead of me until May.

Yours, THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

689 Madison Avenue.

May 10th, '96.

Darling Bye,

The other evening the Naval Reserve here gave a dinner at which the Assistant Secretary of the Navy and I were the guests of honor; I was really much impressed by the workmanlike way in which they handled themselves; tell Will I think they would, with a week's practice, furnish first-class crews for torpedo boats for instance. After all, we *are* gradually getting a good second-class Navy; about as good as Germany's, for instance.

Your loving brother, T. R.

*Sagamore Hill,
June 14th, '96.*

Darling Bye,

In the larger field of politics I feel very nervous. McKinley, whose firmness I utterly distrust, will undoubtedly be nominated, and this in itself I much regret; but what I now fear is some effort to straddle the finance issue. Such a move would be bad politically, not to speak of its being disastrous to the nation. The Democrats will in all likelihood make an open fight for the free coinage of silver; and an equally open fight should be made against it, both from the standpoint of party expediency and from the standpoint of public morality.

The five children are just dear; they are so good and they do have such lovely times.

Love to Will.

Yours always, T. R

*Sagamore Hill,
June 20, '96.*

Darling Bye,

While I greatly regret the defeat of Reed, who was in every way McKinley's superior, I am pretty well satisfied with the outcome at St. Louis. We have an excellent platform on almost every point: finance, civil service reform, foreign policy; only the pension plank is bad. McKinley himself is an upright and honorable man of very considerable ability and good record as a soldier and in Congress; he is not a strong man, however, and

unless he is well backed I should feel rather uneasy about him in a serious crisis, whether it took the form of a soft-money craze, a gigantic labor riot, or danger of foreign conflict.

The children are passing their usual heavenly summer. Archie is the sweetest thing imaginable and such fun to play with. Alice is as good as gold; Edith is giving her and Ted as well a genuine taste for good literature. Kermit is improving in health all the time; and Ethel is the best of rosy, chubby little girls. Yesterday we all had our first swim; and after Edith came back from her ride, I put Alice on Diamond for a mile's trot and canter.

Yours always, T. R.

*Sagamore Hill,
June 20th, '96.*

Dear Will,

I was much interested in the last two volumes you sent; the life of Admiral James, and Brassey's Year Book. I have left them with the others at 689 Madison Ave.

Brassey evidently thinks our battle ships inferior to the British, because of their 6 inch quick firers; and our own men seem inclined to the same view, to judge by the proposed abandonment of the 8 inch guns in our new battle ships. I am not at all sure they are right; though I dislike the super-imposed turrets. With the 8 inch we have four extra armor piercers on each of our battle

ships; and the 6 inch guns are not armor piercers, and in fact I don't see that they are much better than the 5 inch quick firers. Capt. Evans takes this view very strongly. By the way, in looking at the Indiana I could not help wondering, as I saw the lack of protection for the small quick firers, whether they could really be handled with much effectiveness in action with a powerful enemy.

Yours always,

THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

*Sagamore Hill,
June 28th, '96.*

Darling Bye,

I have been so absorbed by my own special work and its ramifications that I have time to keep very little in touch with anything outside my own duties; I see but little of the life of the great world; I am but little in touch even with our national politics. The work of the Police Board has absorbed all the time and energy I could give to such work at all. There is nothing of the purple in it; it is as grimy as all work for municipal reform over here must be for some decades to come; and it is inconceivably arduous, disheartening and irritating, beyond almost all other work of the kind, because of the special circumstances of the case. I have to contend with the hostility of Tammany, and the almost equal hostility of the Republican machine;

I have to contend with the folly of the reformers and the indifference of decent citizens; above all, I have to contend with the singularly foolish law under which we administer the Department. If I were like Waring, a single-headed commission, with absolute power (not to speak of his having an infinitely less difficult problem to solve) I could in a couple of years have accomplished almost all I desire; were I even the member of a three-headed commission, like the Boston Police Department, with absolute power, I could have accomplished very much; but as it is I am one of four commissioners, anyone of whom possesses a veto power in promotions, who can only dismiss after a trial, which is as technical as that in a court of law, and whose immediate subordinate, practically irremovable, possesses the great bulk of the power, with none of the responsibility. Add to this a hostile legislature, a bitterly antagonistic press, an unscrupulous scoundrel as comptroller, quite shameless if he can only hamper us, and you have a difficult problem to face. However, I have faced it as best I could and I have accomplished something. The work itself is hard, worrying and often very disagreeable. The police deal with vile crime and hideous vice; and it is not work that can be done on a rosewater basis. The actual fighting, with any of my varied foes, I do not much mind; I take it as part of the day's work; but there is that that

is painful. But fight after fight is won, and its very memory vanishes; all our trouble with the excise is now over.

Cabot came on to meet Bay and spent a night with me at 689. He is on the top of the wave, having won the greatest triumph he has ever scored by heading the gold forces at St. Louis; and, as Commencement Day at Harvard followed immediately, he was able to emphasize his triumph in the presence of the men who hate him most. He has had an astonishing career; and while of course the opportunity was good, he took advantage of it only because of his remarkable energy, capacity and persistence.

In this State, politics are very mixed. Bar a cataclysm, the Republicans will win hands down; but the factional fight within the party is bitter beyond belief; and the folly of the anti-Platt men matches the wickedness of the machine. If the Democrats, as seems likely, come out for free silver, the fight for the Presidency will be close in the western states that determine the result.

Yours, T. R.

July 12th, '96.

Sagamore Hill.

Darling Bye,

The trial, which was really very nearly as much a trial of me as of Parker, is over, I am glad to say, though the Mayor has not yet given his deci-

sion; and though I fear the courts, when they review this decision, may reverse it, even if it is all right. I have quite forgiven Tracy, for in his effort to break me down, by a six hours' cross-examination, he gave me just the chance I wished; and I had the satisfaction of telling, under oath, with Parker not six feet distant, just what I thought of him and of his mendacity, treachery and duplicity.

Love to Will.

Yours always, T. R.

*Oyster Bay,
July 19th, '96.*

Darling Bye,

Jacob Riis, who is a dear, and who has helped me much in my police work, is spending Sunday with us. Yesterday I took a holiday. In the morning I rowed with Edith on the lovely bay. In the afternoon the children had a kind of mild party and belated Fourth of July celebration; the Robinson children, who are at Uncle Jimmie's, and Emlen and Christine's flock, being the guests. Nobody was burned and they all seemed to enjoy themselves hugely.

Grant La Farge and dear Bob spent a couple of nights with us last week.

In politics all of our friends here are a unit for the Republican ticket, which will sweep the northeast; but Bryan is a personally honest and rather attractive man, a real orator and a born dema-

gogue, who has every crank, fool and putative criminal in the country behind him, and a large proportion of the ignorant honest class; and in the middle west, where the decisive battle will be waged, we shall beat him only after a very hard struggle.

Yours always, T. R.

*Sagamore Hill,
July 26th, '96.*

Darling Bye,

Last week went by much as usual. I spent three nights in town, and the others out here; a Professor Smith, a friend of Bob's, turned up, and dined with me, also Jacob Riis and Stephen Crane, and we dropped in afterwards to discuss a girls' library in the Jewish quarters with that entertaining, but untrustworthy, ——; yesterday I stayed here, rode with Edith, played with the children, and tried the new military rifle at a target. Hallett Phillips, who is a dear, and my colleague, Andrews, are passing Sunday with us.

Not since the Civil War has there been a Presidential election fraught with so much consequence to the country. The silver craze surpasses belief. The populists, populist-democrats, and silver- or populist-Republicans who are behind Bryan are impelled by a wave of genuine fanaticism; not only do they wish to repudiate their debts, but they really believe that somehow they are executing

righteous justice on the moneyed oppressor; they feel the eternal and inevitable injustice of life, they do not realize and will not realize how that injustice is aggravated by their own extraordinary folly, and they wish, if they cannot lift themselves, at least to strike down those who are more fortunate or more prosperous. At present they are on the crest and were the election held now, they would carry the country; but I hope that before November the sober common sense of the great central western states, the pivotal states, will assert itself. McKinley's position is very hard; the main fight must be for sound finance; but he must stand by protection also, under penalty if he does, of making his new Democratic allies lukewarm, and if he does not, of making a much larger number of his old followers hostile. Matters are very doubtful; Bryan's election would be a great calamity, though we should in the end recover from it.

Love to Will. Your last letter was most interesting.

Yours always, T. R.

*Sagamore Hill,
Aug. 2d, '96.*

Darling Bye,

I spent four nights in town last week, as I was very busy at the office. One day I lunched with Willie Chanler; his African book is really good.

I saw Mark Hanna. I can't help thinking we

shall win in November; but we have to combat a genuine and dangerous fanaticism. At bottom the Bryanite feeling is due to the discontent of the mass of men who live hard, and blindly revolt against their conditions; a revolt which is often aimed foolishly at those who are better off, merely because they *are* better off; it is the blind man blinding the one-eyed.

Love to Will.

Yours always, T. R.

*Sagamore Hill,
Aug. 15th, '96.*

Darling Bye,

This will be my last letter for four weeks, as the next three Sundays I hope to spend out on the plains among my cattle and after occasional antelope; but Edith will write you every Sunday. She is going to Lake Champlain with the children.

Well, we've had two excitements in New York the past week; the heated term and Bryan's big meeting. The heated term was the worst and most fatal we have ever known. The death rate trebled until it approached the ratio of a cholera epidemic; the horses died by hundreds, so that it was impossible to remove their carcasses, and they added a genuine flavor of pestilence; and we had to distribute hundreds of tons of ice from the station houses to the people of the poorer precincts. I had to be in town several nights; and I saw some

strange and pathetic scenes when the ice was distributed. Now a cool wave has come.

Bryan fell with a bang. He was so utter a failure that he dared not continue his eastern trip, and cancelled his Maine and Vermont engagements. In his speech, he tried to do the "dignified statesman" business, and he merely lost what little renown he had as a wild-eyed popular orator; his only chance was with the people who care for neither dignity nor statesmanship, and this he threw away. He not only hurt himself very much here in the East, but also in the West. I believe the tide has begun to flow against him. The educational work done about finance by the distribution of pamphlets has been enormous, and it is telling. It is hard to reach the slow, obstinate farmer; but all who can be reached are being reached.

Love to Will.

Yours always, T. R.

Darling Bye,

*Sagamore Hill,
Sept. 13th, '96.*

I am back after three weeks' absence to find that Edith and the children had greatly enjoyed Lake Champlain, but Archie has been under the weather since his return.

I also enjoyed my trip, though a little disheartened to find that our cattle were not doing well,

in fact, a good deal disheartened. But I grew burly and sunburned riding over the great plains and sleeping in the open at night. Tell Will I used the new small-bore, smokeless powder Winchester, a 30-30-160 with a half-jacketed bullet, the front or point of naked lead, the butt plated with hard metal. It weighed 8 pounds, and gave me the greatest satisfaction. I killed five antelope and certainly it was as wicked-shooting a weapon as I ever handled, and knocked the bucks over as with a sledge hammer.

The silver sentiment, and still more the savage hatred of the unprosperous for the prosperous, are very strong in the West; but I think the drift is our way, and that we shall win. The battle is being fought on a very high plane; but it is appalling to see how easy it is to inflame with bitter rancor towards the well-off all those people who, whether through misfortune or misconduct, have failed in life.

Yours always, T. R.

*Sagamore Hill,
Sept. 20th, '96.*

Darling Bye,

Maine, like Vermont, gave an overwhelming majority for the Republicans. In November every state in the Northeast will give an unprecedented majority for McKinley. The South, as a whole, will go overwhelmingly for Bryan, but in the bor-

der states, like Maryland, West Virginia and Kentucky, the Democratic gold ticket will disorganize the Democrats so that there is at least an even chance of our carrying them.

The Rocky Mountain states will be strong for Bryan, but on the Pacific coast and in the Dakotas we shall make a strong fight, with the chances nearly even. The Middle West is the real battle ground. In July, Bryan certainly had the majority in the states of the upper Mississippi valley; but the tide is now setting our way, and I believe we shall carry them, while there is a chance that we shall carry them overwhelmingly. Nevertheless, the defection in certain states, notably Iowa, is very great. The campaign is one of remarkable enthusiasm. Bryan is usually greeted by enormous crowds as he journeys to and fro. McKinley stays at home and the people come to see him from all over the Union in such masses as seriously to disarrange the railway traffic.

Your aff. brother, T. R.

*Sagamore Hill,
Sept. 27th, '96.*

Darling Bye,

How you must be enjoying your Scotch visit! It has always seemed to me that life at a Scotch shooting lodge must possess a peculiar charm of manliness, simplicity and refinement.

What a terrible snarl the question of the Turk in Europe has become. Here we are absorbed in politics. *Your* friend — of Albany has sprung into brief distinction as the prize comedian of the political stage, having tried the experiment of running as a gold man on a silver platform, with the result that he was forced off the ticket. But silver is now only one of the issues of the campaign. This is no mere fight over financial standards. It is a semi-socialistic, agrarian movement, with free silver as a mere incident, supported mainly because it is hoped thereby to damage the well to do and thrifty. "Organized labor" is the chief support of Bryan in the big cities; and his utterances are as criminal as they are wildly silly. All the ugly forces that seethe beneath the social crust are behind him. The appeal for him is frankly on class and sectional hatred. It is as vicious a campaign as I have ever seen. And the worst of it is that the very people whom one would wish to help are those who are going most wrong, and are putting themselves in such a position that they must be resolutely opposed!

Always yours, T. R.

*Sagamore Hill,
Oct. 4th, '96.*

Darling Bye,

I have just spent a week on the stump with Cabot, speaking at Utica, Buffalo, etc., and end-

ing by a visit to McKinley at Canton. Cabot, as always, made really remarkably good speeches; and I on the whole did well enough. We spoke to enormous audiences. The halls were jammed, people standing in masses in the aisles; and I have never in any other campaign seen such deep interest, or noticed in the audiences such intent desire to listen to full explanations of the questions at issue.

This is literally a vital struggle; the first we have had since Lincoln last ran; and it is pleasing to see how thoroughly aroused the people have become. I think the tide is now setting our way with great force, and that we shall elect McKinley; but I hope it will be by an overwhelming majority, for otherwise it will be a barren victory, merely deferring the final fight.

McKinley is bearing himself well. He was entirely pleasant with us, though we are not among his favorites.

Love to Will.

Yours, T. R.

POLICE DEPARTMENT OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK
300 MULBERRY STREET
NEW YORK

Darling Bye:

Oct. 22, 1896.

I have just returned from a stumping tour in the West where I had no chance to write you, so you will get this a couple of days later than usual.

I made six speeches; the largest was to an immense audience in Chicago. I never addressed a more enthusiastic crowd; and I let myself go and hit at Tillman and Altgeld just as hard as I knew how. In Illinois, I verily believe, the land-slide in our behalf will be relatively nearly as large as it is in the East; and unless I am greatly mistaken we shall carry the middle western states handsomely; and we have an even chance in four or five Southern States, and shall pick up two or three in the far West; that is, among such states as Nebraska, South Dakota, Oregon, Washington and California. There is hardly a doubt in my mind that we shall defeat Bryan; and I believe that we shall beat him to a standstill; but the issue at stake is so vital, being really almost the life of the country, that I shall feel very nervous until it is over.

Now that I have come back here, I am, as you can well imagine, very busy indeed with my police work, and with the campaign. Last night I spoke at Morristown, New Jersey; on Saturday I speak at Wilmington, Del., and next week perhaps in Baltimore. Between times I shall be fully occupied here in New York, so I shall see almost nothing of my family until after election.

Always yours,

THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

*Sagamore Hill,
Nov. 8th, '96.*

Darling Bye,

You may easily imagine our relief over the election. It is not pleasant to feel that such a candidate as Bryan should have received such a vote. Still, we have beaten him by the largest majority ever recorded against a presidential candidate, at any rate for the last half century; a majority much larger than is indicated even by the decisive vote in the electoral college. In the East the majorities were almost incredible; in the Middle West they were not so overwhelming and yet were larger than had ever before been given. We also carried the Pacific coast, and the northermost tier of Southern States.

It was the greatest crisis in our national fate, save only the Civil War; and I am more than glad I was able to do my part in the contest. I enclose a very pleasant article from the Sun; please send it back.

As for my own police work, we have the force at a very high point of efficiency, and we gave the city the most honest and orderly election it has ever had. I have done nearly all I can do with the police under the present law; and now I should rather welcome being legislated out of office. So I can await events with an equal heart.

Love to Will. I am having a delightful three days at Sagamore with Edith and the children.

Yours always,

THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

*Sagamore Hill,
Nov. 13th, '96.*

Darling Bye,

1st Gratitude. It was sweet of you to cable. I was so glad to get it. In the hurry of my last note I forgot to thank you.

2d Abuse. Why have you "quit writing"? Your letters have grown as fitful as life's fever.

3d Affection. Ted, the other day, apropos of nothing, remarked dolefully, "If Auntie Bye doesn't come back soon, she'll find the bunnies can't help forgetting her a little, no matter how hard they try!"

Yours, T. R.

*Sagamore Hill,
Nov. 29th, '96.*

Darling Bye,

Very many thanks for all the presents! I shall expend part of *mine* in the purchase either of new hunting books, my substitute for trashy novels; or else in some print of Remington's, if I can get the right one.

Bob passed Thanksgiving day here, and was just a dear, and the same playmate as ever. In the afternoon he and I and Ted took a ten mile tramp, with axes, to clear out a bridle track which had become overgrown. Ted really stood the walk wonderfully. We came home after dark. The faithful Susan was with us, and at the foot of our hill she treed a possum. So Bob ran for a gun,

while Ted (who had reached the tree and had seen the possum before either Bob or myself) and Susan and I stayed to keep ward over the possum. Bob returned, leading the delighted Kermit, who, as we returned in triumph with our quarry, explained, "that it was the first time he had ever seen a fellow shot." He felt as if it was much like any other homicide, but much approved of it.

Ted chops hard with me; today he got down an oak at least sixty feet high. The Cove School still delights him.

From the enclosed you will see that the Fitzgerald book bids fair to come; so many thanks for that, too. I have been leading a varied life in official matters; I have thoroughly enjoyed this police work, and perhaps especially the way it has brought me in contact with some of the wise philanthropic work of the city. Love to Will.

Yours always, T. R.

*Sagamore Hill,
Dec. 20th, '96.*

Darling Bye,

Cabot of course is wild to have me take the Assistant Secretaryship of the Navy; and a good many people wish McKinley to offer it to me; but I have no very pronounced backers of political influence in my own State, and I think it is about an even thing, or perhaps with the odds against

his offering it. I am rather indifferent in the matter because I am not sure whether I ought to take it. I could do honorable work in the place; but it is not a big place, and if I had proper power I should never leave the Police Department to take it. On the other hand, I am so hampered here that I think I have almost reached the limit of my good work; and there is in all probability no chance of my being left in office more than a year. So I await results with an equal mind.

Love to Will.

Yours, T. R.

*Oyster Bay,
Long Island, N. Y.
Darling Bye,*

*Sagamore Hill,
Dec. 26th, '96.*

How I wish you and Will, and little Helen too, could have been here for Xmas; for it has been an ideal Xmas. We had more snow; and the thermometer has been down to zero, but the roaring wood fires keep at least the living rooms warm. The afternoon before Xmas we drove down to the Cove School Xmas tree, in the farm wagon on runners, for we went in patriarchal style, to the number of twelve persons; Ted "spoke a piece" and the tree was a great success. All the children, and Bob, who is with us for Xmas, came into our room to open their stockings, even Archie, who took much puzzled enjoyment from his; and after break-

fast they had their big things on tables in the gun room. You gave Alice, Addison and a book of old ballads; Ted, *The Leatherstocking Tales*; Kermit what he calls a "bowie knife"; Ethel a teaset—all most successful. You will give me a gold chain, as my own, an inheritance, is nearly worn through.

Ted got a pair of skis, and has joined in the sport with Bob and myself, who ski with much vigor, but with widely different skill, and chop, with less difference in skill.

The children had as lovely a time as children could this Xmas; and they are really very good, for all the mischief they are sometimes in.

Yours always, T. R.

*Oyster Bay,
Long Island, N. Y.*

*Sagamore Hill,
Jan. 2d, '97.*

Darling Bye,

On Xmas the ever-delightful Captain Stoots arrived, looking like a queer sea-growth from among his own clams, and sent in an envelope with on the outside "Merry Xmas" and inside, his bill!

I am a quietly rampant "Cuba Libre" man. I doubt whether the Cubans would do very well in the line of self-government, but anything would be better than continuance of Spanish rule. I believe that Cleveland ought now to re-organize Cuba's independence and interfere; sending our fleet promptly to Havana. There would not, in

my opinion, be very serious fighting, and what loss we encountered would be thrice over repaid by the ultimate results of our action.

Xmas week here was lovely; heavy snow, bright, cold weather and out of door sport from morning to night. It is now mild, with everything thawing. We can go up and down both the front and back roads, and wheels are supplanting runners. Ted and I yesterday found we could no longer use skis, and have gone back to chopping. I hate to leave the country, but for the next two or three months it will be better for me to be in town, because of my work. In the Police Department, we made progress at the cost of the same ceaseless worry and interminable wrangling. I shall have about five million things to talk over with you and Will when I see you.

Yours always, T. R.

Darling Bye,

Jan. 17th, '97.

This evening a few people are coming to tea, chief among them being the beloved Lounsbury and Mahan. Politics are rather stagnant just now; an immense amount depends upon the way McKinley starts. I do not at all like the choice of Sherman for Secretary of State; and there are very difficult problems to be faced.

Love to Will.

Always yours, T. R.

689 Madison Avenue,
Jan. 31st, '97.

Darling Bye,

Kermit is now and then haunted by the fear that Waring and I may unexpectedly change places; the other day he remarked with fervor to his mother, on seeing a street sweeper, "I don't want to be a street sweeper when I grow up; Oh, Mother, it must be an *orful* dull life!" He and his cousin Jack and the others of his class at dancing school have all lost so many front teeth that it looks like a class of little ruminants, varied by an occasional narwhal. The dancing class is a great success for all three children; in fact, in all ways we are enjoying our second winter in New York.

New York is now convulsed over the Bradley Martin ball, owing to that fool — having denounced it; I shall have to protect it by as many police as if it were a strike. We refused; but after the talk that was made I was almost tempted to retract my refusal.

The other day I had a most interesting meeting with the leaders of the labor unions at Clarendon Hall; Jacob Riis and Bob went along with me. We talked for over three hours with entire courtesy and also entire frankness, and we got along together much better than I had expected. In fact, I think we parted distinctly pleased with one another.

I have just received a long letter from the big

South African hunter Selous; I suppose you have never met him? Ted is spending Sunday at Corinne's.

I don't like Mrs. Steele's last book, "The Face of the Waters"; it has some good points, but it is tedious and involved and morbid in its everlasting insistence on the unhealthy sides of sex-relationship.

Yours, T. R.

*689 Madison Avenue,
Feb. 21st, '97.*

Darling Bye,

I have no idea whether I shall be offered the Assistant Secretaryship of the Navy or not. If so, I shall probably take it, because I am intensely interested in our Navy and know a good deal about it, and it would mean four years work; whereas I can not now do so very much more in my present position, and my work here will probably close with the end of this year, anyhow. But of course this is the most important and most useful position, as long as it lasts; and I am sorely tempted to see the thing through here; in any event; so I shall be quite content if I am not offered the other place.

There is nothing I should like more than to come abroad for a fortnight's stay with you this spring, in London; you know just the very people I should most like to see—Lecky, Bryce, Birrell, etc., and I

would more than like to see you in the position I think peculiarly in your line; but it will be out of the question for me to leave here, unless I am out of office entirely.

Yours always, T. R.

*689 Madison Avenue,
Feb. 28th, 1897.*

Darling Bye,

At present, I am overjoyed to say it looks as if John Hay would be the Ambassador to England. It seems to me that England has pretty nearly disgraced herself by joining in the action against Crete; and I think the same should be said of our conduct in not driving the Spaniards from Cuba.

My own work is becoming of almost intolerable difficulty.

However, on the whole, the work has been most useful and I have accomplished a good deal, and am *very* glad I have been in it. But I hope we shall be legislated out, for I have done about all that can be done, under the present law.

Yours always, T. R.

*689 Madison Ave.,
March 14th, '97.*

Darling Bye,

Grant and Parker between them have brought the affairs of the Police Department into an utter snarl; I think partly under directions from the machine, as it has served for an excuse to bring in

a bill at Albany to legislate us all out. Personally, I should be extremely glad to see it pass, for now I can do very little positive good there, and it is most bitter to see my work undone. I have no idea what I should do next; but I should enjoy and should feel I deserved, three or four months holiday at Sagamore; and surely there is something I can turn my hand to.

Yours always, T. R.

*689 Madison Avenue,
March 20th, '97.*

Darling Bye,

I do not think there is much chance of my being made Assistant Secretary of the Navy; it is possible, but very improbable, for I have no ardent backers from New York State, and the machine leaders hate me more than any other man; and even all dear Cabot's work can not offset this. I really think he minds it much more than I do.

On the other hand, we shall probably not be legislated out; though for this I do not much care as we can accomplish but little now; for I fear that the Governor will not ratify the Mayor's action in removing Parker—action, I am delighted to say, which he has at last taken.

Yours always, T. R.

VII

ASSISTANT SECRETARY OF THE NAVY

1897-1898

New York
April 11th, '97.

Darling Bye,

This is probably the last letter I shall write you; and your cable, which it was so sweet of you to send, shows that you know the news. I was even more pleased than I was astonished at the appointment; for I had come to look upon it as very improbable. McKinley rather distrusted me, and Platt actively hated me; it was Cabot's untiring energy and devotion which put me in; and Long really wanted me. Of course until next Wednesday the Senate, where I have very bitter enemies, may reconsider the confirmation; but there is only a very small chance of this.

One crumpled rose leaf is that it is going to prevent my meeting you. On May 1st, and just around it, there will be so much to do that it would be wrong for me at once to bolt away from Sec'y Long. I hate not meeting you, Bye, it is only the sheer impossibility that prevents me.

Now the Lodges and we ourselves are hoping you'll live at Washington next winter!

Will is off on the Fern, and has just written me an enthusiastic letter of congratulation. He is such a good fellow! The children adopted him at once in the most matter-of-course manner.

Yours always, T. R.

NAVY DEPARTMENT,
WASHINGTON.

Darling Bye,

Aug. 21st, '97.

The weather here is not at all hot, and though my evenings are not exactly crowded with excitement, I am, nevertheless, really enjoying myself, for I am immensely interested in all this Navy work, and, as I am given a free hand when alone, I am really accomplishing a good deal.

Yours always, T. R.

NAVY DEPARTMENT,
WASHINGTON.

Darling Bye,

Sept. 17th, '97.

I dine at the White House tonight. The President, who is a regular "jollier" professes much satisfaction with all I have done. Will dined with me on the Dolphin; but of course I just caught a glimpse of him.

Now, I *think* I can be at lunch, with you on October 1st; and I can name you a splendid party for the Bryces to meet—Seth Low, Joe Choate,

Godkin (!), Waring, Mayor Strong, Carl Schurz, with Jack Astor, Frank Green and John La Farge to fill in any gaps.

In great haste,

Ever yours, T. R.

NAVY DEPARTMENT,
WASHINGTON.

Darling Bye,

Oct. 28th, '97.

This morning I took the two little boys round and put them in the Public School, where they both seem to have started well. Tomorrow, for my sins, I start on a dusty jaunt to Ohio, at the President's request, to speak for Hanna.

The Secretary has been a dear, as he always is; I only wish I could poison his mind so as to make him a shade more truculent in international matters.

Yours ever, T. R.

1810 N St.,

Washington, D. C.

January, '98.

Darling Bye,

As usual, you gave me the very book I wished, and one which, on account of the expense, I would not have bought myself. Tell Bob that the dear Janviers sent me from London a copy of Newbolt's poems, one of which he had written out and sent me himself.

We had a delightful time on Xmas, as indeed we always do. This year Alice, Ted and Kermit went with us to the dinner at the Lodges, and all, down even to Kermit, had a seraphic time. Ted and Kermit, by the way, express their gratitude for your gifts in the heartfelt, but strictly aboriginal documents which I enclose.

Edith has just been out for her first little walk; and she is beginning to look and feel herself again. When she is well she will enjoy Washington more than ever. How glad I am I am here!

The vase for Nannie was exactly what I wished; you were a dear to have taken so much trouble about it.

Yours always, T. R.

NAVY DEPARTMENT,
WASHINGTON.

Darling Bye:

January 19, 1898.

I am very glad the Lamberts are coming to breakfast on Friday morning, the 28th. Would you mind asking Avery D. Andrews, the ex-police commissioner, also? I don't know his address, but you will doubtless find it in the list. You will remember we had him to lunch.

Always yours,

THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

NAVY DEPARTMENT,
WASHINGTON.

Darling Bye,

February 25, 1898.

Will wrote me a characteristic and very welcome note from Havana, chiefly occupied, of course, with what Sigsbee and Wainwright, who had just come aboard, said. No one can tell as yet what the cause of the disaster was. Even if it were due to Spanish treachery it might be impossible ever to find it out. You need not be uneasy about Will, or about any of our men down in Havana. I am a good deal more nervous about the *Viscaya* in New York. I have not felt the loss of the *Maine* nearly as much as I would if I had not had so much worry over in my own home.

Yours ever,

THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

The reference to Admiral Cowles was due to the fact that his boat, the *Fern*, had still had its steam up when the news of the sinking of the *Maine* was received at Key West. He was sent immediately to Havana so that the *Fern* should be the headquarters for the officers who were conducting the investigation as to the cause of the disaster. The *Fern* remained in Havana Harbor until war was declared.

Washington, D. C.

March 16, '98.

Darling Bye,

What the Administration will ultimately do I don't know; McKinley is bent on peace, I fear.

I am working very hard at the Department, as everyone is; and as the strain tells more or less on the Secretary, there is very little chance of a let up on me.

Yours always, T. R.

NAVY DEPARTMENT

WASHINGTON

Darling Bye:

April 1, 1898.

The enclosed memorandum explains itself. I also send the paper.

Pardon my dictating this, but I am rushed nearly to death. I have been bothering the Secretary to call Will up from the South. I think Will ought to keep the *Fern*, but I will try to get him some more guns for her. However, I am awfully glad I got him even one gun.

As for matters here, I'd give all I'm worth to be just two days in supreme command. I'd be perfectly willing then to resign, for I'd have things going so that nobody could stop them.

Ever yours, T. R.

VIII

THE ROUGH RIDERS IN CUBA

1898

1810 N St
May 5th, '98.

Darling Bye,

I feel a little like Mr. Snodgrass who was "going to begin." Wood wires me that I must stay here until the early part of next week, as it is absolutely essential to have some one on the ground to disentangle the knots of red tape and to keep things moving. So I shall have to stay. Meanwhile I have enlisted forty men, for the most part gentlemen rankers from Harvard, Yale, the Knickerbocker Club, etc., and ship them off tomorrow night. Good Bob goes with them, seemingly very happy; and at any rate, he has a nice set of companions. The Harvard contingent is particularly good.

Did you send me some excellent spurs?

Tell Will to drop me a line as to whether he likes the Topeka and what battery he'll have aboard her.

Edith keeps improving, but of course the worry over my going, and over what this entails on her in the way of work about the house, etc., tells on her. Love to Alice.

Your loving brother, T. R.

Owing to Mrs. Roosevelt's illness Alice had been sent to me in New York.

Alice and Ted were both at 689 Madison Avenue, where their father came to tell them good-bye, probably at the end of April.

*Washington, D. C.,
May 8th, '98.*

Darling Bye,

Well, I'm here still; I hope to get off in forty-eight hours; but Wood keeps me where I can hurry things at headquarters. We *hope* we have fixed matters so that our regiment will embark at Galveston with the 5th Cavalry on the first expedition to Cuba—but it's largely a matter of chance, and we'll just have to take whatever comes. I know just how Will feels; it will be awful if the game is over before we get into it.

The Lodges are much broken, especially Nannie, as Bay went to his ship today, with Harry Davis. But really we're all fake heroes; we shan't see any fighting to speak of.

Bob, and his thirty fellow aristocrats, marched off in fine feather, under the stern charge of Sergeant Thaddeus Higgins, who is *not* an aristocrat.

Edith is so well that she has been out to dinner two or three times. Love to Alice and to good old Will; may the Topeka and the First Volunteer Cavalry meet on the summit of Morro Castle!

Yours ever, T. R.

P. S. I'm awfully obliged for the medicine chest; it was exactly what I needed; give my love to Alec.

Washington, D. C.

Friday, P. M.

May, '98.

Darling Bye,

I am so glad that Will is to be with you tomorrow.

I don't know young Tudor's New York address, nor whether he is there or at Boston; so will you tell him that I will take him as a trooper, subject to his passing the examination; if he is sure he realizes the hardship and monotony of the life. If so, tell him to come here Tuesday next.

Yours ever, T. R.

This refers to the son of Mr. and Mrs. William Tudor of Boston.

Washington,

May 12th, '98.

Darling Bye,

Just a line to you and Will jointly, to say good-bye. I feel as if Will and I were in a race to get to Cuba; but I fear the Topeka will beat the First Volunteer Cavalry. I am off tonight; for ten days, since Wood left I have been devilling the Quartermaster General and Chief Ordnance, hurrying up our supplies. It seems *probable* now that we shall be all ready by Monday or Tuesday, and I hope we shall be in Cuba soon after the regulars; but I suppose there will be many irritating delays yet.

Well, it's all in the day's work; and if only I get the chance to see a little service, I shan't complain.

Always yours, T. R.

*First Regt. U. S. Vol. Cavalry,
In Camp near Tampa, Fla.*

June 7th, 1898.

Darling Anna:

We hope to sail tonight for Cuba, that is, eight troops dismounted. We do not like having to leave the remainder and having to leave our horses, but we would rather crawl on all fours than not go. I don't think that there ever was a more interesting regiment than this, and I am quite sure that there is not in all the world a regiment to which I would so soon belong.

By the way, Jack Astor has come out under this war in a way I had not deemed possible. I am really very much pleased with him. I am awfully busy, and I owe it to a chance that I am able to send you this letter.

With best love to Will.

Ever faithfully yours,

THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

On Board U. S. Transport Yucatan

Port Tampa, Fla. June 12, 1898.

Darling Bye,

This is our sixth day sweltering on this troop ship under the semi-tropical sun in Tampa harbor.

It is not a large ship and has a thousand men aboard. We have given up the decks to the men, so that the officers are confined to the cabin, but even so it is far easier for us than for them. If the authorities in their wisdom keep us much longer in this ship, we shall certainly have some epidemic of disease. Why in the name of Heaven we should have been put on the transports before sailing I cannot tell. However, I won't complain if only we *do* start and get into the fun. I suppose Will has left New York by this time. The Navy has had all the fun so far, and I only hope that peace will not be declared without giving the army a chance at both Cuba and Porto Rico as well as the Philippines.

Bob is along and so far perfectly healthy. Poor Bill Tudor was under the weather and to his bitter regret had to be left behind for the second expedition. The delay is most irritating and the enforced idleness and crowding tells on the morale of the men. Nevertheless, they have stood it astonishingly well and taken it in very good part so far.

I cannot say what a pleasure it was to see Edith for the four days, and I only hope the trip did her no harm. The Post Office is so hopelessly behind-hand here that we do not begin to get our mail.

Ever yours,

THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

*Santiago**July 19th, '98.*

Darling Bye:

I was very glad to get your letter. Any underclothes and socks and at present trousers and shoes; and above all, any delicacies like chocolate, canned fruit, canned meats of good quality, rice and oatmeal, would be immensely appreciated. What my men need most, that can be sent, is enough food and clothing. We need still more, hospital supplies and above all, transportation, (I suppose it has been the lack of the latter that has prevented the Red Cross, which has done good work, from sending the former); but these I fear must be furnished by the government. In practice, I find we can't use hammocks—there are too many men and we can't get poles from which to hang them. After a fight or a late march, we just sleep anywhere, often without even a blanket; in a more permanent camp we build little bunks on poles raised on bars across crotched sticks.

The mismanagement of the transportation, and hospital services has been beyond belief. The wounded lie in the mud on sodden blankets; some of my men went *forty-eight* hours without food after being sent to the hospital. The attendance has been bad; and above all, they have had no proper food and but little medicine. I have had to buy from my own pocket rice and oatmeal and condensed milk for my sick men and beans and cornmeal and sugar for the wornout hungry fight-

ers who were still able to dig in the trenches. It is small wonder that of the 600 men with whom I landed, today over 300 are dead or in hospital from wounds and disease. Shafter's utter incapacity and the lack of transportation, that is, the utter lack of executive ability and head, both at Washington and here, are responsible for it all. Nothing but the splendid fighting capacity and uncomplaining endurance of the regular army (with which my regiment alone of the volunteer organization can be classed) carried us through.

The suffering has been hideous; and at least half of it was readily avoidable. There have been practically no supplies at the front save hardtack, bacon and coffee; and for men in high fever such fare is not good.

My own health has been good; and I would not have missed this for anything, even were I to die tomorrow. Young Bull has done well, and is in fine health; the same is true of Kane, Tiffany, Bob (who is very proud of my giving him his promotion) and the New York men generally. Is it not curious that with the revolver from the *Maine*, which Will gave me, I should have killed a Spaniard. I really believe my men would follow me anywhere now; and all the regulars treat us as standing entirely on their plane. It is a great regiment; and I have done with it all that could be done. I wonder where Will is?

Ever yours, T. R.

*Santiago**July 22nd, 1898.***Dear Douglas:**

Will you send Samuel MacMillan, the former Park Commissioner, 100 dollars? I borrowed it to get food for the Regiment, having used up \$300 of my own for the same purpose; only thus have I been able to keep them in the indifferent health in which they are. I also got some food from the Red Cross for them, which was greatly appreciated—rice, corn meal, condensed milk, oatmeal. What we need is food and clothing; and the only way to get it is for me to buy it, until there is a chance to send us more, now there is none.

Will you tell Bamie, on behalf of Woody Kane, Willie Tiffany and myself, that if the Red Cross chooses to reimburse me for what I have spent and shall spend for food or clothing for the regiment, I shall be very much obliged; and it is the only practical way at present to help us. Nothing has reached us except the little box you sent me by Levi P. Morton, and one small one at the same time for Woody. They can turn over the money to you; and meanwhile, I'll use any I can draw or borrow for myself and if I am not reimbursed, why it doesn't matter. Half of my men are dead, wounded or down with fever.

Yours always,

THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

Mrs. Cowles was on the New York Red Cross Relief Committee, working with all the other New York women, which accounts for the messages sent as to food, etc.

Santiago

July 28th, '98.

Darling Bye,

A lot of Red Cross things have come, presumably from you, and they are most useful—soups, malted milk, prunes, etc., for the sick and even a little for the well, soap and underclothes, socks and towels. I divided them up yesterday and the regiment felt exactly as if it was enjoying a kind of tropical Xmas. Do thank everyone. The Red Cross has done a great deal for this regiment, and we deeply appreciate it.

We are now in a permanent camp, and my men at last have plenty of food, after a month's semi-starvation and intolerable hardship and labor, and in a day or two they will have clothes and tentage, I think. Now the hammocks would be useful, at least to some extent. Some of the men are using them, but with dog tents it is almost impossible to swing them, and it is difficult for ten thousand men camped together to get proper poles.

As for me, I have been in good health throughout; of course I have had mild attacks of one kind and another, but when ever possible I have taken the utmost care of myself, and this has enabled

me in time of need to do and endure everything and so far I have not been an hour off duty.

I can hardly say how proud I am of this regiment. It is so typically American! It is just the ideal body for me to lead; and the men are devoted to me, and in the field I can lead and handle them as I think no other man could. Easterners and Westerners alike do even more than their duty. The New Yorkers, Kane, Tiffany and Bull and the rest, have turned out particularly well. I was very glad to promote Bob. Greenway and Goodrich have been on the whole my two standbys; both are now down with the fever, I am sorry to say. On the whole, I think the Harvard boys have averaged the best of all. I wish I could see Will. I do hope the Topeka gets a chance; he'll surely take advantage of it.

Yours always, T. R.

IX

GOVERNOR OF NEW YORK

1899-1900

After his return from Cuba he was nominated for the governorship of New York, and was elected in November, 1898. After his inauguration on January 1, 1899, he generally spent Friday night and Saturday at 689 Madison Avenue, where, as a rule, Senator Platt and Mr. Odell breakfasted with him on Saturday morning to talk over the important matters that were imminent, and during the day he had appointments with all the necessary people to consult with on official work.

STATE OF NEW YORK
EXECUTIVE CHAMBER,
ALBANY

Darling Bye: *At Oyster Bay, N. Y., July 12, 1899.*

Have you got my letter books which Root used last year? I do not seem to find them here and have a vague impression that they were left at 689.

I had a very interesting time at the White House where the President jollied me to his heart's content. I do most earnestly hope he will get a definite policy and follow it out both in the Philippines and in Cuba. He is very confident about Otis, as is John Hay, and both feel, what I trust

is an entirely warranted satisfaction as to the outcome in the Philippines during the next dry season.

I am finding it very difficult to get much holiday. If I go away for even a day, the mail piles up so as to make the next day one of unadulterated hard work. So I do not know that I shall be able to drive down to Quogue. The only real satisfaction I have got out of my holiday so far has been by simply staying here, finishing my work by about 11 o'clock and then rowing, riding, walking, etc., the remainder of the day. I am so glad to be Governor—that is, to be at work doing something that counts, that all the bothers and worries are really of small consequence; but I have just got to make up my mind that while I am Governor, everything has got to bend to my being such, and I can simply snatch occasional holidays as the opportunities arise, without venturing to plan out in advance.

Give my best love to Will.

Ever yours,

THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

STATE OF NEW YORK

EXECUTIVE CHAMBER

ALBANY

Darling Bye:

Nov. 27th, 1899.

That was a very sweet note of the Secretary's, and I appreciate it, and still more, your letter. I

agree exactly with what you say about Dewey. His action was unwise, and indeed, foolish. But I do not think it called for any public comment, and it counts as nothing compared with the debt we owe him for what he has done. I felt that the clamor about it was worse than undignified.

Ever yours,

THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

In October, 1899, Mrs. Cowles had moved to 1733 N Street, Washington, owing to Captain Cowles having been appointed to work in the Navy Department.

STATE OF NEW YORK

EXECUTIVE CHAMBER

ALBANY

Darling Bye:

Sunday, Dec. 17th, '99.

I have told Cabot that I did not want, and would not take, the Vice-Presidency; also Platt. The latter assures me that he is for me for a renomination, and that there will be no opposition to me; too much faith must not be put in princes, even of the democratic type, but at present it looks as if I would be renominated. Of course, were my renomination out of the question I should accept the Vice-Presidency were I offered it. But it seems to me there is more work to be done in the Governorship in two years than in the Vice-Presidency in four; and with our kaleidoscopic

politics it is foolish to look too far ahead as regards *places*—as regards the work itself, I always follow the same lines. My being in politics is in a sense an accident; and it is only a question of time when I shall be forced out. Just at present the Lou Payn fight seems my most serious rock ahead.

The South African business makes me really sad. I have a genuine admiration for the Boers; but the downfall of the British Empire, I should regard as a calamity to the race, and especially to this country. I am an optimist; but there are grave signs of deterioration in the English speaking peoples, here and there; not merely in the evident lack of fighting edge in the British soldier, but in the diminishing birth-rate here and in English Canada, as well as Australia; in the excessive urban growth; in the love of luxury, and the turning of sport into a craze by the upper classes. All these things may pass; but they would be greatly added to by the race humiliation of a great catastrophe. How much more, if thanks to our own folly, of the kind flourishing in the "Nation" and in the demagogues in Congress, we some day court military disaster through our own unpreparedness!

Edith has gone to meet Emily, very happy. I am taking the children out for a long tramp. Love to Will and blessed curly-headed Sheffield.

Yours ever, T. R.

STATE OF NEW YORK
EXECUTIVE CHAMBER
ALBANY.

Darling Bye:

Dec. 27th, 1899.

Both Edith and I feel that you had no business to send me such a very valuable present. Still as you did it, I cannot help being glad, for it was the very present of all others that I should most have liked. I have not the slightest objections to conventions, no matter how pointless, when they do not interfere with one's comfort; but I do strongly object to them, when for no earthly reason, they do so interfere. As regards the table, I have had two life long convictions. First, that when I wanted to eat a soft boiled egg, I wanted to eat it out of a cup, and not to peck at it inside its shell as if I was a magpie robbing a nest. Second, and vastly more important, that when I was eating a fish, especially if it was a smelt, or something of the kind, when there was no earthly reason why I should be forbidden a knife, and forced to make ineffective jabs at the fish with my fork, while it scattered free around the place. So the fish knives really represent a very material addition to my comfort, and also to that of Alice, who has the same feeling that I have on the subject.

We had a thoroughly successful Christmas. Bob was up and I was awfully glad to have him, for I think the South African business weighs upon him, as indeed it is most natural that it should.

It has been an appalling series of disasters. I like the way the English have volunteered, and if the war office redeems itself and is able to land and provision at the front a sufficient number of men, and if Generals like Hunter are given a free hand under or with Roberts and Kitchener, the English will ultimately win by weight of numbers. But it is an ugly affair from every standpoint.

The children had a heavenly Christmas. All six, including Quentin, came into bed and opened their stockings, and after breakfast went in to see the tables. The beloved little Baron was present and he and I and Bob took a hard tramp in the afternoon, Edith and Emily going part way. It has been the greatest possible pleasure to Edith to have Emily here, especially as she now seems in good health and spirits. As usual I am hard at work, and as usual I have any amount of things political to worry over. However, it is not worrying over money as I used to have to do, and I hope I can make things come out straight. I am just off for New York to see Platt and Odell for a final talk before the Legislature meets. Cabot still feels most strongly about the Vice Presidency, but as far as I can find out, even in Washington, the great bulk of my friends take the opposite view, and so do I.

Give Will my love.

Always yours,

THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

STATE OF NEW YORK

EXECUTIVE CHAMBER

ALBANY.

Darling Bye:

Dec. 29th, 1899.

I wrote for Kimball stating I did so because he was in close relations with me while I was Assistant Secretary; that I used him a great deal in connection with the torpedo boat squadron and with the various plans for getting the Navy ready; and that for this reason I believed he would be admirable for the place. I have written to Secretary Long explaining that in each recommendation I made I simply write about the men who have been under me, just as their commanding officers might write of them, or as I write about the men in my own regiment. Of course, I cannot say that they are better than their competitors, but I give the reasons why I regard them as good. Most emphatically I should regret being the cause of injustice to any one and would never want any recommendation of mind heeded if it means injustice to somebody else. I simply want to testify as a former superior officer to the good conduct of a man with whom I was thrown in contact.

Mrs. Richardson sent Edith a delightful letter, the most delightful part of which was her description of Sheffield and of how well he now was.

Give Will my warm love.

Ever yours,

THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

STATE OF NEW YORK
EXECUTIVE CHAMBER
ALBANY.

Dear Will:

Jany. 22nd, 1900.

It was delightful to hear from you. I have my hands full of parochial politics. Just at present I am in a horrid fight over the Payn business. All that I reasonably can do to stay in with the organization I will, but I will not renominate Payn. What the outcome will be I can't tell.

I am delighted to hear that Crowninshield has done so well. I have written Lodge and will write to Long.

Recently I have been having a little too much strenuous life with a large gentleman whom I have had up to wrestle with me. First of all he caved in my ribs. When I got over those I fetched loose one shoulder blade while endeavoring to give him a flying fall. I think I shall take to boxing as a gentler sport. The trouble is that I have so little time that I have to get my exercise in a highly concentrated form.

Give my best love to Anna. I have been so delighted to hear that Sheffield has been well.

Ever yours,

THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

STATE OF NEW YORK
EXECUTIVE CHAMBER
ALBANY

Darling Bye:

Jan'y. 23rd, 1900.

Some weeks ago President Schurman came here and suggested to me that I ought to take the Governor Generalship of the Philippines. I suppose the idea had been drifting latent in my mind, although I had never spoken of it or definitely thought of it. I told him that while I could not answer definitely, it was one of the things that seemed to me to be eminently worth doing, and I believe I mentioned it to Platt and of course to Cabot, (I think twice) and to one or two other people, as among the possibilities which I should have to give up if I accepted the Vice Presidency—simply coupling it with, for instance, a cabinet position. Not that I believe I could get either that or a cabinet position, but that it was a bit of genuine work which if the opportunity came, I should like to undertake.

The organization played the limit with me on the Payn business, but I have remained entirely good natured and entirely inflexible, with the result that I think they will come around to my side. I earnestly hope we can get Payn out. In any event, though I shall mind being defeated, I would a great deal rather try to get him out and fail than acquiesce in his staying in.

Corinne and Douglas spent a hurried thirty-six hours here. I have seen much more of them on the visits to New York, which I have really enjoyed for that reason. The work is of course of absorbing interest to me, because it is a great game, and because I am striving hard for the foundations of honesty and public decency. Whatever comes I am profoundly satisfied, and shall always remain so, with having made a creditable record as Colonel and I trust as Governor. It is something to leave the children. Give my love to John Hay and Henry Adams, and tell them I wish I could stop in to see them. As for Cabot, he is not only the staunchest friend I have ever known, but the very staunchest friend I have ever read of, and the more I see of public life, the more I realize and appreciate what he is and what he has done.

Ever yours,

THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

This winter he made his headquarters at the house of Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Robinson when in New York.

STATE OF NEW YORK

EXECUTIVE CHAMBER

ALBANY

Darling Bye:

Feby. 2nd, 1900.

It was delightful to get your letter of the 31st ult. The publication in The Sun rather forced my

hand, and I have written to both Platt and Cabot saying definitely that I did not wish to be Vice President and that I do wish to be Governor. I can see nothing whatever in the Vice-Presidency for me. It would be an irksome, wearisome place where I could do nothing. I would a great deal rather be Governor for two years than Vice President for four. I shall not say anything publicly until I hear from Platt and Cabot, but I have made up my mind that it is the Governorship that I want.

I won out nicely in the Payn business, which was in some ways the most important fight of my administration. I have a right to feel very well satisfied with the way I have been able to handle matters. Of course it is extremely difficult here, and Cabot and Henry Payne of Wisconsin and other good friends of mine feel that it is tempting Providence to stay. So it would be if I thought it worth while to look ahead and scheme for a career. But I emphatically do not think it worth while. American politics are of a kaleidoscopic character. There is no use in looking ahead as regards one's personal interests, though there is every use in shaping one's career so as to conduct it along firmly settled great principles and policies. Whatever I do the chances are that I shall be thrown out after the next time I hold office. Of course I might be kept in, just as on the other hand, I may be beaten

now whether I run for Governor or run for Vice-President. But at present there is a reasonable probability that I could be elected, whereas the chances are very small that I should go on afterwards. This being the case, the best thing to do is to strive to get the position in which I can do most work, and that position is surely the Governorship.

I have a very keen sympathy with our friends of the British Embassy. The trouble with the war is not that both sides are wrong, but that from their different standpoints both sides are right. The Boers feel themselves to be fighting for the same principles for which their ancestors and ours fought three centuries back against the Spaniards; whereas the English fight just as we should fight if, in Mexico for instance, the Americans were treated as the Uitlanders were treated in the Transvaal.

Always yours,

THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

STATE OF NEW YORK
EXECUTIVE CHAMBER
ALBANY

Darling Bye:

Feby. 5th, 1900.

It was delightful to receive your note of the 3rd. Substantially I agree with your view. Senator Platt is fond of me, but there are lots of big politicians and especially lots of big Wall Street men who furnish the money to politicians and both

classes are against me. They would like to see me put in the Vice Presidency because they think I will be harmless there. I have definitely decided that I will not take the Vice Presidency, and this you are at perfect liberty to mention to anyone. I have so written Cabot and Platt.

I am writing to the big game hunter Selous, who knows African matters through and through. I see he takes very strong grounds in favor of the Boers and I want to know what his view of the facts is. I have a very warm feeling of regard for England, and have felt that though the Boers were perfectly right from their standpoint and also had the technical right in the case, yet that England was really fighting the battle of civilization. If Selous can show me to the contrary, I would like to find out.

I have just seen Montague White, the Transvaalist. While I do not take a fancy to him personally, he does seem to make out a very strong case against Chamberlain, Milner and the rest of the men who brought on the war. Heaven knows the military history of the past four months has made out the strongest kind of case against Landsdowne, Wolseley and all who are responsible for the military end of it.

With best love to Will,

Ever yours,

THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

STATE OF NEW YORK
EXECUTIVE CHAMBER
ALBANY

Dear Will:

Feby. 16th, 1900.

What in the world has gotten into John Hay and McKinley about the canal treaty? If we had had in 1898 such a canal as they propose, it is true that we would have gotten the Oregon into the Atlantic quicker, but on the other hand, we should have spent six weeks of wild anxiety wondering whether Cervera's fleet might not go through the Canal, hit the Pacific coast, or steam over to attack Dewey. When that canal is built it should be fortified and held by us, and in war should be open to our warships and closed to those of any enemy.

Ever yours,

THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

STATE OF NEW YORK
EXECUTIVE CHAMBER
ALBANY

Dear Will:

Feby. 26th, 1900.

My view of the canal business is just this: If we fortified it, then in the event of a war with a stronger naval power, she cannot use it and we probably can. If we do not fortify it, then if our

opponent is weaker than we are we still have another vital point to watch. But if she is stronger she can seize the canal and use it to our detriment. If the proposed canal had existed in the Spanish war, the Oregon it is true could have gotten through it, but we should then have spent six weeks of wild anxiety, during which we should either have had to watch the canal with a formidable detachment, or else to have run the risk of seeing Cervera go through it and then vanish into the Pacific, leaving us uncertain whether he meant to lay waste Puget Sound or sail over to attack Dewey.

Moreover, if the Monroe Doctrine means anything, it means that European powers are not to acquire additional territorial interests on this side of the water. I am not afraid of England, but I do not want to see Germany or France given a joint right with us to interfere in Central America, for how can we then refuse a joint right to interfere in the partition of Brazil or Argentine? I cannot myself, in spite of our beloved Dewey's pronunciamiento, see any rational defense for the treaty either from the standpoint of our sea power interest or of the Monroe Doctrine.

Ever yours,

THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

STATE OF NEW YORK
EXECUTIVE CHAMBER
ALBANY

Darling Bye:

Feb. 27th, 1900.

I am having my hands full here as usual, but somehow I contrive to wiggle through. Occasionally, I talk pretty to the gentlemen; occasionally, I thump them with a club, and by generally doing each at the right time and in the right way, I have been able to get along better than could reasonably have been expected. Seriously I think I can say with absolute truthfulness that I have administered this Governorship better than it has ever been administered before in my time—better than Cleveland administered it. Everything is as straight as a string, and done as honestly as can be done. It is really a little irritating to think that the men who make believe to be for virtue should constitute one of the chief obstacles to what I have been doing. It is the dogs of the Evening Post and their like who have caused me most trouble—that is, most trouble among decent people. I do not think they have a very big effect upon the votes.

Love to Will.

Ever yours,

THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

STATE OF NEW YORK
EXECUTIVE CHAMBER
ALBANY

Darling Bye:

March 14th, 1900.

I am immersed in my usual parochial troubles. Really down at bottom getting good government is more dependent upon doing the work I am doing now and what I was doing in the Police Department than upon doing the things such as being in the Navy Department, which really intensely interested me. But though this work is of vital importance and interests me immensely when I am in it, it is nothing about which one can call upon outside sympathy, for in its essence it consists of nothing but an endless variety of obscure and involved presentations of what ought to be the entirely simple problem of securing upright and efficient administration in connection with the ordinary humdrum governmental functions. However, just at present it looks as though I should get about what I wanted; but we are not out of the woods by any means.

Ever yours,

THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

STATE OF NEW YORK
EXECUTIVE CHAMBER
ALBANY

Darling Bye:

April 30th, 1900.

You may have seen that when I was in Chicago I took the opportunity of saying that I would rather be in private life than to be Vice-President. I thought that this was putting it as emphatically as I could put it, and much less offensively than to say that I would not accept the position even if nominated; because the latter is an attitude which a man in active politics, who is sincerely devoted to his party, ought to be very wary about taking.

The qualities that make Cabot invaluable as a friend and invaluable as a public servant also make him quite unchangeable when he has determined that a certain course is right. There is no possible use in trying to make him see the affair as I look at it, because our points of view are different. He regards me as a man with a political career. If I felt that I really had any great chance of such a career I might very possibly take his view. The reason I do not take his view is that I am thoroughly convinced that American politics in general, but above all New York State politics, are of such a kaleidoscopic character, that it is worse than useless for a man of my means and my methods in political life to think of politics as a career.

This year we shall probably carry the Presidency, and because there is a presidential election, with Bryan against us, and only because of this, there is a chance of our carrying New York. Therefore, there is a chance of my being either Vice President or Governor. Personally, I regard the election of the Republican candidate for the former position as more likely than for the latter. But there is nothing to do as Vice President and there is a great deal to do as Governor, and as I believe the swing of the pendulum will inevitably take me out of public life at the next election after the one this year, even if not at this one, it therefore seems to me wise to try for the position where I can really accomplish something; for the only point to my mind in holding a position is to accomplish something in it.

Cabot feels that I have a career. The dear old goose actually regards me as a presidential possibility of the future, which always makes me thoroughly exasperated, because sooner or later it will have the effect of making other people think that I so regard myself and that therefore I am a ridiculous personage. He thinks that at any rate I could legitimately aspire to some such position as a cabinet officer, or, the one position I should really like, that of Governor General of the Philippines. Now he realizes that when I come a cropper in New York, it means in all probability the

end of any outside ambition, and he realizes that this cropper is perfectly certain to arrive sooner or later. There is at least an even chance of my being beaten for Governor this fall. Two years ago when I was in the first flush of my war honors I carried the State by less than 18,000 votes. This year a change of 9,000 votes would beat me. Now I have certainly alienated more than that number who voted for me, from the simple fact that with such a constituency as mine, and facing such difficulties as I have to face, I continually *have* to alienate men. The pharmacists want the regimental pharmacists to be made first lieutenants, which cannot be done without disorganizing all the grades; therefore, I have to alienate a number of good people who are generally for me. The labor unions want a certain course followed about the manufacture of school furniture; it is impossible to follow it without demoralizing the work in our prisons, and this costs me more votes. And so it goes with bill after bill. The wealthy corporations object to the franchise tax and are bitter against me in consequence. The federation of labor grows angry because I have out the militia with great promptness to prevent rioting in the strike at Croton Dam. The Machine men are with difficulty kept in line at all, and the more extreme among them mutter that they might as well have a Democrat, because I show no mercy to incompe-

tence and less than mercy to dishonesty; while on the other hand, the well meaning impracticables get disgusted because I consult with the Machine at all. So it goes, all the time, and I continually alienate little interests, while so far as I can see there is no one who voted against me before who I should have a right to expect would change his vote now. My chance of success therefore depends solely upon whether or not the feeling against Bryan is so strong that, among the democrats who will vote against him, there will be a sufficient number who will vote against the whole ticket, to offset any losses due to disaffection with me personally. Understand me. I think I am stronger probably than any other republican would be, but this is a democratic state, and we have against us the great sodden democratic mass and in addition scores of thousands of men who because they are mugwumps, or anti-expansionists, or mere impracticables at large, cannot be depended upon to back up a rational effort to do good work. The New York Democrats this year wish to win the Governorship at all hazards, because of the effect it will have for them in the councils of the party. They will put up the best candidate they can find and dropping the presidency will devote their whole attention to electing the Governor. I certainly think the chances are about even, if not in their favor.

This being so, Cabot from his standpoint is entirely right in not wishing to see me exposed to these chances. Moreover, he feels that if I am re-elected the same old trouble will begin of trying to keep the elements together, and that no matter how well I do, the mere swing of the pendulum will bring the Democrats to the front two years hence; so that in the middle of McKinley's second term this State will be turned against me, or rather against the local Republican organization; and this, even if I am able to avoid a split with the Machine or a smashup with the independents prior to that time.

I myself realize all these chances, but am not only willing, but anxious, to take them, as to my mind the final and conclusive consideration is that I do not want the Vice Presidency and that I would like to be Governor again because of the work there is in it.

Of course you will arrange so that I shall see a good deal of Cabot, or rather you need not arrange it, because I shall make my morning and afternoon hours conform to his. I am particularly anxious to see Arthur Lee and go over some of the military problems of this Boer War. I cannot understand Long's choice of an Assistant Secretary.

With love to Will.

Ever yours,

THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

STATE OF NEW YORK
EXECUTIVE CHAMBER
ALBANY

Dear Bye:

At Oyster Bay, June 25, 1900.

The thing could not be helped. There were two entirely different forces at work. The first was the desire to get me out of New York, partly because the machine naturally prefers some one more pliable, but mainly because of the corporations' or rather the big speculative corporations' unhealthy attitude toward me. This desire was absolutely unoperative as regards results, for I stood Mr. Platt and the machine on their heads when the trial of strength came and forced the entire New York delegation to declare for some one else. It was the feeling of the great bulk of the Republicans that I would strengthen the National ticket and they wanted me on it at all hazards. Mr. Hanna was quite as much opposed to my going on as Mr. Platt was to my staying off, but both were absolutely and utterly powerless. While of course I should have preferred to stay where there was more work, I would be both ungrateful and a fool not to be deeply touched by the way in which I was nominated. The vital thing in this election is to re-elect President McKinley and to this I shall bend all my energies. If we succeed, well and good, and as regards myself I shall try most

earnestly, and I most humbly hope not to forfeit the respect and good will of the people who put me in as Vice President. If we are beaten, my own disappointment will not be a drop in the ocean to my bitter regret and alarm for the Nation.

Give my warm love to Will; I hope he is getting better.

THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

STATE OF NEW YORK
EXECUTIVE CHAMBER
ALBANY

Darling Bye:

At Oyster Bay, August 18, 1900.

I wish I could accept but it is absolutely out of the question. I cannot leave Oyster Bay until I start on my Western trip, for I have to do some state business every day, and all the rest I can get I can best get here at Oyster Bay.

I don't like some aspects of the political campaign at all. I believe we shall pull through, and of course there is always a large element of which we know nothing, so that it is always possible that there is a hidden force that will make a clean sweep either one way or the other; but the combination of all the lunatics, all the idiots, all the knaves, all the cowards and all the honest people who are hopelessly slow-witted is a formidable one to overcome when backed by the solid South.

This is the combination that we now have to face. There is disaffection among the Irish and Germans, the disaffection being utterly unjustifiable. There is disaffection among the independents of the lunatic class under the lead of Carl Schurz, the Evening Post, etc., who, I am bound to say, in my judgment have done as much harm to the country as the worst Tammany men. Moreover, the best interests are curiously apathetic. They do not care to subscribe money. They take no interest in the campaign. In this State, Platt is going on the rule or ruin principle, acting with a folly almost as great as that of Carl Schurz or Godkin. So there is plenty of room for alarm. I think we shall win, of course events may take a turn that will make us win with a sweep; but at the present there are exceedingly ugly features in the situation.

Ever yours,

THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

CHICAGO, MILWAUKEE & ST. PAUL RAILWAY CO.
OFFICE OF THE PRESIDENT,
CHICAGO.

Darling Bye:

Dayton, O., Oct. 16th, 1900.

I have your note of the 12th and was delighted to hear from you. I can only send a line in response. Edith and the children had a perfectly wonderful and a perfectly delightful time with

you. Personally, I feel like a football man who has gone stale. Unless there is some incident that stimulates me, I go through a meeting now in a perfectly jaded manner. I am always afraid of my voice giving out.

Kiss cunning Sheffield for me and give my love to Will.

In great haste,

Ever yours, T. R.

During this campaign he had stipulated that he could not make more than two speeches a day, but found that the committee had committed him frequently to seven or eight, and although he could have kept to his original number he never did so, feeling that the committee would not suffer, but the people who had come miles to hear him would be disappointed.

X

VICE-PRESIDENT AND PRESIDENT

1901-1909

Sagamore Hill

Feb. 23d, 1901.

Darling Bye:

Sheffield shall have his mountain lion skin! I have had a thoroughly good time in every way.

Frederic Harrison, the English writer, who has a letter from Choate to me, will be in Washington on the 3d, 4th and 5th, at least I think the 5th, if that is the date of Kean's dinner, to which he is going. I particularly want to show him some attention, by preference to have him at a lunch or breakfast which shall include Lodge, Hay, Root and probably Long. Can you have such a breakfast, say on the 5th? (If Kean's dinner is really on that day.) I suppose the 4th would hardly do. Would nine be too early for the breakfast, or 9:30?

Love to Will.

Ever yours, T. R.

All the family were with Mrs. Cowles for the inauguration, including Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Robinson and some of their children. The breakfast was given, though, under somewhat trying circum-

stances, as before the hour appointed two florists from New York arrived to construct a floral tribute, for which there was no place large enough except the drawing-room. It was sent by a devoted admirer in New York, and the florist explained it had cost \$3,500, which was a great shock to the vice-president facing life on a small salary.

Oyster Bay, N. Y.

May 15th, 1901.

Darling Bye:

By the way, tell Griscom I should like very much to see Captain Younghusband, who I understand is with him. I was interested in his account of our troops at Manila and I want to hear something from him about the South African war.

We will arrive in Buffalo eight o'clock Sunday evening by the D. L. & W. Ry.

Ever yours,

THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

Captain Younghusband, now Sir George J. Younghusband, is at present the Governor of the Tower of London.

Darling Bye:

Buffalo, N. Y., Sept. 7, 1901.

Many thanks for the telegram. The President is coming along splendidly. The hideous thing about the affair is that under our law I question if more than ten years, which for good behavior

would have to be commuted to seven, can be given to the scoundrel who attempted the assassination. Awful though the crime was against the President, it was a thousand fold worse crime against this Republic and against free government all over the world.

I can now say definitely that I shall be at your house for October fourth, fifth and sixth.

I wish I knew any particular politician whom I could ask you to advise with about having any people meet me while there, but I shall have to trust to your own knowledge. You will ask both the Senators and the Governor, will you not?

Ever yours,

THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

After the death of President McKinley the *Hartford Courant* kindly had Mrs. Cowles informed of each new development and after the announcement of the taking of the oath, the statement came that Colonel Roosevelt was going to Washington, where he would remain as a guest at the house of Mrs. Cowles until Mrs. McKinley had had ample time to remove her possessions from the White House. Consequently Mrs. Cowles left for Washington on the Sunday night, meaning to go directly through, but on the way to the station received a telegram from Mrs. Roosevelt asking Mrs. Cowles to accompany her on Monday morn-

ing to Washington, where the President joined them on his arrival from Buffalo. Mr. and Mrs. Robinson also stayed at 1733 N Street during the first trying ten days of the administration, and at 1733 N Street the first cabinet meetings were held. The day that the funeral ceremonies at the Capitol took place, Mr. John Hay said to Mrs. Cowles as they were standing behind the President, "How strange it seems that I should be here in this position with your father's son." Mr. Hay had been an intimate friend of the first Theodore Roosevelt.

WHITE HOUSE,
WASHINGTON

Darling Bye:

October 16, 1902.

I was very much interested in Mr. Reid's letter. The situation in the coal strike has been as difficult as it well could be. I do not know that I have ever had a more puzzling or a more important problem to deal with. One great trouble was that the little world in which the operators moved was absolutely out of touch with the big world that included practically all the rest of the country. Without going so far as one prominent member of my Cabinet, who, in speaking of the Philippines, remarked that in his judgment, Manhattan was our most troublesome insular possession, I yet feel that in a peculiar degree New York is not representative of the country, and what is more

that almost each considerable section of New York is peculiarly unrepresentative of the State as a whole. The commercial and business world, the world of Wall Street, of the banks, of the big mercantile houses, and of the clubs, has absolutely no touch with the world of the East Side; just exactly as the little knots of idealistic reformers, who mean well but do not know, have no kind of touch with the great and rather sordid political machines of the city, which emphatically *do* know, and often do not mean well at all. The trouble with this particular coal strike was that the conditions were absolutely peculiar, because we dealt with a necessity of life. There would be no warrant in interfering under similar conditions in a strike of iron workers. Iron is not a necessity. But I could no more see misery and death come to the great masses of the people in our large cities and sit by idly, because under ordinary conditions a strike is not a subject for interference by the President, than I could sit by idly and see one man kill another without interference because there is no statutory duty imposed upon the President to interfere in such cases. Great though the questions involved were as between capital and labor, and vital though I deemed it that violence should be stamped out and the right of the non-union man or of anyone else to work without hindrance established, yet everything had to give way to the

prime necessity of saving the people as a whole from a fearful calamity—or rather, had to be postponed to thus saving them. When the calamity has been averted then the other question can be taken up. If the water supply of New York was deliberately polluted by the Governmental authorities so that the New Yorkers within twenty-four hours would be dying of thirst or of disease, then every other consideration would have to give way to bringing such a condition of affairs to an end. The trouble with the excellent gentlemen who said that they would far rather die of cold than yield on such a high principle as recognizing arbitration with these striking miners, was, that *they* were not in danger of dying of cold. They would pay extra for their coal and would get insufficient quantities and would suffer discomfort; but the poorer people around about them would and could get no coal and with them it would not be discomfort but acute misery and loss of life. In other words, these people really meant that they would rather somebody else should die of cold than that they should yield. Such a position was impossible.

Now the operators have acceded (and parenthetically, may Heaven preserve me from ever again dealing with so wooden-headed a set, when I wish to preserve their interests); and Mitchell has yielded. If the miners do not back him up, we have at any rate made an enormous stride in

advance, for we have the issue of right and wrong clearly defined, and I think that the strike will practically be broken. But I earnestly hope that the miners will back him up and that in a day or two the strike will be over.

It has been delightful to see so much of Will.

Affectionately yours,

THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

WHITE HOUSE,
WASHINGTON

At Oyster Bay, N. Y.,

August 24, 1903.

Darling Bye:

Your letter was very interesting. Tell Whitelaw Reid that there has been very strong pressure for General McCook from all kinds of interest, financial and political, the latter including, for instance, Senators Foraker, Platt, etc. I answered that the matter was already decided and that Taft had accepted; and that furthermore it was idle to press any man upon me for the Cabinet, because I would count it against any man who was so pressed for such a position. I had some funny experiences in this matter about which I shall tell you when I see you.

I am interested in what you said about the Sun's course. It is extraordinary how vicious the paper has become. It is frankly the organ of the criminal rich, quite as much so as the Journal is the organ

of the criminal poor. I wish The Tribune would show it up.

Will wrote a very amusing letter the other day. I do wish you could have been down here for the review of the fleet. I am delighted to know that Sheffield is rowing so well.

Ever yours,

THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

WHITE HOUSE,
WASHINGTON

Darling Bye: *At Oyster Bay, N. Y., August 26, 1903.*

I re-enclose the letter. Please read this letter to Mr. Reid.

I have had both from Mr. Fahnestock and from Mr. Stillman very interesting letters written along the line of the one the former sent Mr. Reid. I agree entirely with the position therein taken. Our currency system as a whole is good. We are on a sound money basis. It would be disastrous the year before a Presidential election to try to remodel our currency laws. Damage has been done to the business interests of the country by the well meaning enthusiasts who want a complete change in our banking system, apparently under the belief that some patent legislative device can be put into operation by which all panics in the business world, all shortage of money, and the

like, can forever be prevented. Possibly the English currency system is the soundest in the world, yet panics occur in England just as they do here. I personally believe that it would be well if we could have some measure of automatic elasticity which would allow us to increase our circulation when it was very desirable to do so. But the experts differ hopelessly among themselves as to what measure would be effective for this purpose, and where the big bankers themselves are entirely at sea I do not desire to see the matter agitated in Congress. Moreover, take such a matter as asset banking, to which some of our friends have committed themselves, I find that many of our people regard this as a scheme of inflation pure and simple. Even if they are in error it would be out of the question to adopt any such plan now. The business stress of the last three months has had not the slightest connection with the currency. It has been due in large part to over-speculation and over-capitalization. It is also partly due to the natural and inevitable reaction after boundless and confident hope—that is to psychological causes which are bound to work in the great modern business world where credit is all important and where credit depends upon confidence and upon the mental state of the average man. Now the average man's mental condition is certain to oscillate between too much and too little hope and

confidence, and no legislation can ever be devised that will prevent this oscillation. But when the oscillation occurs some people will at once clamor for financial legislation to relieve it, just as the farmers, and the people generally, in the arid regions demanded free silver because painful experiment had convinced them of the truth that crops could not grow in regions of inadequate rainfall; just as shiftless people, headed by some theorists and some sinister demagogues, and followed by some misguided honest men, demanded greenbacks on the theory that what they needed was more money, whereas the truth was they needed more collateral—that is more of what could only be obtained by energy, industry, thrift and horse-sense. All these states of mind are identical, although the assertion of this fact would shock many excellent business people who during the last sixty days have, in nervous panic, been demanding that the President and the Secretary of the Treasury should “do something” (indefinite) for them, or have been asserting that the Bureau of Corporations, forsooth, was responsible for the stringency in the money market—a statement about as intelligent as that it was due to the precession of the equinoxes or the position of the Great Bear at three o’clock in the morning.

Most emphatically we need to have preached the fact that our currency system is on the whole

a good one; that we need merely some simple remedial legislation, and above all nothing revolutionary. The only effect this administration has had as regards the panic has been that the action in the Northern Securities suit undoubtedly stopped a movement for the wildest speculation in railroad and similar combinations—a speculation which would have resulted probably by this time in a real panic—not such a stringency as we have seen this summer but a time of disaster like 1873 and 1893.

Ever yours,

THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

WHITE HOUSE,
WASHINGTON

Darling Bye:

Oct. 28th, 1903.

Will wrote me the very dearest note; I send it to you. Send it back to me; I wish to keep it. The blessed old fellow.

I was so glad to hear from you. Give my warm regards to the Reids; tell the Ambassador that I have saved up half a dozen rather important matters concerning which I wish him to be fully informed; but there is no immediate hurry about them. Will he be down here this fall? Before Christmas?

I am anxious to see Sheffield; the little fellow must have grown greatly.

Your own brother, T. R.

WHITE HOUSE,
WASHINGTON.

Darling Bye:

July 30, 1904.

We have appointed Admiral Converse. On the whole it seemed best, if we passed by Evans, not to go below an admiral's grade. Morton is taking hold well.

By the way, I took him and Metcalf for a scramble down Rock Creek yesterday. They both thought they were good walkers, forgetting that when a man is in the late forties he finds the term "a good walker" very different from what it was in the early twenties. They were distinctly limp long before the end. I wish you could have seen Moody's delight over what he termed "the initiation of the two new members of the Cabinet!"

Edith and I are having a really lovely time in Washington. The house is delightful. We breakfast on the portico, and then stroll through the garden; and at night we walk through the garden or on the terraces. Tomorrow we intend to cut church, and to ride out to Burnt Mills to spend the day, walking through the gorge, and come back in the evening. I certainly do not know any one quite like Edith. She spent part of the last hour before we left Oyster Bay in reading Shakespeare's King John aloud with Ethel and Ted, each taking one or more parts—both of the chil-

dren being delighted when it fell to "Mother" to speak as the executioner!

I cannot over-state how much I enjoyed your visit, not only for the sake of seeing you, but for the sake of having Sheffield with the children. I feel it was an excellent thing in every way, and I believe the little fellow enjoyed himself.

The next three months will be wearing at times. I have no idea what the outcome will be, and I know that, as I shall hear little but what is favorable, it will be impossible for me to tell. However, come what may, I have achieved certain substantial results, have made an honorable name to leave the children, and will have completed by March 4th next pretty nearly seven years of work, (dating from the time I became lieutenant colonel of my regiment) which has been of absorbing interest and of real importance. So, while if defeated, I shall feel disappointed, yet I shall also feel that I have had far more happiness and success than fall to any but a very few men; and this aside from the infinitely more important fact that I have had the happiest home life of any man whom I have ever known.

Give my love to Will when you write him.

Ever yours,

THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

WHITE HOUSE,
WASHINGTON.

Darling Bye:

August 11, 1904.

I would not know how to advise about those docks. I know nothing about them. Personally I think that while I am President a lawyer who has not our name would do better work and there would be less chance of talk in connection with it. I think if John were employed, while everything might go smoothly, there would be a chance that Tammany would see its way to try to make capital of his being employed by the President's sister, and they might make a great virtue of turning him down.

I read Parker's speech much as you do. He is endeavoring to show that he will make no change in the government and can therefore be trusted. If one did not know the manifold intricacies of the human mind one would think it would be impossible to persuade the people to vote for one man in order to turn out another when the first man is chiefly employed in trying to give the impression that he will not do anything different from what the other has done.

You said exactly what was right about Root.

Ever yours,

THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

*Oyster Bay, N. Y.,
August 21, 1904.*

Darling Bye:

Mr. Mills is right about Nevada. If no money was used I think I would carry the State, for the average Nevada man likes me more than he does Parker; but it has been very much debauched by money, as has Montana—Newlands doing for it what Clark has done in Montana, and I shall be in luck if I carry either State. I am not counting on either.

The Reids have been true friends. If the election took place next Tuesday I believe I should carry New York, but no one can tell what changes will occur, and trouble over the Governorship may upset everything.

Will you give my warm regards to your guide, and tell him that a comrade of a little war greets him as a comrade of a big war, and that through him I would like to send my greeting to his post of the G. A. R.? Also, give my personal regards to the man who runs the Cutting launch, and say how pleased I was to hear from him. Perhaps if you would show them this letter it would make them realize more than if you just tell the fact that I have sent them this message.

Ever yours,

THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

P. S. I liked the cheese scoop immensely and enclose a letter to Sheffield.

Sagamore Hill
Aug. 21, 1904.

Blessed Sheffield,

I was so much surprised and so much pleased with the beautiful cheese-scoop. I like it so much; and it is just what I needed. I thank you—and
 (aside)

your dear mother!!! (the real donor)—very much.

I wish you were here to play in the old barn and go swimming. Quentin now goes down to Aunt Lizzie's all alone. He has a new boat, a toy sail boat, with which he is delighted. He swims quite well. Tomorrow we all go off on a picnic.

Your loving

UNCLE THEODORE.

WHITE HOUSE
 WASHINGTON

Darling Bye:

October 18, 1904.

I am awfully pleased that dear old Will is coming back to vote for me. It was such a pleasure catching a glimpse of him here. What a cunning mite Sheffield is! Quentin also is growing more and more cunning every day. The chief times that I see him and Archie are at breakfast, which Edith and I take with the children. We do not let any of our guests, if we have them, come down to that meal.

That is a very nice sentence from Morley which Gillett is going to quote about me. Nobody can tell anything about the election. Things look favorable at present and I hope we shall win, but we won't be able to tell until the votes are in. On election night Edith intends to have the members of the Cabinet around, and we intend to have a little feast which can be turned into a festival of rejoicing or into a wake, as circumstances warrant !

Ever yours,

THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

Mrs. Cowles was with them at that time.

WHITE HOUSE,
WASHINGTON.

Blessed little Sheffield

March 29, 1905.

Your Aunt Edith and I have felt dreadfully sorry about you; and so have Quentin and Archie and Ethel. I hope you are feeling a little better now. Kermit says I ought to send you a picture letter, because my children used to like to get one.

Your loving

UNCLE THEODORE

The picture letter is reproduced in facsimile.

THE WHITE HOUSE
WASHINGTON.

*At Oyster Bay, N. Y.,
September 1, 1905.*

Darling Bye:

I thank you for your note. It is a great relief to have the peace business off my mind.

Tell Will when you see him or write him that in strict confidence he can inform Admiral Evans that I shall give them both the real reason for not letting the squadron come to New York when I see them, and that meanwhile I should have supposed that Admiral Evans would have known that I would not have altered the plan about having them go there without some good cause.

Ever yours,

THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

THE WHITE HOUSE,
WASHINGTON

Darling Bye:

May 20, 1906.

The rate bill went through in fine shape. It has been strengthened in the Senate and will now undoubtedly pass substantially in its present form. I shall be kept here a long time, however, for there is an ugly fight coming over the Panama Canal, which is even more important than the rate bill, and I do not see how Congress can get away before the 1st of July, and perhaps not then. The navy bill seems to be in pretty fair shape.

I received Whitelaw Reid's letter to you about that Indian prince and princess. Root, I think, will have him to lunch. Root is going to find out from the Japanese Ambassador, as well as from the British Embassy, whether there is any objection from either standpoint to having them at my dinner next week to the Japanese Ambassador. By the way, the Japanese Ambassador brought me the most beautiful suit of armor, worn by one of the old Damios, as a present from the Emperor, and for Edith a lovely lacquer work box as a present from the Empress.

Your loving brother,
THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

WHITE HOUSE
WASHINGTON.

Darling Bye:

January 22, 1907.

Your note received. Have Alsop down on that day by all means. I think it would be particularly pleasant. I think Bob Bacon and I between us have sent just the right answers to the British Government. The British Government has behaved very well under very trying and mortifying circumstances, and we have endeavored to be just as gentlemanly and considerate as possible in response.

Ever yours,
THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

THE WHITE HOUSE,
WASHINGTON

Darling Bye:

December 25, 1907.

That is a beautiful lamp, just the thing I wanted for the north room. I am so much obliged to you for it. I wish Sheffield could have been down here for Christmas. We kept Christmas in the usual style. At seven o'clock we were awakened by the children hammering on the door and they all, including Alice and Nick, came in and sat on the bed and opened their stockings. Scamp, Edith's little dog, was so wildly excited he finally had to be sent downstairs. After breakfast we went into the library and each child had his or her table with presents, just as all of us grown-ups used to when we were small. We then took a three hours' ride, rather on the order of Caldecots Huntbatch family—Ted, Kermit, Ethel and myself with Fitz Lee, Cabot Lodge and Elihu Root. I varied between Lodge and Root and the quartet of younger people, who kept up a perfectly ceaseless chatter about everything, ranging from horses and the deeds and misdeeds of their intimate friends to poetry of every kind and description, which for the most part they repeated in unison. — is not strong on literature; but the three children showed a perfectly astonishing knowledge of certain poets; they all read a great deal. We had some firstclass gallops, but very little jumping, as it was

so slippery. At lunch we had all our own connections and the Lodge connections and the Cooley family, including Sunny Jim, who is too cunning for anything. Afterwards there was a Christmas tree of Archie's. Then Cooley, M. Jusserand, Ted, Kermit and I played tennis for an hour and a half.

With love to Will.

Faithfully yours,

THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

THE WHITE HOUSE,
WASHINGTON.

Dear Will:

June 10, 1908.

I have already arranged for you to continue at the head of your office until the close of my term. I am delighted at Winslow's request to you, and I earnestly hope you will go. I would particularly like to have an Admiral at the Quebec celebration; and I should particularly like to have you fly your flag, if only for a day or two.

Love to Anna and Sheffield.

Ever yours, T. R.

P. S. I have spoken particularly to Taft about your career when I leave.

THE WHITE HOUSE,
WASHINGTON

At Oyster Bay, N. Y.,

June 22, 1908.

Darling Bye:

Yes, Cabot did splendidly at that Convention. I am very much pleased with the result; and now, as regards myself, I am already looking away from politics and toward Africa. When I am thru with a thing I am thru with it; and as long as I have power to work I want to turn heart and soul to the next bit of work to be done. With the life I have led it is unlikely that I shall retain vigor to a very advanced age, and I want to take the African trip as a mere holiday, and I am trying to arrange, and hope to succeed in arranging, that I shall go on a regular scientific trip representing, say, the National Museum, with one or two professional field taxidermists to cure the trophies and arrange for their transport back to this country.

Love to dear little Sheffield. All our boys are now back here. Ted seems to have done well and I am pleased with him. He is glad to get out of college and glad to get to work. I am pleased, for instance, to find the amusement with which he greets the suggestion of people that he should go to Africa with me instead of "holding down his job" here.

Your loving brother,

THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

THE WHITE HOUSE,
WASHINGTON.

At Oyster Bay, N. Y.

September 21, 1908.

Darling Bye:

I am extremely pleased that Joe Alsop was nominated for State Senator. Give him my hearty congratulations and tell him that they are genuine and not in the least perfunctory. I grow to value more and more highly men who with entire courage and honesty, combine cool good sense and capacity for hard, steady, efficient work. He is the kind of man I would like to have near me if I were beginning instead of ending the administration.

Mabel Boardman is a trump! of course it will be a pleasure to see Pierrepont. I suppose the truth is I am not very sympathetic about diplomacy. There are a few exceptions; but taking it by and large, it is the Joe Alsops and not the young gentlemen at foreign courts, whose careers appeal to me.

As for Foraker, this of course absolutely justifies my attitude about him. Personally, I wish Taft would hit harder, would smash into Bryan in effective fashion, and would openly repudiate Foraker and express his abhorrence of him. But each man must play the game his own way.

Love to Will. I hope his cold will soon be better.

Ever yours,

THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

Joseph Wright Alsop of Woodford Farm, Avon, Connecticut, married the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Robinson.

THE WHITE HOUSE,
WASHINGTON.

Darling Bye:

November 10, 1908.

It was good to hear from you. Joe did remarkably well. It is sometimes a great credit to a man that he can not carry his own particular town, where he has had to make such a fight as Joe did against that saloon-keeper. I sympathize with Judge Holcomb's view about Lilley. Loeb and I have always stood by Lilley, not that we thought he was wise and discreet, but that he had a very corrupt gang against him. I am mighty glad to hear about Goodwin and Tilson. I can not say how nice it has been having Will at lunch and dinner and how deeply attached I am to him. He is just one of the truest and most loyal souls that ever breathed and Edith and I are perfectly devoted to him.

Your loving brother,
T. R.

THE WHITE HOUSE,
WASHINGTON.

Darling Bye:

November 20, 1908.

Indeed that is a very touching letter of Mrs. M——'s, and I wish you would send her this in

response. I hate to have to answer as I must, but I simply do not know a ranch-man to whom I could write for her son. As a matter of fact, I know no ranch-men now at all. All I could do would be to inquire thru certain Western friends; but the friends thru whom I would inquire are men who certainly would not know of any ranch on which it was desirable to place a boy with the idea that he would be out of temptation. Indeed, I think a ranch by no means a good place for a boy who has any temptation to drink. Moreover, it must be remembered that there is absolutely no work which the average young Easterner, not trained to out of door labor, can do on a ranch. The only ranches I know are cattle ranches. A man is of no use whatever on a cattle ranch, on the contrary he is a source of expense and trouble, unless he is a first-class rider and knows the West. No good ranch will take a man who comes short in these respects, and therefore a boy like Mrs. M——'s would either have to go to a second-rate ranch where they are willing to have young fellows with no knowledge, provided they will pay for their keep, or else to some ranch like that on which Jack Roosevelt was, where young men are taught the business just as they are taught any other occupation, and pay for their teaching. The only thing I can suggest at all is that you write to Emlen and find out about the ranch on which

Jack Roosevelt was, and then give the facts to Mrs. M—— to see if she would care to send the boy there.

(Part of letter missing.)

XI

THE PRIVATE CITIZEN, IN AFRICA AND AT HOME

1909-1913

OFFICE OF
THEODORE ROOSEVELT

THE OUTLOOK
287 FOURTH AVE.,
NEW YORK

Darling Bye:

March 9th, 1909.

Just a line, for the mail is so frightful that we are almost worked to death. The country has been too lovely for anything, and we could not have had a pleasanter home-coming. I wanted to be here in late Winter; and it is late Winter, and at night under the full moon the snow-covered landscape is beautiful beyond description. Good Ethel had the house as comfortable as possible for us, and really it is a lovely house. I am dictating this in the North Room, with the big logs blazing on the hearth. So lovely is it that I am utterly unable to miss the White House, and though I miss very much the friends that I used to see at the White House, I am very glad to be home. Edith is already rested.

Love to all,

Ever yours, T. R.

An Bord

des Dampfers "Hamburg"

den March 27th. 1909. Hamburg-Amerika Linie.

Darling Bye:

What trumps you and blessed old Will have been! Give him my love. I shan't write often, for I won't be able to; but I'll write whenever I can.

We are very well fixed here indeed; our rooms are not merely comfortable, but luxurious. Kermit is the perfection of a traveling companion. Most of the people aboard are Americans and most of them by this time have spoken to me; for of course I have connections with almost every part of the Union. The railroad official who once took me to Pittsburg; the clergyman from the iron regions whose parishioners swear by me; the lady from New Hampshire who came to the White House children's conference; the fighting, horse-racing, pleasant adventurer who is an ex-English army officer; the Indiana man who is going to Afghanistan and is himself an adventurer of a slightly more trustworthy kind; the editor of a Minneapolis grain paper who has an excellent taste in literature; the Kentuckian who is an uncle of "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch"—with all of them I exchange civilities which make them think they would like to know me better, which I'll see that they don't. Mrs. Draper and Mrs. Putnam are also on board; and I have enjoyed seeing them.

Our three naturalists are thoroughly good men and I am well pleased with them.

I have read a great deal; one day we were both rather seasick; and we are getting along distinctly better than I thought we should, although it would be untruthful to say that I ever enjoy a sea voyage.

Give my love to Sheffield; I wish I could have seen the sturdykins before I left.

YOUR LOVING BROTHER.

DEUTSCHE OST-AFRIKA-LINIE

HAMBURG

R. P. D. ADMIRAL

Darling Bye:

April 13, 1909.

An ocean voyage is to me always irksome; but of course the only thing to do is to enjoy it as much as possible: and this has been easy enough in the present instance.

On the Hamburg, the people were mostly Americans from all parts of the Union, and of all sorts and conditions. Of course an active man who has been President has all kinds of connections and affiliations in almost every locality; and there was hardly a man or woman aboard who did not turn out to be a friend of somebody I knew. All I did was to be ordinarily decent and courteous; but they were evidently much pleased to have me aboard, and towards the last, passed resolutions in my honor. The Azores were very interesting—

so quaint and old-world. At Gibraltar, the Governor, an old English General, of the best kind, who looked as if he had walked out of Kipling, was very polite; a pleasant niece gave me tea in the mansion or palace, and the Governor and his nice Kipling-like aides, showed me what there was to see.

At Naples, Emily and Laura met us. Griscom, what a good fellow he is, met me and did everything for me. The Duchess d'Aosta had made him promise to bring me out; and so, though very shabbily clad, out I went to the Capo di Monte Palace. First I was ushered in to see the Duke alone, apparently he and she wished to see me separately. With each of them I finally had to get up myself, as in each case it became evident that otherwise I should be kept until I could not possibly do the things I had to do.

The present boat is very comfortable, too. The Kaiser sent me flowers and a "Weidmannsheil" telegram; an Austrian Archduke sent me a very kind letter, putting his house at Alexandria at my disposal. We stopped at Messina. The scene is terrible beyond description and the efforts to better things are being made in a heart-broken, ineffective way. The Italian King was there on a battle-ship and sent for me to come aboard; he is very pleasant, well read and altogether a good fellow. It was enough to make one glow with pride

to see how our little group of officers and men from the Navy were doing their work; they were so cheerful, ready and absolutely efficient; they had literally done more than the Italians themselves, or than all the other Europeans combined.

At Port Said various people met me, including the aide of the Khedive. There is a polyglot crowd aboard this steamer, but very pleasant. Kermit is the very dearest travelling companion that can be imagined.

Love to that old trump Will and to blessed Sheffield.

YOUR LOVING BROTHER.

Juja Farm,

Nairobi, May 19th, 1909.

British East Africa.

Darling Bye:

Here I am absolutely contented except of course that I am dreadfully homesick for Edie; and I hardly know a thing which is going on in the outer world. The hunt has been very successful, so far. Our joint bag includes Lion, Leopard, Hyena, Rhino, Hippo, Giraffe, Eland, Zebra, Warthog and various kinds of Antelope. The three naturalists are splendid fellows; we are really fond of them and they are doing great work. We have been in the settled country, and have had no hardships. Indeed, so far, African travelling has proved rather luxurious than otherwise, for I go on horseback, having two horses, each with its

syce, and there are two tent boys who represent an even nearer approach to a valet than a good many at home. We stayed some time at the ranch of Sir Alfred Pease, who is a perfect trump, and now we are staying at the really beautiful and comfortable farm of Mr. and Mrs. McMillan—you know all their McMillan cousins well. They are more than kind and hospitable and our lives are fairly luxurious. What queer contrasts the life affords! After returning from hunting today, I am sitting on the cool verandah of a very nice house with a beautiful garden around it. The three native gardeners working in it are savages, their ears slit and stretched in such fantastic shapes that they can put all kinds of bright objects in the lobes, and one of them, actually, at this moment, is carrying a tin can thrust through his ear lobe; they have blankets, but as they wear nothing else whatever, excepting brass bracelets and frequently put their blankets around their necks or heads, they are but a slight addition to decorum.

I have been as well as possible and so has Kermit. Tell Will that I am really proud of Kermit. He is not a good shot but he is an excellent horseman and walker, and is exceedingly cool and daring. Two days ago he killed a leopard which charged him twice, but he stopped it each time; it got and mauled one of our beaters. I am not a

good shot either, but I have bagged a good deal of game during the past two weeks, far more than I had any idea on coming out of there being any possibility of getting.

Give my love to Sheffield and to old Will.

YOUR LOVING BROTHER.

On Safari

June 21st, 1909.

Darling Bye:

We have had a fine trip to the Sotik, as this part of the country is called; and certainly life in this particular wilderness is delightful. For the two months we have been here there has been no hardship at all; Kermit is as fit as possible, and I am in burly health. The climate is delightful; the nights are so cool as to make warm blankets a necessity, altho we have to be a little careful of the sun at noon. My two tent boys are really the only valets I have ever had, bar Edith's maid; and my tent is so comfortable (a warm bath and a cup of tea always ready for me when I come in after the day's hunt) and the food is so good, that I feel rather as if I was having more luxury than was good for me. Then the hunting is done with the aid of a horse, so that tho I may be out from five to fifteen hours, I am never more than pleasantly tired. Moreover, we have lots of books and my writing, tho now and then a bothersome task, is usually an occupation that gives point to the

whole trip, and even more point is given by the fact that the naturalists preserve whatever I kill.

Finally, this is as regards the multitude and variety of game a real hunters' paradise. So no wonder I enjoy it. But how glad I shall be to get home! Kermit is a delightful companion, and his only fault is that he is altogether too daring or reckless. It is curious how much he resembles Bob Ferguson in character. He killed a fine maned lion the other day; and his marksmanship, his weak point, is steadily improving. Our game bag so far includes over a hundred animals, ranging from rhinoceros and giraffe to a tiny antelope no bigger than a hare. I have sent six chapters to Scribner's; I have no idea whether they are good or not. I have not looked at a newspaper since I left home.

Give my warmest love to Will and to blessed Sheffield.

YOUR LOVING BROTHER.

P. S. July 1st. Your letter has just come and interested me greatly.

Juja Farm,

Nairobi, July 27, 1909.

British East Africa.

Darling Bye:

Really people have been too kind for anything. At the moment we have come back to Nairobi to refit, and are staying in the McMillan house, a most comfortable one-storied building, surrounded by a broad piazza with a concrete floor, and a

beautiful flower garden around it. We were very comfortable while on safari, but still one gets tired of the eternal buck, cooked under the conditions of camp life, and it is a pleasure to have an interlude of thoroughly civilized life. McMillan is the kindest and most hospitable of hosts.

Kermit intends to ride in the races this week. He is really an excellent horseman, and one of the hardiest men and best walkers I have ever been out with. I shall not attempt to tell you of my hunting expeditions; I expect that by October they will begin to appear in Scribner's. We have certainly had very good luck, partly because everyone has done everything possible for us, and partly because fortune has favored us; then, in addition, it is fair to say that Kermit works very hard and I burn straight powder.

I have sent Scribner's eight articles already and shall only send them four to six more for the entire trip. I have worked very hard over these articles, but of course have no idea whether they will strike Scribner's or the general public favorably.

Give my love to Will. I had a very interesting letter from Cabot the other day. In a week we start for the north, and it may be, Bye, that I shall not be able to write you again, for it is very hard to write in camp, and I cannot always make opportunities.

Your loving brother, T. R.

*On Safari (and my ink and writing
paper have given out)*

Oct. 17th, 1909.

Darling Bye,

I have just received a month's mail, including two letters from you. I was of course inexpressibly shocked and grieved by Bay's death. Poor Nannie and Cabot! I wish I were at least on the same side of the water with them; I would be a little comfort to Cabot, and I would just refuse to let Nannie be forced to see me. As for darling —, it is a perpetual heartbreak. She wrote me a dear letter; but evidently she is still unable to face or overcome her grief. I hardly knew how to write her in return; nothing I could say would *comfort* her; and as yet it hardly seemed that the time had come when anything I could say would *strengthen* her. If I were about to die, I should be sorry not to feel that those I loved would mourn me; but I should be still more sorry to feel that they would be broken and beaten down by grief and would not in every way strive to enjoy and make the most of life. Cherish tenderly the memories of the dead; but all that can be done for anyone must be done while he or she is living; grief in no way helps the dead; and tho one never gets over such grief, yet at least we can recognize that over-indulgence in it is wrong. In —'s case her extraordinary unselfishness and constant thought for others have borne her through the bitter months when she

simply *could* not for her own sake conquer her sorrow; now I hope that the voyage and time and all her many interests will help her. But, normally, we may as well make up our minds that as we grow old blows will fall upon us; in their last years, this is the lot of all but a very few; and while it is foolish to pretend not to mind the blows, it is best to bear them bravely.

Our trip continues to be successful. Kermit has been off by himself with Tarlton for practically two months; he is now a better hunter than I am, for twenty is hardier and more active and endowed with better eyes than fifty-one. I hope that in my articles I have been able measurably to reproduce what we have seen, and the wonder and charm of the life. In mid-December we leave East Africa for Uganda and the Nile, and then our time of discomfort and trouble begins.

Give my love to blessed Sheffield. I am always interested to hear what Will is doing.

YOUR LOVING BROTHER.

P. S. That Peary reached the Pole I am sure; whether or not Cook did I can't say, for Cook, though a capable man, is a fake.

Nairobi

Dec. 17th, 1909.

Darling Bye:

It was dear of you to cable. We are as well as possible; and certainly the trip has been most suc-

cessful. Kermit has become a really notable hunter, and has accomplished feats that would have been utterly beyond me even in my prime. I do wish I could see you and Will and Sheffield next week! And of course I am frightfully homesick for Edie and the children.

Apparently my articles have done well, and I hope that the book when it appears will represent, in a very mild way, a certain amount of permanent achievement.

There are a certain number of the people I have met here of whom I am really fond; two of the women, Lady Delamere and Mrs. Sanderson, are delightful.

I am rather bothered by everyone writing that I must not come back until after the fall elections; in the abstract they are right, but in the concrete I haven't the slightest intention of allowing myself and poor Edie to be kept longer away from our home and children. I do not entirely understand the political situation at home in its larger aspects.

Your devoted brother, T. R.

P. S. I can't imagine anything more satisfactory than the marriage of Joe and Corinne.

Joseph Wright Alsop and Corinne Robinson.

On the Upper Nile,

Jan. 21st, 1910.

Darling Bye:

Here we are, at the zenith of our trip, and of our good fortune in the trip. We are camped on the brink of the Nile, in the Lado region and are about to start for a week's sojourn inland. We have gotten six of the square-mouthed, or so-called white, rhinoceros, the animal I most wanted; and our tale of big game is now full. This is the heart of wild Africa; there are not even natives anywhere near us; and the natives are naked savages of a very primitive type, where there are any. I suppose that Kermit and I *must* be taken down with some fever or other sickness soon; but so far Kermit has been in robust health and as hard as nails, while I have not for years passed nine months of such good health as the last nine here in Africa. Tell Sheffield that he would be immensely interested in the birds here. Some of them have all the colors of the rainbow. Yesterday, in a morning's hunt from camp, I shot a crocodile, a bustard as big as a big turkey and three antelope, all of different kinds.

A cable was sent me by the United Press saying that Gifford Pinchot has been dismissed; I cannot believe that it is true.

Give my love to the very nice Alsops; and especially to Will and Sheffield. I am *very* eager to see Edie.

YOUR LOVING BROTHER.

Aboard the "Ibis" Shellal,

March 19, 1910.

Darling Bye:

I have been most concerned to hear from Edith how sick you have been. I earnestly hope you are now better. This morning I received Sheffield's two delightful letters, one written as your amanuensis, and his own. As you know, entirely apart from his being my nephew, Sheffield has always peculiarly appealed to me. I think he is a little trump.

I am simply driven to death now and would literally be unable to do anything at all if Lawrence Abbott and Cal O'Laughlin had not volunteered as secretaries, which means such an infinity of trouble and labor to them that if I were not quite shameless I should refuse to let them act. I am really grateful to you for reminding me about the Countess Hilda. I had forgotten her name. The English authorities have done everything for us here. I am greatly amused at finding that they hail me as half ally, half teacher and are wild to have me instruct the Egyptians here, and their own people at home, what the facts are.

Give my love to William.

Your loving brother,

THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

The Countess Hilda Francesetti had translated into Italian "The Strenuous Life."

THE OUTLOOK

OFFICE OF
THEODORE ROOSEVELT

Darling Bye:

August 10, 1910.

It was such a pleasure to have you here.

Franklin ought to go in politics without the least regard as to where I speak or don't speak. At present I have no intention of speaking in his county, but of course I can not tell about the future. He is a fine fellow; but I wish he had Joe's political views.

Tell Sheffield I am coming next spring to Farmington and I expect him to bring me to where I can hear the bob-o-links sing—we have no bob-o-links in this neighborhood.

I have really more work on hand than I can attend to; and as my throat is not in good shape I look forward with genuine dread to my trip West. My correspondence is an intolerable burden; such multitudes of good people write me; and when I go on a trip now I am bothered to death, for I have all the demands made upon me that used to be made when I was President and no way of protecting myself.

Ever yours, T. R.

P. S. I am much interested about the Cochranes.

THE OUTLOOK
OFFICE OF
THEODORE ROOSEVELT

Darling Anna & Will:

November 11, 1910.

It was fine to get the note from both of you! I am so glad Joe pulled through all straight. Well, about all I have to say is what I have written Ted, "Every dog has his day; but the nights belong to the cats."

Lovingly yours, T. R.

THE OUTLOOK
OFFICE OF
THEODORE ROOSEVELT

Darling Bye:

June 29th 1911.

I wrote to Mr. ——— direct. The good fellow! Naturally he cannot understand that there are literally thousands of libraries, museums and the like in the United States which are being dedicated all the time, and that it would be wild folly for me to accept any single invitation to the dedication of any one of them as something to be done by and of itself. It is really curious to see how impossible it is for good people to have any understanding, even the slightest, of what they ask other people to do. Without any reference to me personally, it would be very much worse than nonsensical conduct for an ex-President of the United

States to keep traveling around giving lectures, or making opening addresses for all kinds of worthy objects, each of which was of concern only to a small community, unless he had some special and intimate relation with the case which would justify his conduct. You would be amused to know the number of people that write me to come and make addresses for little struggling churches, or to speak to Sunday Schools, or local Christian Endeavor meetings. I have spoken in almost every State of the Union since I returned, which I was anxious to do, in order to thank our people as a whole, so to speak. From now on I am going to do my best never to speak excepting on a day or an occasion or for a cause which will render the speech one not really to the audience addressed, but to a National audience.

I spent a thoroughly happy thirty-six hours at Farmington, and the visit was satisfactory in every way. I saw you, and Will, and Sheffield and Joe, and Corinne, which was the main object. Then I really enjoyed meeting a number of the people, and I shall always be glad that you took me to the Popes house, and that Joe showed me just exactly what he did of the tobacco industry. The Popes house seemed to me almost the ideal of what an American country house should be.

But of course the main thing was seeing you. I do hope you can get down here in September or

October, but I am most anxious that you shall not do anything that will tire you in any way. As for woman suffrage, I have never said very much about it, and always to the same effect, that I tepidly favored its application wherever it was shown to be desired by the majority of the women themselves, but that I did not regard it as a reform of much consequence, nothing like as important as any number of others, for I thought it would do only the tiniest fraction of the good that is anticipated—although I do not think it will do any of the harm that is anticipated.

With dearest love,

Ever yours, T. R.

The woman suffrage allusions refer to the fact that Mrs. Cowles was anti-suffrage.

OFFICE OF
THEODORE ROOSEVELT

THE OUTLOOK

Dear Will:

July 28th, 1911.

The peaches were delicious. I didn't know whom they came from for some time. I wrote Corinne a report of the present condition of the Roosevelts in this neck of the woods. It was fine to have you here, and I only wish there had been more amusement for you. Teresa is spending a few days with Edith and is apparently happy, although her only

amusement outside the house is bathing. I see the President assumes the entire responsibility for the Controller Bay matter. I am sure he meant to act with full regard for the interest of the people. The trouble is that he really knew nothing about the whole subject and took no interest in it, and when he dismissed Garfield from the Interior Department and replaced him by Ballinger, he had insured trouble for the people and trouble for himself.

Ever yours, THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

THE OUTLOOK

Darling Bye:

August 8th, 1911.

It was fine to get your letter! Our people have a curious lack in that very important department of life which the French call *savoir vivre*. We know much more about it and practise it much more efficiently than we did fifty years ago, for instance, as a whole; but there are classes of the community that have actually gone back—the Southern planters, for instance, and there are other classes that have not shared in the forward movement. One reason why such hordes of our people drift aimlessly and vapidly over to Europe, journeying through Egypt, Palestine, Greece and Italy in those sad, unutterably dreary companies which have probably been made immortal by Mark

Twain, is that they have not any similar amusement provided for them at home. Of course they ought to have tennis courts, a golf course and everything of the kind at the dreary hotel to which you have just been; for otherwise people will not go there permanently to drink the waters. In the same way, Oyster Bay ought to have a park with a bandstand and a Y. M. C. A., and tennis courts and everything of the kind; but they have not got anything; and the very clergymen who profess especially to be shocked about the saloons are quite apt to assail any movement which will give the saloons any possible rivalry. Edith and Ethel are now going into a movement to see if we cannot help some of the leading villagers to supply at least certain of these deficiencies.

We are leading a very quiet and very happy summer. Archie is studying very hard, I fear almost too hard. Excepting Ted the year before he went to Harvard, I have never known any of our boys to study for any length of time as Archie has been studying this summer. Every evening he passes "Half Hours with Father Bright-Hopes" so to speak, in the shape of lessons by me on civics, illustrated abundantly out of my own checkered career and on classic history, as to which with iron firmness I seek to control my own views and instil into him for examination purposes the often entirely opposite views of the text books.

Quentin is a funny little soul. He is always cheerful and good tempered, and the great majority of his pursuits are purely mechanical; but he has his own original ways. He does not really care for exercise, but on the authority of colored James, I can state that he catches and bats well, although scandalously deficient in the matter of base running. He rides Edith's huge horse with much enjoyment, but with none of the natural taste for horsemanship that the other three boys have. The other day he got himself up in armor of partial proof and tried to start a beehive, by plundering a nest of bees in the hollow of a large dead chestnut tree. He was fairly successful and thoroughly enjoyed himself, not caring in the least for occasional stings. Edith had her fiftieth birthday the day before yesterday. We all gave her presents, with all of which she was delighted; which does not always happen with Edith, as occasionally she shares our own mother's way of looking at a present of which she does not approve. We ride together and row together. I play tennis on a footing of equality with Ethel and Phil, and as a normally patient but sometimes suddenly short-tempered superior and teacher with Archie and Quentin. I have written to Corinne by this mail.

Ever yours, T. R.

THE OUTLOOK

Dear Will:

October 27th, 1911.

I am amused and interested with Bryce's questions to you, and really I am surprised that a man as sensible as he is should ask such questions. In the first place, when he asks us whom we are fortifying the canal against, it would be safe to reply by another question—What is he fortifying Gibraltar against? It is not a present enemy, it is against a possible future enemy. That canal may last for centuries. If Japan goes on growing and we go on growing, no human being can be certain that there never will be war between us. If Germany should ever overthrow England and establish the supremacy in Europe she aims at, she will be almost certain to want to try her hand in America; and if ever we became involved with either Germany or Japan and had not fortified the canal, our people might have cause to rue it for generations. As for saying that we could protect it with a fleet, that is such nonsense that I cannot understand an ex-member of the British Cabinet uttering it. The one thing that a fleet should never be used for is as a substitute for fortifications. A fort is placed so as to leave the fleet foot-loose. Take the case of Gibraltar again. What would Bryce think if you asked him why the British Fleet could not defend Gibraltar instead of having guns to do it?

Edith is slowly improving. She is very much shattered, but she is really better week by week. She saw Corinne and Douglas for a few minutes the other day.

Ever yours, T. R.

Dearest Sheffield,

Sagamore Hill, Dec. 3, 1911.

I know well how homesick you are, and what a hard experience these first months at school are for you; Kermit suffered almost as much for the first three or four months at Groton, and Quentin at the Virginia Episcopal High School had a very much harder time than any boy ever has at Groton. *But they both stuck it out and came through all right.* You are the son of an Admiral of the American Navy (who himself at Annapolis had a far harder time than any of you boys now have); you must bear yourself like "an officer and a gentleman." I have always admired you and believed in you; you are brave, you have grit and resolution; and now you are undergoing your first real test, you are for the first time doing something that is hard and disagreeable; *and you must make good.* I am proud of your loving your mother so much; all my boys love their mother in the same way. I should think very little of you if you didn't love your mother so much; but I should think still less of you if you didn't really prove your love by

manfully acting so that she shall be proud of you. Sheffield, a gentleman *must* be educated, *must* be able to hold his own among other gentlemen; a boy with your ancestry *must* be worthy of his ancestry; you can do no work worth doing without such education, without being able to hold your own away from home. Now, old boy, I am proud of you, as we all are; and you must take hold of yourself, and make up your mind to win the respect of all of us, and above all of your mother and father, by valiantly and without flinching making the best of it, and making up your mind that you will work hard and play hard at school, and not be cast down over anything. All your holidays will be with your mother; and few boys of your age can be as much with their mother as you will be. Prove yourself a man, old boy, in this first real trial.

Your affectionate uncle,

THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

Sagamore Hill.

Jan. 12th, 1912.

Darling Bye:

I wish I could see you. I'd like to tell you and Will and Joe, too, what I think of the political situation. I believe the flurry in favor of my nomination has spent its force, and while I should regard being nominated at all as a misfortune, to be

nominated by a bare majority of the popular vote would be a calamity, and although there is much anti-Taft sentiment, and in the West much La Follette sentiment, the present indications are that Taft will be renominated without dangerous opposition. In the election he may win if the democrats get into a faction fight, but hardly otherwise.

I hope Sheffield went back to school a trifle more contented. Love to Will.

ALWAYS YOUR BROTHER.

MERCY HOSPITAL
2537 PRAIRIE AVENUE
CHICAGO, ILL.

Dearest Bamie:

October 16th, 1912.

We arrived this morning, Ethel, Ted, Alec Lambert and myself, to be met by Alice at a suburban station, so we reached the hospital without any crowd or publicity. Theodore looks splendidly but of course we must not stop being anxious until seventy-four hours have elapsed. Those will be over by the time you get this letter; so if you have not heard you can feel quite easy that all is going well here and it is simply a question of care and quiet. Of course you know without my telling you that the danger would be any infection from the bullet. I am sleeping at the hospital in the

room adjoining Theodore's, and Ted and Ethel are at a private house near by. Alice is with Ruth McCormick; Nick has just arrived and they are together all the time. It is the greatest comfort evidently to Theodore to feel we are around him. I will try and write again tonight. Love to Will and Sheffield.

Faithfully yours, E.

This (the enc. check) is for Sheffield's birthday with love and wishing him many happy returns of the 18th.

This was after he was shot at Milwaukee.

MERCY HOSPITAL
2537 PRAIRIE AVENUE
CHICAGO, ILL.

Dearest Bye:

October 19th, 1912.

I am dictating this in bed, and it will have to be signed for me by Edith. It is just a line to tell you I am in great shape. Really the time in the hospital, with Edith and the children on here, has been a positive spree, and I have enjoyed it. Of course I would like to have been in the campaign, but it can't be helped and there is no use crying over what can't be helped! Do tell Joe Alsop and Herbert Knox Smith from me how immensely I appreciate the wonderful work they have done. I hate not being in Connecticut to speak for them.

Joe especially has been a tower of strength throughout all this contest. I love Will's letter, and I am very proud of the praise he gave me, for I know no man who is gamier and cooler than Will in time of danger, or shows to better advantage in a crisis.

Your loving brother,

THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

Hope to get home Tuesday for lunch. Will telegraph you that P. M. He is very weak and easily tired. E.

On account of the shooting at Milwaukee he was unable to take any further part in the Progressive campaign.

Marquette

Michigan.

May 31st, 1913.

Darling Bye:

It was dear of you to write; and tell Hopkinson I was much pleased by his message. But I had all the witnesses I could use; and the libeller finally capitulated. I deemed it best not to demand money damages; the man is a country editor, and while I thoroughly despise him, I do not care to seem to persecute him. I wished once for all to expose the infamy of these slanders, so that never again would I need to notice them; and I have achieved my purpose. The way my friends rallied has been really very touching. We have been very

comfortable, for we have been staying in the big pleasant house of George Shiras, who is a trump, if ever there was one.

I am looking forward to a week from Saturday. By the way, I wish to ask Will some questions about the Admirals on the cruise of the battle fleet round the world.

Goodbye, dearest Bye.

YOUR OWN BROTHER.

This libel suit was undertaken to prove that the accusation of his drinking was untrue.

XII

THE WAR YEARS

1914-1918

*Oyster Bay,
Long Island, N. Y.
April 2nd, 1915.*

Darling Bye:

That's an excellent book of Robert Neeser's. He says so many things that are urgently necessary to be said that it is almost hyper-critical to point out, what nevertheless should be pointed out, that to make this book valuable there should be concrete criticism of people in the present. Our Navy in point of efficiency stood second to that of England alone in 1909. It is certainly inferior to-day both to the Navy of Germany and the Navy of Japan; and this is largely due to the policy of Wilson, Bryan and Daniels. It is not well in a book of this kind to ignore such vitally important facts, for the improvement can come only when they are recognized and faced, and when Wilson and Bryan are attacked.

What a trump Olivia Cutting is! It was delightful seeing you the other day.

Ever yours,

THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

"Olivia Cutting," Mrs. W. Bayard Cutting.

*Syracuse, New York
703 Walnut Ave.
May 14, 1915*

Darling Bye:

It was good to hear from you. I don't think they have made much of importance out of the breakfasts I had with Platt and Odell.

I am sick at heart over the way Wilson and Bryan have acted toward Germany, and above all, over the way that the country, as a whole, evidently approves of them and backs them up.

Faithfully yours,

THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

*Syracuse, New York
703 Walnut Ave.
May 19, 1915*

Darling Bye:

It was dear of you to write me. I have only time for a line as we are in the midst of the ending of the case. Under the rulings of the judge, it is practically impossible for the jury to find in my favor; but we may get a *hung* jury. The attitude of the ultra-legal mind, is, to me, simply incomprehensible.

At the moment, I am more interested in the international situation than even in my own libel suit. Edith is really very much better. Love to Will.

Ever yours, T. R.

This refers to the libel suit brought by Mr. Barnes.

*Sagamore Hill.**Jan. 27th, 1916.*

Darling Bye:

I shouldn't think there would be any place (I know there ought *not* to be any place) where one can shoot as late as April 1st. But there may be turkey shooting somewhere. I'll see Charles Sheldon and ask him; he's almost the only man I can think of who might know. I quite agree with you that Sheffield is right in wishing to spend some of his vacation in such fashion, rather than all in gilded halls. I fear there have been many changes since Elliott's trips nearly forty years ago.

Edith and I sail on Feb. 8th for Barbados and Trinidad, to be absent five or six weeks. It will be good for her; and it will save me just so much pointless fussing and resultless worry. I am wholly out of sympathy with the currents of public opinion. The Republicans are very little better than the Democrats; Wilson is infinitely more astute than —, — and the other Republican leaders, and I do not see that their convictions are much deeper than his. They are letting the fight, in the popular mind, be between him and Bryan; neither on defense nor on foreign affairs do they venture to take any stand for decency that will sharply differentiate between him and them. They are all of them, Democrats and Republicans, timid, absorbed in their own selfish hopes, short-sighted or indifferent about the country's honor

and future welfare, cowed by the German Government and afraid of the German Vote.

Next month two of my books come out—"Fear God and Take Your Own Part" international, and "Holidays in the Open" literary.

If Sheffield would look into some of the sporting magazines he might find an abstract of the winter game laws of the various states.

Love to Will. If by any chance he is in New York on Thursday, Feb. 3d, I wish he would come out here to lunch; Admiral Bradley Fiske is coming.

Ever yours, T. R.

Sagamore Hill.

Feb. 3d, 1916.

Darling Bye:

I have been unable to find out anything about a shooting place for March or April; I am sorry.

Herbert Smith is a trump. I most earnestly hope the Republicans will *not* nominate me; for my belief is that the country is not in heroic mood; and unless it is in heroic mood and willing to put honor and duty ahead of safety, I would be beaten if nominated. Wilson is a very adroit and able (but not forceful) hypocrite; and the Republican leaders have neither courage nor convictions and therefore can do little against him.

I do wish Will could have come to lunch; thank him for his note to me. We'll let you know as soon as we return. I hope you'll be in N. Y.

Ever yours, T. R.

Sagamore Hill.

April 27th, 1916.

Darling Bye:

Thank you for both your dear letters. I am particularly pleased that you liked my last statement. It seems unlikely that it will do any good; our people are incredibly short-sighted; but there is just one chance in a thousand that a small amount of attention can be attracted by pointing out conditions in a really imminent crisis.

The evening at your house was delightful. H. K. Smith was down here the other day; as soon as possible I shall get him and his really charming wife to come here for Sunday.

The country is not waked up; the farmers and labor people think only of their immediate interests and animosities; the public men, business men and publicists who should be the leaders are but little influenced by the consideration of great and vital national needs, and do not look ahead; they are absorbed either in paying off private grudges or in securing, as they believe, conditions which will be to their advantage for a year or two—they can not look beyond.

Under these conditions there is in my judgment hardly a chance that the Republican Convention will turn to me; and no one else of prominence, except Leonard Wood, realizes in vital fashion the gravity of the problem, and has a solution. Mere outside preaching and prophecy tend after a while to degenerate into a scream; after that point has been reached the preacher can do no good, and had better keep quiet; and I am within measurable distance of that point.

Love to Will. I do hope Sheffield is in fine form.

Ever yours, T. R.

THE LANGDON
5TH AVE. & 56TH ST.
NEW YORK

Darling Bye:

June 16th, 1916.

Just a line to say I loved your note. Well, the country wasn't in heroic mood! We are passing through a thick streak of yellow in our national life. This has been a perfectly easy campaign for me, and it hasn't left me with even the smallest feeling of personal chagrin. I shall of course support Hughes; with how much heartiness, his own attitude must decide.

Darling Bye, I think of you and Will and Sheffield all the time.

EVER YOUR DEVOTED BROTHER.

Sagamore Hill.

July 23d, 1916.

Darling Bye:

The deluge of mail about the highly problematical division has swamped me; I can't begin to look at the ordinary applications; I don't and can't see one in fifty.

Now, I have put Regis Post in charge of the mail, at the Metropolitan Magazine, 432 Fourth Avenue. Will you get Stewart to write out an application and have it sent *with a guarantee letter* by Will, to Regis Post? Of course as yet everything is in the air. If we are authorized to raise the division, I will at once have the local colonels and captains to whom all such letters from the men in their localities can be sent. At present I can do nothing but have the letters filed.

Archie is working like a demon at Plattsburg, and enjoying it; Quentin, who does not enjoy it, is going thither dutifully this week.

I despise Wilson; but I despise still more our foolish, foolish people who, partly from ignorance and partly from sheer timidity and partly from lack of imagination and of sensitive national feeling, support him. The St. Louis Convention was one of the most degrading spectacles we have ever seen.

I am getting into good shape again; and am thoroughly enjoying Belle and Kermit and all the grandchildren, especially Richard and Kim, who are in the house.

YOUR DEVOTED BROTHER.

*Sagamore Hill.**Feb. 3d, 1917.*

Darling Bye:

It seems to me that Sheffield ought to go to Plattsburg. All of my boys, except Kermit, have finished their two years there, and Ted and Archie are now on the U. S. Volunteer Officers Reserve Corps, available for instant use in event of war; Quentin would go as a Sergeant. Kermit was not permitted to go by the bank, which thought it might send him over seas at once; but if he stays here this summer he will go, unless we have war first! I regard it as every boy's duty to go at this time if he possibly can.

Of course if I hear of any such expedition I will let you know at once.

I am very glad that Will is in the Legislature.

I have written the Sec'y of War that in the event of war I apply to raise a division, and that if he notifies me that war is imminent, I will stay here; otherwise, Edie and I sail on Wednesday for Jamaica.

Ronald cabled me; he and Lady Helen have evidently done well. Next year Edie and I may spend eight months in Polynesia, but I doubt whether we go to Australia.

In the Metropolitan just coming out I have an article on Canada's lesson to us.

EVER YOUR LOVING BROTHER.

Because of Sheffield's age he could not go to Plattsburg.

Sagamore Hill.

April 26th, 1917.

Darling Bye:

I have put the application on file; the attitude of the Administration is such that I doubt whether there is any serious purpose to use me.

Wilson dislikes courage and patriotism and resents ardor and fervor. He is pursuing with much ingenuity the course best calculated to put a premium on tepid indifference and to discourage the qualities in our boys and young men which above all others ought to be encouraged. He is using his conscription proposal not, as it ought to be used, to make everyone serve the country, but to prevent as many as possible from serving the country. "Universal service" means that everybody must serve; he is using it as a means to prevent the very men who can best render service from rendering it.

Sheffield and his companions offer a case in point. Training camps should be provided for all such boys. As it is I would suggest that he *and a large body of his friends* arrange to go together to the Plum Island, or some similar camp.

Quentin is now an enlisted man in the Aviation Corps with the rank and pay of sergeant. The other three boys are going to the officers' training camp at Plattsburg.

Love to Will; *He* is doing his part.

Ever yours, T. R.

*Sagamore Hill.**May 17th, 1917.*

Darling Bye:

I doubt whether the President lets me go; and surely he will try his best to cause me to fail if he does let me go. We all have our troubles! Quentin has grave difficulty with his back; the other three boys at Plattsburg have no idea what they will be sent to do. It is exactly as if we were fighting the Civil War under Buchanan, and Wilson is morally a much worse man, and much less patriotic than Buchanan. At present they have made absolutely no provision to utilize the young men between 18 and 21—those who did more, relatively, than those of any other age in the Civil War.

I enjoyed my conversations with Joffre; and at neither dinner was there another soul who could speak French to him. Balfour and Malcolm were as pleasant as possible; we enjoyed their visit; and I think they did also.

My work has become almost unbearable; I am now receiving between four and five *thousand* letters a week.

EVER YOUR LOVING BROTHER.

*Sagamore Hill.**Dec. 31st, 1917.*

New Year's greetings, darling Bye; 1918 is hardly apt to be a happy New Year for any of us. I enclose a letter to Sheffield, which give him if you see fit.

Archie has won his Captaincy by service at the front; we are both very proud. Quentin is having a hard time, but as his chief ground of complaint is that he has not been permitted to go into the fighting this January, Edie and I are able to bear his ills. General Duncan writes me that Ted is the best Major in his brigade. Kermit's last letter was three months old.

It is bitter weather here; Edith and Ethel are reasonably well, and the two grandchildren are dear. Ethel gets fine letters from Dick.

Give my love to old Will. I feel bitterly regretful to be of no use myself; but I am more than glad that my boys are doing useful and honorable and dangerous work.

Ever yours, T. R.

The mint drops were perfectly delicious.

The letter spoken of as enclosed was in answer to one from Sheffield about enlisting. It was a very fine letter but unfortunately has been lost.

New York City
Feb. 12, 1918.

Have had to cancel trip. But am looking forward to seeing Sheffield Friday.

THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

The above telegram was sent when the Colonel was already very ill, but as is shown in the following letter he still insisted on seeing his nephew.

He saw his nephew, W. S. C., Jr., in the hospital on the morning of February 14, when Sheffield was on his way to enlist in the U. S. Marine Corps. His uncle asked him who were enlisting at the same time, and among the number was Charles Harvey Bradley, Jr. The Colonel immediately realized that Harvey was a son of his friend, Charles H. Bradley, Dubuque, Iowa, and, ill as he was, dictated a letter to Mr. Bradley on the subject of his son's going.

Dear Miss Stricker: *Dubuque, Iowa. 2-18-18.*

I am in receipt of your favor of the 15th communicating the message from Colonel Roosevelt. Tell the Colonel that Charles Harvey Bradley, Jr., who enlisted in the Marines, is my son Harvey; also that I endeavored to follow his advice given me in Chicago, to at least keep Harvey from enlisting until he is nineteen, which will be in April, and I was very successful up to the time that Harvey sent me a copy of the Colonel's letter to his nephew, Shef. Cowles, with the remark: "Well, Dad, you haven't an anchor left to windward." Thereupon his mother and I wired our consent that he could enlist, and the Colonel will know our feelings, as he and Mrs. Roosevelt have been through the same ordeal, when you give up your baby boy.

Tell the Colonel that I wish he would change

public opinion just a little bit, as I am afraid I will never have the opportunity, the way the thing looks now, to make good on licking my man or being licked, on his account. The Colonel's position today before the American people is a good deal like the Iowa farmer who made a speech the other day at one of our County Farm Meetings, held for the advancement of a bumper crop this coming season, when he got up and said, "Gentlemen, there is nothing to discuss on this subject; my son has enlisted." That is the attitude of the American people today as regards the Colonel—there is nothing to discuss, they are all with him (i. e. all that count).

Will you kindly convey to Mrs. Roosevelt the thought that Mrs. Bradley and I are trying to bear with her the anxiety that she must be undergoing on account of the Colonel's illness, and tell the Colonel that I am hunching for him just as hard as I can for a speedy recovery?

Very truly, CHAS. H. BRADLEY.

Sagamore Hill.

May 5th, 1918.

Darling Bye,

Can I come up to you on Saturday afternoon, June 15th, to stay until Monday afternoon, June 17th? I am to take a degree at Trinity on Monday, and make a preliminary address on Sunday at eleven.

Furthermore, would you be willing to write to Mr. and Mrs. Leicester Warren, 83 St. James Ave., Springfield, Mass., and ask them to lunch or dine on Sunday, the 16th? He is an old Harvard football player, a devoted adherent of mine, and a very good fellow. They would be congenial to the Joe Alsops and H. K. Smiths!

YOUR DEVOTED BROTHER.

This was the last visit he made to Farmington, having been very ill all through a Western trip of continual speech-making, and on reaching Farmington was in very poor condition, but insisted on making the address he had planned to give at Trinity College on June 16 and attending the ceremonies on the 17th, when he received his degree. Senator George Pepper and Mr. J. P. Morgan received degrees at the same time. Also he was greatly pleased that Mr. Russell Cole was receiving a degree in recognition of scientific work in connection with fish.

Sagamore Hill.

Sept. 5th, 1918.

Darling Bye:

By George, Sheffield is as fine a fellow as ever wore the United States uniform! It made me thrill with pride to have him refuse to be an aide and stick by his machine gun; it is like him, and like my boys, to wish for a place in the fighting

line; then later he can take any position in which he can render best service, whether it is or is not near the flashing of the guns.

Did you get the note I sent him?

Lovingly,

YOUR BROTHER.

Archie arrived yesterday, perfectly natural and in much better shape than I had anticipated. Gracie is so happy! and Edith.

Darling Bye,

Sagamore Hill — Sept. 25, 1918.

Ted has been promoted to be Lt. Col. President Poincaré has sent me the same certificate for Quentin that is given for the French who are killed in battle.

Good bye, gallant sister—gallant mother of a gallant boy!

YOUR LOVING BROTHER.

THE KANSAS CITY STAR

OFFICE OF

THEODORE ROOSEVELT

New York Office

347 Madison Avenue

December 28, 1918.

Darling Bye:

It was very dear of you to keep writing me. I feel like a faker, because my troubles are not to be mentioned in the same breath with all you have gone through. Mine has just been a case of a

severe attack of inflammatory rheumatism and a little sciatica, and while I won't be able to do much for a couple of months, I have every reason to think I shall in the end recover completely. I got out home Christmas morning so that Edith and I, Ethel and Alice and Archie and Gracie, had Christmas dinner together. Richard and little Edie are the darlinest small souls you have ever known. Little Edie is the busiest person imaginable, and runs around exactly as if she was a small mechanical toy.

With dearest love,

Ever yours, T. R.

P. S.—That was a very nice allusion to Quentin in Collier Platt's letter.

This was the last letter he wrote his sister. His death occurred on January 6, 1919.

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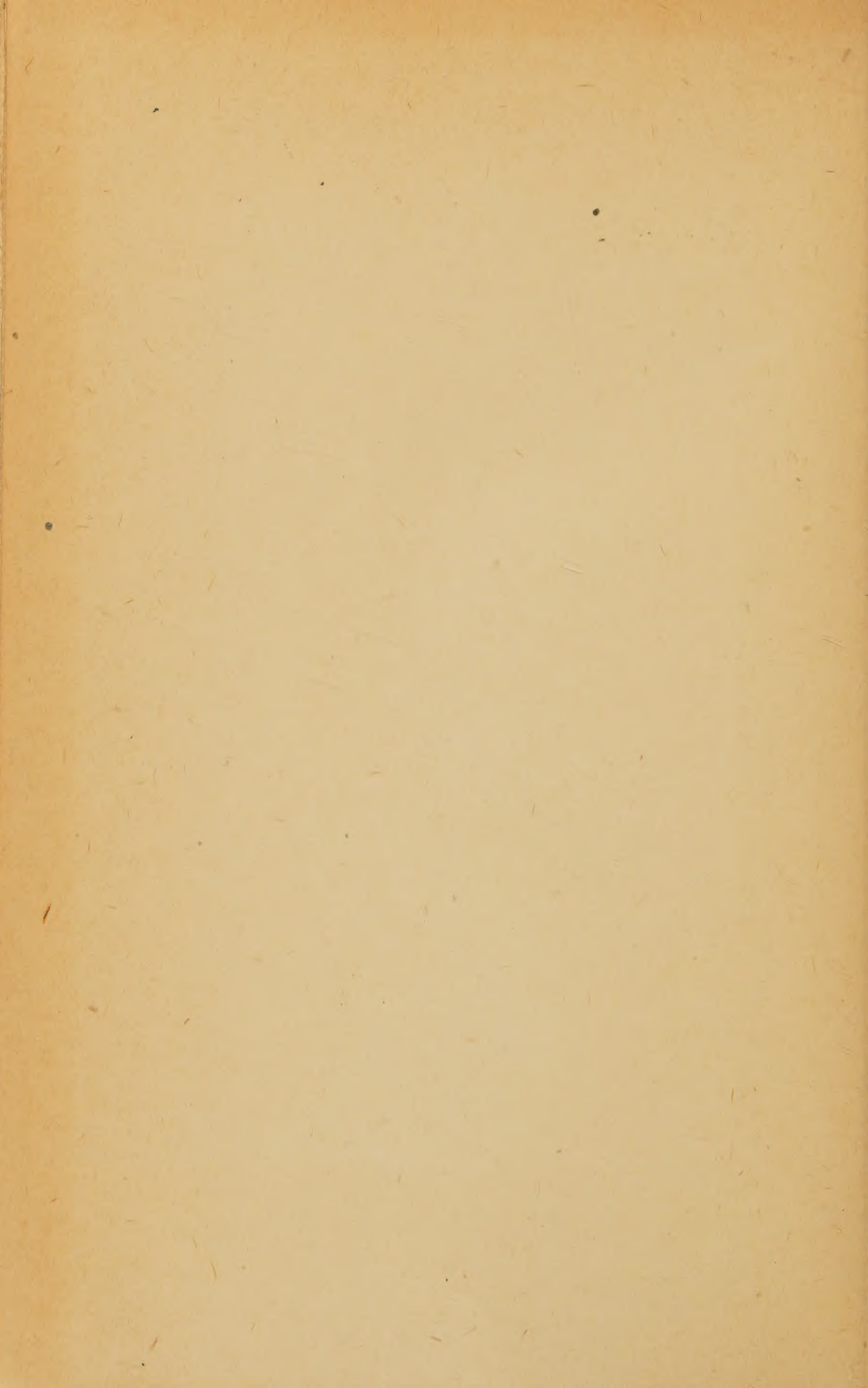
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